Saturday Review

February 15, 1969 35¢

EDUCATION

STUDENT TRAVEL 1969

REVOLT IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

By Diane Divoky

BEYOND THE NATION STATE

By Lester B. Pearson

The High School Independent Press Service—secondary students go underground (See Education).

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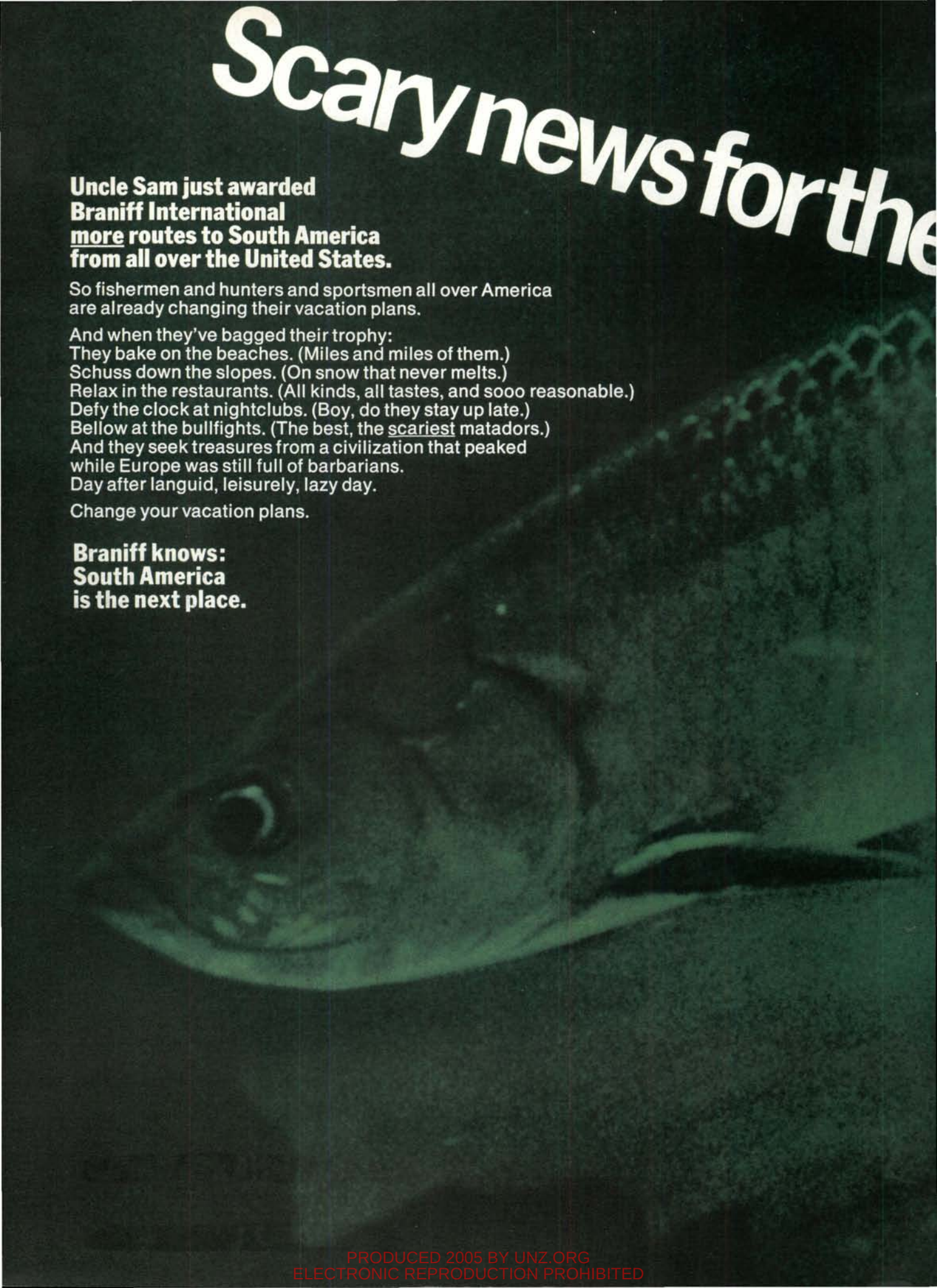

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And when they've bagged their trophy:
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Schuss down the slopes. (On snow that never melts.)
Relax in the restaurants. (All kinds, all tastes, and sooo reasonable.)
Defy the clock at nightclubs. (Boy, do they stay up late.)
Bellow at the bullfights. (The best, the scariest matadors.)
And they seek treasures from a civilization that peaked while Europe was still full of barbarians.
Day after languid, leisurely, lazy day.

Change your vacation plans.

Braniff knows: South America is the next place.

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terrible tarpon.

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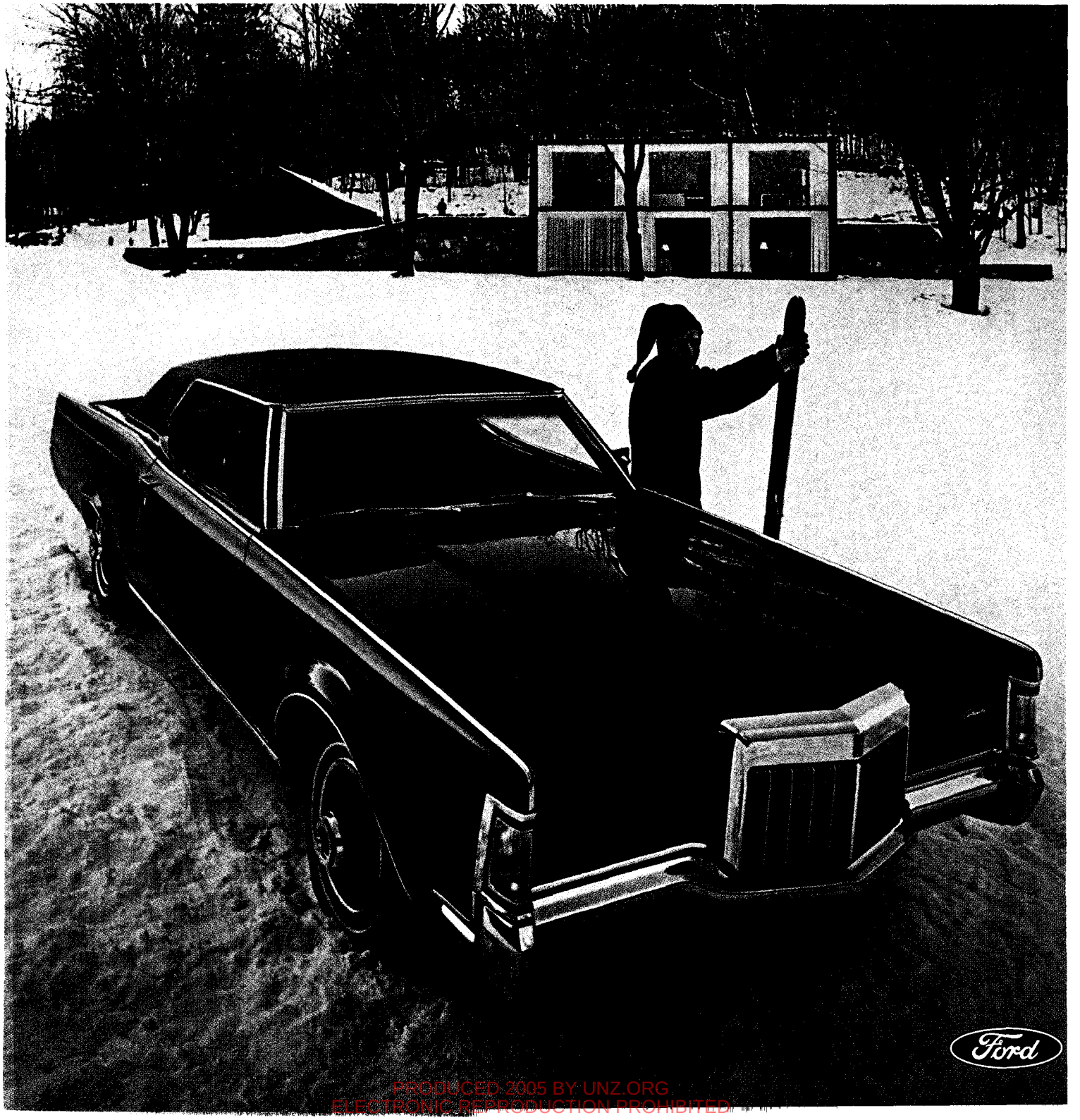

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Up Against the Wall

Some day I'll be forty
Maybe even ninety
Right now
I'm under twenty
Real cool
Too cool for
Mister Brooks Brothers suit
He's over fifty
A tennis player
I irritate him
Like a low Dow Jones
Rise and shine
He hollers
And Miss Madison Mini-skirt
She don't like my cool either
I ain't what she ordered
You unpredictable or something
She hollers
You won't listen
They both holler
Okay, you, up against the wall
So I'm like nailed to the wall
That don't help them none
I still keep my cool
I don't take orders from them
Only from my mother
Mother nature
How come
Easy
I'm a thermometer. . . .

—EDWARD ELISCU.

Life With Mother

MY MOTHER died just over a year ago and something like that is too painful to touch in memory until time covers the wound and the world comes into tune again. It has taken the whole year to happen but at last I'm beginning to look back at one of the most winning and witty of God's creatures with more gratitude for having known someone as wise and amusing than bitterness at the inevitability of losing her. Most people who knew her knew that she was Ring Lardner's sister, for she talked about him a great deal and had watched with pride as he moved from a young baseball writer who was fun to drink and laugh and sing with to a serious writer who changed the face of American literature. Not many, though, knew how much of Ring's wit bubbled and exploded in his sister.

My father ran the paper in Niles, Michigan, when I was young, and one evening an ad appeared for a Civil War picture at the local movie house in which the parsimonious owner announced that all Civil War veterans would be admitted free. Since there were not more than two or three GAR veterans left in Niles this struck my mother as hilariously funny, so she read the advertisement aloud at supper. "All Civil War veterans will be admitted free," she read, adding on her own, "if accompanied by their parents." On another occasion a local merchant who had been in the throes of bankruptcy many times announced in the evening paper a new store at a new location. "He'll open up," said Mrs. T., "with a closing-out sale."

She held to be precious ad libs from anyone and I think the two she liked best were from Ring and W. C. Fields. Someone in Ring's company (and my mother's) had been talking *ad nauseam* one night about that new-fangled dance step the Charleston and after two or three hours of it nobody ever wanted to hear about it again. Finally, during a dead silence, Ring said: "In Pennsylvania, they call it the Altoona," which ended the conversation. The Fields line came to light just a year before her death and she called me up right away, as she always did when something special was in the paper or in what she was reading. W. C. Fields's last words on this earth, which so tickled Mrs. T., were: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia." Another ad lib she thought worthy of posterity also came from Ring, though she had not been present. Ring and Ernie Byfield had been drinking in a Chicago nightclub many years ago, and some misguided owner had hired Tony Sarg and his marionettes as the chief attraction. Now, marionettes are fine when they know their place and their place is not in a nightclub. At any rate, by the end of one whole hour of Tony Sarg, Ring's table of drinkers were bored beyond description. When finally the last string had disappeared and the music and girls came back, Ring turned to Ernie Byfield and said in his taciturn owl-like way: "Were those real mice?" It said it all.

Literary and pseudo-lit'ry aficionados filled our rambling Midwestern house every afternoon and sometimes into the night, much to the disgust of my father, who worked hard putting out an afternoon daily and liked a nap when he came home, before he went out into his enormous garden for pre-supper weeding and harvest. One day a flock of Notre Dame esthetes had stayed beyond tea time and Mother sensed from his face an explosion as Mr. T. drove in the yard

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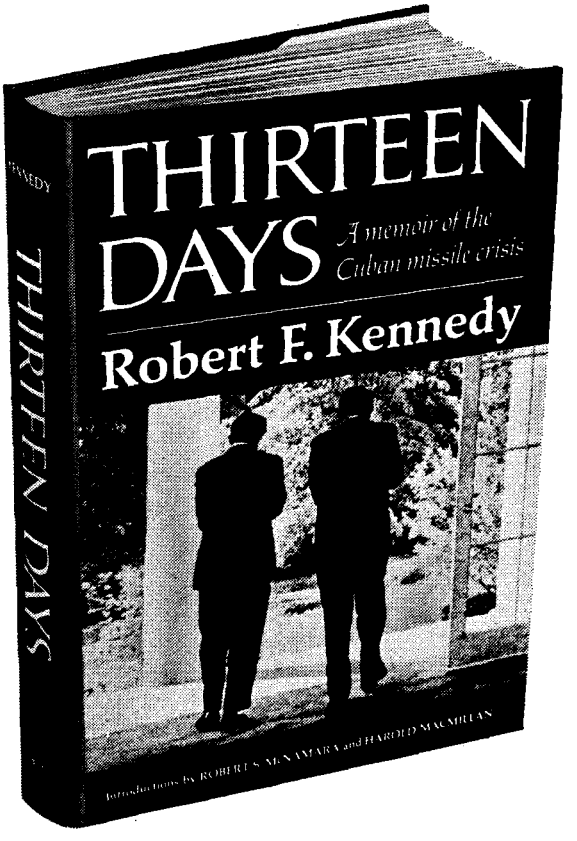
—DAVID SCHOENBRUN, New York Times Book Review



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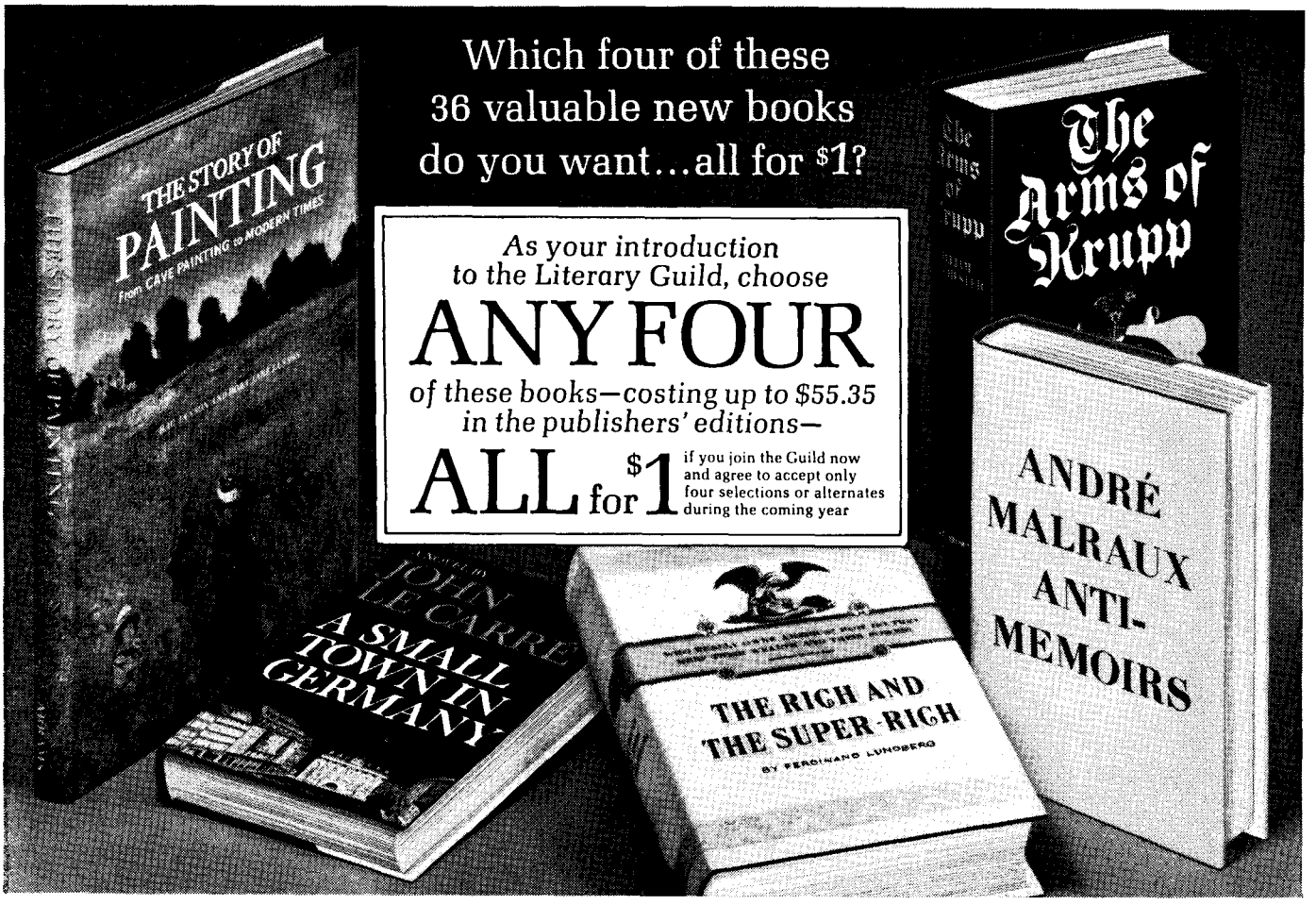

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☐ **A.** What are drive wheels?
☐ **B.** They get a better grip on the road.

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in our 1924 Buick touring car with red-wire wheels. "That's all boys," said Mrs. T. and a heated discussion of the merits and demerits of the German lyric poet Rilke ended abruptly. I think the sudden exodus of a dozen young men of Notre Dame must have startled my father and made something of an impression upon him, but he said nothing about it. Also, as was his way, he never forgot it. And years later, when someone mentioned Notre Dame one evening in Long Island, Mr. T. said: "Just what were those Notre Dame guys talking about that day?" "Rilke," said my mother, and then as though to bring everything up to date she added: "Rendall Rilke."

John Lardner, my first cousin and roommate, used to come out to the house on Mondays, our common day off from the *Herald Tribune*, and usually spent the night. John, whom my mother called Thornbush for no earthly reason, was crazy about her and, having a wit of his own, enjoyed moving into the ring with her. One day they fell to talking about people who self-consciously leave out the indefinite article or preposition when they talk, heaven knows why. Mrs. T. said that her cleaning woman liked the wisteria vine that engulfed our front porch. "Mrs. Tobin, your porch," she quoted the cleaning woman, "is just covered wisteria." This delighted John, who said at once, "Well, I won't see you next week. I've got Ann Arbor date, then I'm going Toronto." Mother looked over her glasses: "That's just as well, Thornbush. I'll be Atlantic City." A week later, she got a postcard from the Midwest. It read: "Been Indianapolis all week. Then plan to spend a few days Wisconsin and on Topeka before meeting Bill Atlanta. Love, Thorn." No wonder they loved each other. —Richard L. Tobin.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1332

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1332 will be found in the next issue.

SYFCF EL HR YUAC MYFCFER

H DHR DEIYS GF YHKKN HJJ

YEL JEPF OUAJZ YF PERZ ES.

—IFUCIF YFCGFCS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1331

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!
—William Shakespeare.

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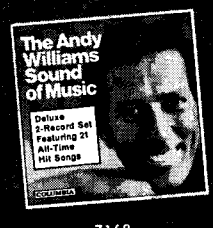

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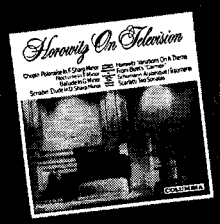

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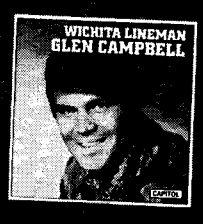

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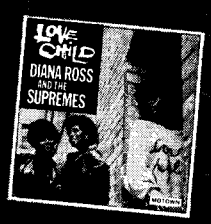

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Change for No Better

THE SUBJECT for today is air pollution. Or as it is clinically known, "television."

Of course, heckling TV entertainment at this late date is as offensive as speaking harshly to a retarded child. And it becomes progressively clear that we, the viewers, have no forum to which we can address our opinions of the nightly mediocrities to which we are exposed.

Writing to a TV network objecting bitterly to a new program is an exercise in futility. The replies to these complaints—and many viewers have sent copies to this desk—demonstrate the low estate in which our IQs are held by the VPs.

"Dear Viewer," they usually begin. "Thanks for your letter. We hope we will continue pleasing you in the future as we have in the past."

The Big Fear is that after so many years of this constant and corrosive appeal to the lowest common denominator, TV is debasing our taste, polarizing our selectivity, and making LCDs of us all. A sample of this disorder developed recently at a session of the Federal Communications Commission. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, one of the few articulate and sensitive men in the trade, had been invited to defend the medium.

The good doctor was painstakingly explaining to the attendant Congressmen how difficult it is to get a large viewing audience that would appreciate an extraordinary artist. His network, he said, is forced to put "a Horowitz" on the air on a Sunday afternoon.

Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans, city of Dixieland music, reviewed this startling piece of news briefly, and then asked, "What is a Horowitz?"

Dr. Stanton explained what a Horowitz is, and then went on to assure the committee that his network is nevertheless constantly striving to better the quality of its entertainment.

Meanwhile, back at the studios in beautiful downtown Burbank, the vice presidents in charge of program planning, with producers and writers, were busily sabotaging Dr. Stanton by developing a replacement program for another comedy castoff—a half-hour series called *Blondie,* which had turned out not to be exactly comedy. But it was a half-hour. They now came up with a new program, called *The Queen and I.* Well, it turned out not to be exactly a program. It was a half-hour laugh track with actors cavorting about the deck of a luxury ship. Well, they weren't exactly actors, but since I do remember getting a touch of *mal de mer,* I'm sure it was a ship.

Larry Storch, the star of this vaganza (there was nothing "extra" about it), tried valiantly to be heard above the laugh track, which seemed to anticipate his comedy lines. It started laughing before he even began speaking, and laughed again before he ended the jokes. Well, they weren't exactly jokes, but there were writers. Well, they weren't exactly.

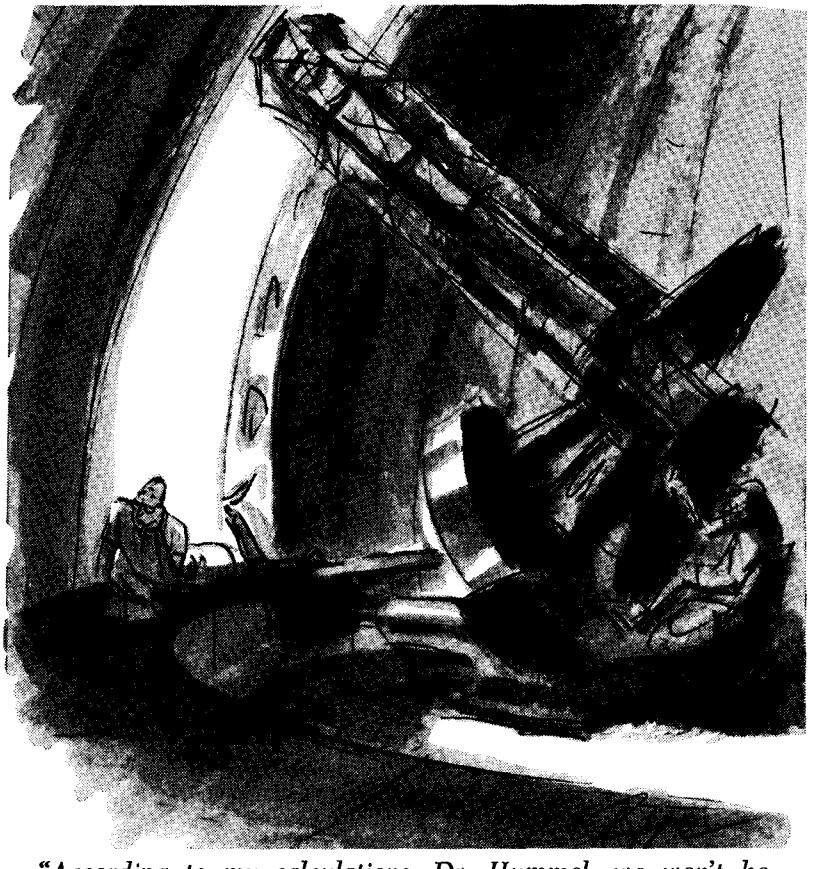
If Mr. Storch, usually a pretty good actor, ever decides to give up his trade, he can always become a critic. In one scene when his shipmates wouldn't go along with his plan to foil the sale of the liner, he said, in fine exasperation, "This is a ship of fools."

Meanwhile, back at the studios in beautiful downtown Burbank, NBC was taking equal time to come up with another half-hour of air pollution. This one is called *My Friend Tony* and is produced by Sheldon Leonard. It is being shown Sunday nights as competition for a CBS program called *Mission: Impossible.* Half of that title should go to *My Friend Tony.*

Sheldon Leonard is a name in TV to be conjured with. In the weeks before *Tony* premiered, he made many appearances on TV talk-shows to plug his latest opus. In these conversations, he airily mentioned some of his former successes—*The Dick Van Dyke Show* and *I Spy*—and spoke glowingly of his new project.

At a time when TV is being maligned for the violence in its entertainment, would you believe this opening scene from *Tony*? A car pulls up in a secluded wooded spot. In it are a beautiful young girl and her short, unsavory escort. He is about to make his pitch to the girl, when another car quietly appears. Out step two gangster-type gentlemen. They say to the man, "Get out of the car." He gets out and walks off camera. The girl remonstrates. The gangster says, "Beat it." She drives away, the gangster nods toward his companion off camera, and we hear a gun shot. One down.

There are several other such scenes, too humorless to mention, in a program which bears the stamp of Sheldon Leonard. Good heavens, if we can't believe in Sheldon Leonard, what's left? Pretty soon they may be asking, "What's a sheldonleonard?"



"According to my calculations, Dr. Hummel, we won't be able to prove that what we saw is what we think it is for another one hundred forty-six years, four months, twelve days, eleven hours, twenty-two minutes and fifty-three seconds."

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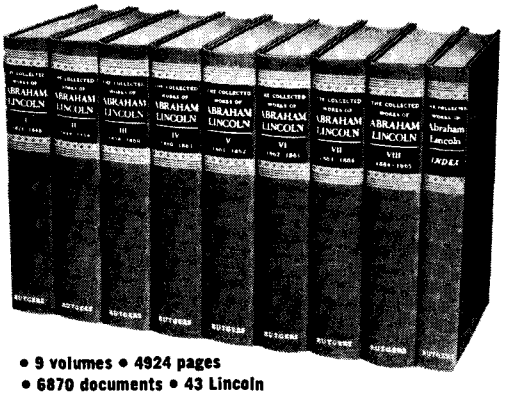

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

A Frenzy Without a Face

I WALKED up Seventh Avenue through Animal Square, the neons and Neanderthals blinking and signaling together. It was already Mugger's Dark in Fag Alley, ash cans and lidless winos knocked over, the Rat Pack sniffing, circling on pointed toes. Ma and Pa, carefully looking at nothing, headed for subway entrances. Proper Getters with attaché cases signaled for cabs that refused to stop, then strode on to the next light to signal again, trying from intersection to intersection for a sure, possessive, managerial stride, but unable to keep their heads from swiveling warily.

The Gland Patrols waddled under the neons in boots; stretch pants; shaggy, collarless, imitation fur jackets; and hairdos teased and lacquered into enormous puffs. Had they sewn on tails with pompon tips they would have looked like high cosmetic poodles tiptoeing on their hind legs: fuzzy on top and around the middle with long bare necks and legs that would have looked bare but for the fluorescent stripes that blinked on and off with the neons. Like trained poodles, they rode their hind legs on teetery balances, their heads high and swiveling from side to side, at least in their first patrol. Later, as they grew bored and tired, they would stop parading and merely trudge, letting their faces go blank, leaving their fuzz, their make-up, and their stripedy legs to advertise for them under the neons in which their colors kept changing.

Just north of the main stroboscope, one flight up from Madame Astra's Gypsy Fortunes, fuchsia tassels and glimpses of skin whirled in the windows of Swishland. From the sidewalk across the street, a few teeny-boppers and their dog-foxes panted puffs of gray breath and stared up for knothole glimpses of a possible heaven.

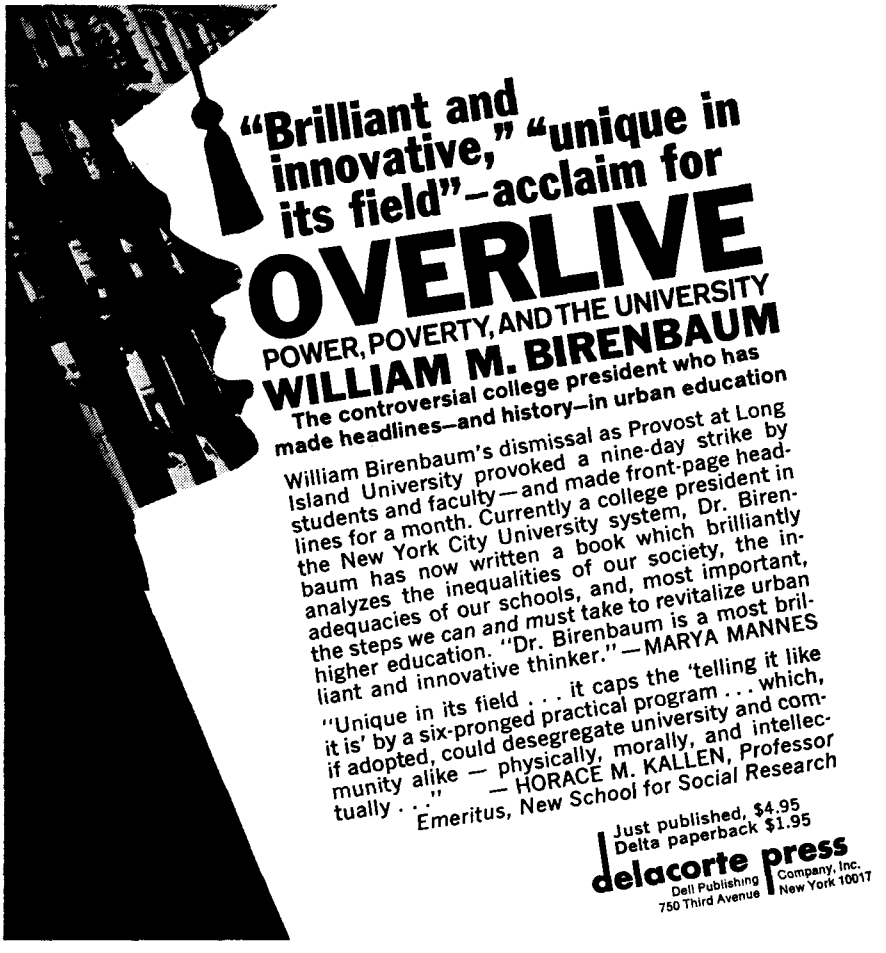
A block farther north, outside the Sodom A Go-Go, a whole sidewalk zoo stared in at a glass cage. Young bucks from Jersey High Schools. Tenth Avenue moles forever in psychic holes of their own digging, forever driven to stick their heads out for a look at whatever world they were undermining. Pomade baboons from the wharves and dead-ends in jeans and leather jackets, sniffing the bad air for whatever eager evil the night might bring. Harlem gazelles in silk jackets with embroidered backs. Off-Village beards and hair-drapes on a low float in the blare of light and sound. Spoiled square brats from the three-car suburbs in Nehru jackets and medallions, dreaming orgies their parents were sometimes able to work up to but never to imagine, not at least in the vocabulary of Animal Square. Red neck stallions up from bluegrass to where the action is.

A bull in police blue stood in the doorway facing them. A sub-manager, nervous as a spooked antelope, stood at his side. One by one, in couples or in small groups, animals from the zoo came up to the bull showing wallets with identity cards and with gray-green edges of paper money carefully fanned out as proof of solvency. The bull pretended to examine the identity cards, but always with one eye on the sub-manager. When the sign was right he let a few of the animals into heaven. Mostly, however, he denied their ages but, insisting only that they leave a passage in the middle of the sidewalk, he let them stand back and sniff sin through glass, as if it really were sin, as advertised, almost as if the animals, in the innocence of their depravity, could guess the difference between sin and tinsel, who, denied other pleasures, would yet bleed or let blood before dawn-stain, prowling to be what's happening.

Over the head of the bull and the sub-manager, speakers blasted tom-toms and wailers into the smog-mist on which the neons beat like strobe lights. The animals stood in the blare and flicker, twitching infinitesimally, but it was only incidentally to the music they turned their drugged, void faces.

It was to watch the goddesses of the animals that they had stopped there. The Go-Go was fronted by a huge show window and through it three goddesses, the nearest almost in the window itself, timed in spasm to the music, performed inside three glitter-sprayed cages mounted on three pedestals. I had meant to walk by but the sight of the nearest goddess stopped me and I drew back among the animals to watch.

Had I ever seen such energy in convulsion? It was delirium she twitched, out-blaring the music in a high narcotic rage that beat its fists on all walls at once. A seizure twitching in a brass rave. Machine jigged legs, hips, torso, arms, stitching. Not energy but its madness. A withdrawal fit turned on. A jit-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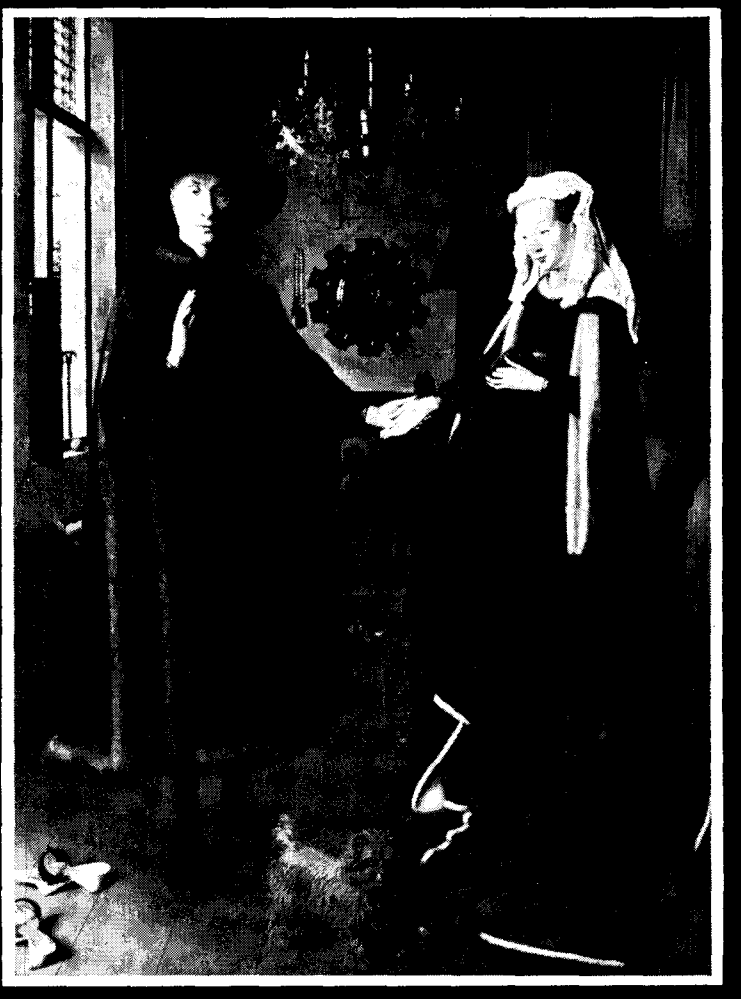

The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, are the words, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings that make his work so valued and respected?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You'll be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

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You can study the first seminar by mailing the ca facing this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, whi administers the program for the Museum. You will ceive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subseque portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devot to realism, expressionism, abstraction, compositi painting techniques, and the role of the artist as soc critic and visionary.

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Metropolitan Museum of Art Seminars in the Home

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"How singular! You mean to say we're all on sabbaticals?"

ter at the top of its smoky high like a monkey on a squeeze-stick. I lost track of time. Could it have been fifteen minutes she kept up that pace before she jumped down and was replaced by a copy of herself? Impossible. No body could put out such energy for more than a spasm at a time. Yet they went on and on, with the music but somehow trying to outclimb it, to reach some frenetic peak higher than all amplification.

But what gripped me were their faces, their lack of faces. From the neck down they were an orgy of motion. From the neck up—nothing, not a change of expression, not an opening of the mouth to suck in air, not so much as a focusing of the eyes. The eyes were turned in on themselves, away from their epileptic bodies. The faces were shut and locked away in some other place. It was a frenzy without a face. A violence without a presence. A bone jive. And when I stole a look at the animals on either side of me, I saw the same non-face, an inside-out and away, riding its own violent inwards, leaving nothing to show outside.

Yes, I had seen something like it before, I recalled, but never quite this. In Los Angeles at the Pickle and in Dallas at the Riviera it had been topless, its meat sacs tom-tomming clumsily, going through motions. In San Francisco at the Blank Mange it came sliding down brass poles, its eye sockets the two colors of litmus paper testing nothing, its armpits caked with a colloid of bone-dust talcum. In Athens in the Taberna it was the homosexual painted like a rag doll and preening for any taker, ready for anything but to change expression. In London, it was the girls who posed motionless for the nude tableaux in the music halls, their bodies out and their faces in.

And I had seen bodily violence to equal that of the animal goddesses. The Fiji kootch dancers who shake it on Oahu are certainly as frenzied, but those girls laugh and roll their eyes in the joy of their abandonment. What I had not seen before was such delirium from the neck down and such stolidity—more than stolidity, such absence—from the neck up.

I moved on and finally got a cab, convinced I had seen a pictogram of our times. As surely as Hebrew characters hold their candelabra up to a history they are the basic pictures of, that faceless frenzy in its cage is the picture of a generation, perhaps of an age.

I found myself thinking of the storm trooper turned to the agonies he gave the signals for, the dying gyrating before him, his face creased and official as his uniform. I thought of Caligula dozing off before the torture was finished, of the face of the boredom of Caligula. But I could think of no instance in which the face of the zombie rode the neck of the dervish.

It took our children to create that monster, as it took us to be the parents of its creators; the face of the void frenzy, blank before, during, and after, as if bodily violence exists apart from the identity of the violent, as if the mind has no need to know what the arms are beating, the thumbs gouging, or the feet stomping. An assault ignoring itself. Us? Ours.

Chess Corner—No. 132

A little over a century ago, there were no chess clocks. A player could take as long as he pleased for a move, and no amount of pleading, or even chiding, would evoke a mite of feeling from the insensitive. Once, in fact, the invincible Paul Morphy, the world's unofficial champion, was driven to distraction, exasperation, and tears by Louis Paulsen, who would not respond.

But enough was enough. And a timing device was invented to speed up play. From then on, the accent has been on speed.

Varieties of tempi are now in use. "Blitz" or lightning chess is about the fastest. Here each player must reply immediately after his opponent moves, as in volleying back and forth in tennis. Then there is ten-second or rapid-transit chess. Here a player is granted a full ten seconds for a move; failure to move on time is punishable by immediate forfeiture.

Then there is the currently popular five-minute chess. Here the minute-hand of each player is set five minutes ahead of the 12 o'clock mark. And the first player to overstep the mark is lost. Many chess clocks have a built-in flag that falls every hour on the hour. And the fall of the flag is the fatal signal.

The following is a sprightly miniature sampling of five-minute chess at its best.

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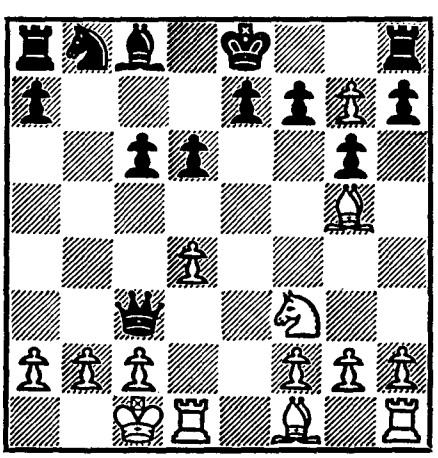
2 P-Q4	N-KB3	7 N-B3	P-QN4
3 N-QB3	P-KN3	8 P-K5	P-N5
4 B-KN5	B-N2	9 PxN	PxN
5 Q-Q2	P-B3	10 QxP	QxQ

11 PxB Resigns

BLASI



FORSTER

—Al Horowitz.

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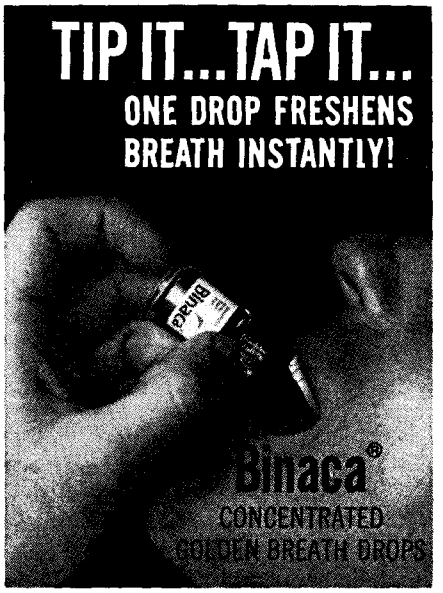

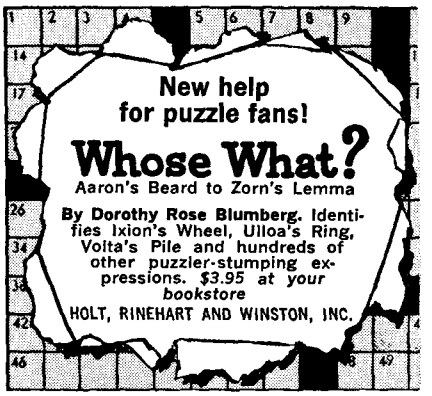
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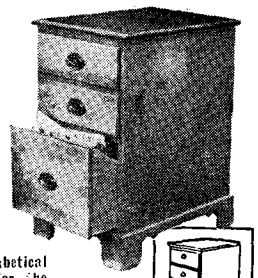

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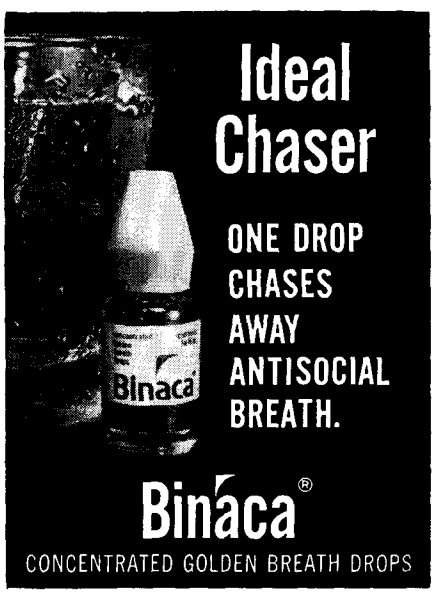

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Capital Crime Wave

WASHINGTON.

POLITICS USED to be the spice of Washington dinner conversation. But for the time being at least, it has been replaced by talk about crime, for crime is what troubles Washington—white and black, officials and private citizenry—most these days. The subject has become an obsession and not without reason.

My housekeeper arrived one morning last week still shaken by the experience of witnessing the mugging and robbing of a man in front of her house, which is just inside Washington's ghetto. This week, my secretary was shopping in a grocery store in fashionable Georgetown when three youths entered and at gun point robbed the till and one shopper of his wallet. It was the second robbery within a week for the grocer. When crime comes that close to one's immediate environment, it becomes very real.

In January, in fact, the number of armed robberies exceeded the total committed in 1968. It seems almost as if crime in Washington has become a sport, as if robbery has become one of the easiest ways of acquiring money. The myth about the safety of banks has been exposed to the surprise of both citizenry and criminals. Hardly a day has passed in January without a bank hold-up.

The Washington *Daily News* has begun publishing a daily score card called "Crime Clock." Take one day as an example: at 11:40 a.m., the "clock" began ticking when the manager of the post office newsstand was robbed of an undetermined amount of money. It ended at 3:50 a.m. when a man was relieved of $15 by two men, one with a gun. In between, twenty-one robberies were committed. In 80 per cent of the cases, Negroes were both assailants and victims. Whites were the victims of Negroes in the rest. The biggest single haul that day was $350, but in most cases it ranged between $15 and $50. The thieves were armed. It is estimated that there are enough guns in this town to arm every resident.

And so the Washington Mr. Nixon has inherited is very different from the one he left in 1960. President Kennedy worried about Washington's reputation of being culturally underdeveloped, and this stimulated the idea for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. President Nixon will win the gratitude of all Washingtonians if he succeeds in removing the blight of crime from the capital's current reputation.

Still, Washington has only the sixth worst crime rate among American cities—after Newark, Baltimore, San Francisco, Detroit, and Los Angeles—but being the capital, the eyes of the nation and the world are on it. Maybe the fear of the citizenry is exaggerated, at least in relative terms, but there is no doubt that in the last few months this fear has reached a state of panic in many cases. Pedestrians carry small amounts of money for fear of being robbed—only enough to keep the hold-up man satisfied. Many people have acquired burglar alarms or a watch dog and avoid staying out late. Some have acquired their own gun—octogenarian Mrs. Alice Longworth, for one, though, as the daughter of Teddy Roosevelt, she might have been born with a gun instead of a silver spoon.

The sad consequence of this crime wave is that it is disarming some of the finest liberal instincts among Washingtonians. In the past, for instance, newspapers here avoided any racial identification of criminals. The fact that Negroes are now conspicuously identified in the "Crime Clock" is an indication of the changed mood. J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, says that "more and more Americans are beginning to realize that quick apprehension, prompt trial, and substantial punishment commensurate with the crime is the basic method of dealing with criminality. Too frequently, soft justice and the abuse of judicial leniency have increased, not decreased crime. The sob sister approach by some judges has undercut the good work of the police officer. This soft approach has encouraged a mood of defiance in the criminal." There is much truth to this, though more effective measures against poverty, unemployment, and alienation are obviously more important.

The judicial system is at fault, too. The Bail Bond Act, for instance, requires that suspects of non-capital crimes be freed on a personal bond; a verbal promise to return to court for trial if they cannot raise a money bond. Judges have tended to try one case and disregard concurrent crimes committed by the suspect while he is out on personal bond. It therefore pays a criminal to commit more than one crime. It not only may improve, however temporarily, his standard of living, but he may even be

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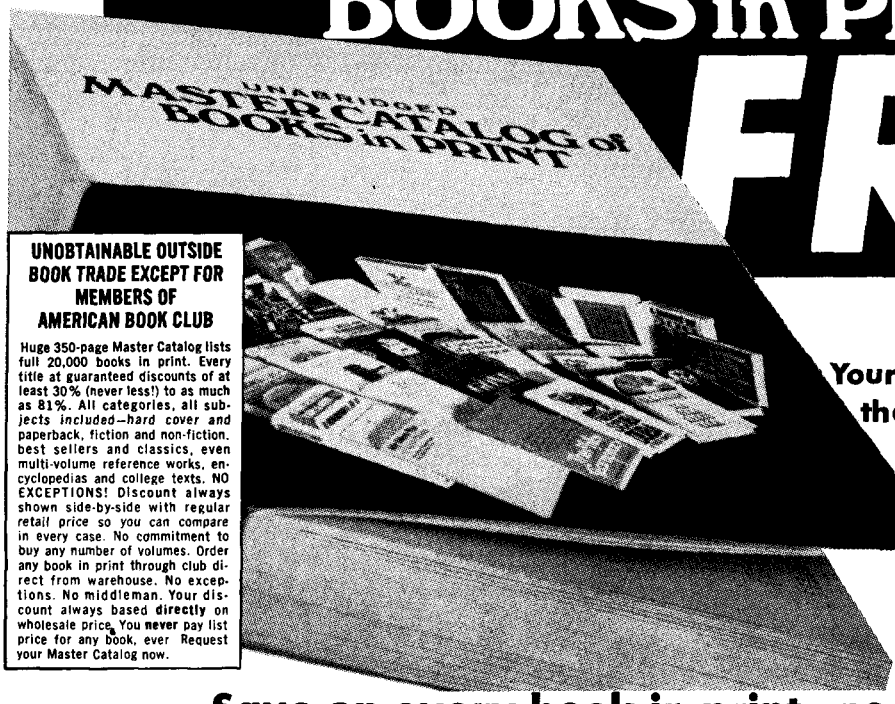

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able to pay for a good lawyer. The statistics show that of 130 men indicted for armed robbery and released on bonds last year, forty-five committed seventy-six additional felonies, and most of them were serious crimes.

Though most of the crime is among Negroes, whites are afraid that they will be increasingly unsafe in this city where 67 per cent of the population is Negro and the police are desperately short-handed. The most effective deterrent is still the sight of a policeman, but the sight of policemen in Washington remains a rarity; the force remains too thin in spite of various new recruiting methods.

At his first news conference, President Nixon promised a new plan to improve Washington's elementary security in the streets. It is not only vital to the safety of the populace, but also to racial peace. This is a point that the federal government must keep in mind and something the majority of the citizenry cannot ignore. It was therefore surprising that after some of the more shocking incidents—such as the shooting of a Negro school principal by a group of Negro youths who held up the school's bank—the local organized Negro community did not react with outrage.

No doubt, firmer prosecution of crime and violence will have to go hand in hand with more dynamism in advancing the cause of social justice—after ten months, the gutted Washington ghetto remains a stark reminder of racial passions—but it will have to be a cooperative effort by all to make this capital worthy of its role.

WIT TWISTER #99

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To kill his ———— with
little fuss,
That surgeon planned (How
could he dare it?)
Within the ward to———
——— and truss,
———— him, botch it,
and inherit!

(*Answer on page* 43)

Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

I met a man from Worcester, Massachusetts, who as a youth years ago in Vienna was a member of a claque. That's a group in the gallery that is paid to cheer certain opera stars. It takes training, for the claque has to know every note of the score and must react at precisely the right moment. They also must have a feeling for the audience, to be able to lead it toward an ovation or force a repeat of an aria if they have been ordered.

This man came to the United States long ago and is a manufacturer. But he retains his love of music. Recently, he attended a concert with his wife. She seemed quite thrilled at the conclusion of one operatic rendition and clapped heartily. Something out of the past flashed in her husband's brain, and he suddenly asked her, "Would you like an encore?" She nodded, and he leaped to his feet with "Bravo!" and skilled applause. Soon he had others standing and cheering, recalling the artist to the stage for a repetition of the aria. It was the old claqueur's finest hour. He had not lost his touch.

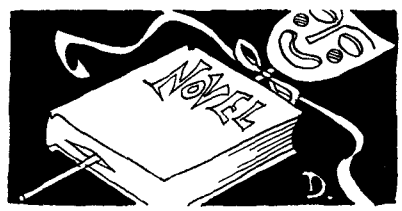
A new edition of *Emily Post's Etiquette* (Funk & Wagnalls) is out, revised by Elizabeth L. Post and containing much helpful advice. Under THE TACTLESS BLUNDER, you will learn not to make remarks such as, "Twenty years ago you were the prettiest girl in Philadelphia."

Even more interesting is a facsimile edition of the very first *Etiquette* by Emily Post which has been made available by the publishers of the new one. It came out in 1922, and it is really a delight to read what was considered proper and improper in those days:

> A young girl may not, even with her fiancé go on a journey that can by any possibility last over night. To go out with him in a small sailboat might result in a questionable situation if they are becalmed, or if they are left helpless in a sudden fog. A man and a girl went out from Bar Harbor and did not get back until next day. Everyone knew the fog had come in as thick as pea-soup and that it was impossible to get home; but to the end of time her reputation will suffer for the experience.

There is a lesson there not only for sailors who aren't familiar with Maine fogs, but also for writers who use extreme phrases such as "to the end of time." Whoever that girl was, today she is probably boasting to her grandchildren about the time she spent the night in a boat with a guy in a fog.

Speaking of Emily Post, did you know she was a novelist before she did her book on etiquette? Quite a few people wrote novels, although they were known for something else. The best person I know to turn to for such information is Michael Ellis, theatrical producer. In 1938, when he was a student in Paris,



he was browsing through the stalls and found a book called *The Cardinal's Mistress.* What made it unusual was that the author was Benito Mussolini. That started Ellis on a collection of novels by non-novelists.

It's Not Done by William C. Bullitt was a best seller for years. Helen Traubel wrote *The Metropolitan Opera Murders.* Errol Flynn had his name on a book, as did Elissa Landi, George Sanders, and David Niven. Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor actually changed professions from acting to writing, having six or eight novels between them. Disraeli wrote a book called *Sybil;* Lionel Barrymore one called *Mr. Cantonwine;* and Darryl Zanuck once put out a collection of his short stories. So Gypsy Rose Lee wasn't first, after all.

The following happened last year when the new mayor of Indianapolis took office. Having campaigned against open trash-disposal areas, the first thing he did after taking the oath was to make an inspection tour of them. A typographical error in the Indianapolis *News* put it this way: "Mayor Richard G. Lugar spent his first official day on the job yesterday checking rumps."

In the Seattle Public Library, the Balch Collection includes autographs and photographs and letters from such famous folk as Kipling, Coolidge, and John D. Rockefeller. In December, *The Metamorphoses of Ovid,* translated from French to English by William Caxton in 1480, was published by George Braziller, Inc., in two volumes. Ever alert to the needs of his collection, Albert Balch shot off a letter to "The

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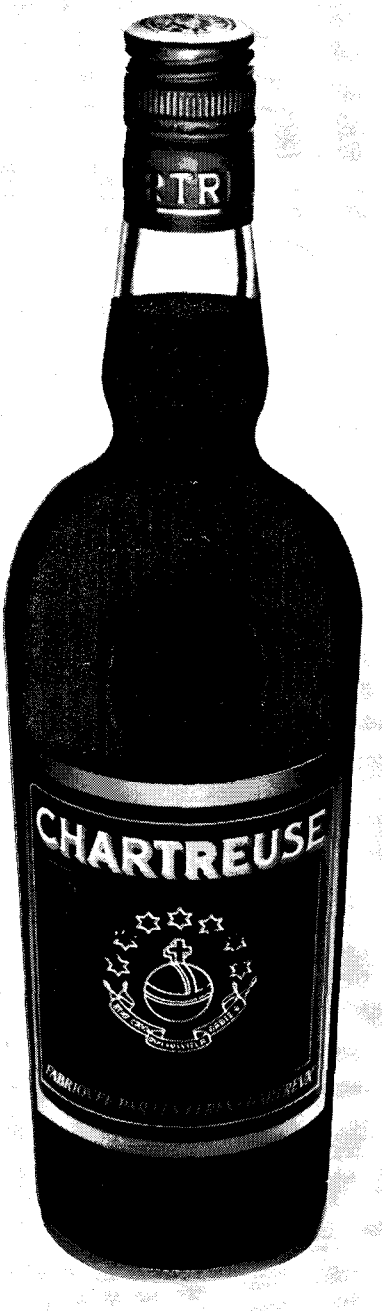

Chartreuse le drink glacé.

CHARTREUSE

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Honorable William Caxton" via his publisher, requesting an autographed picture. "You are a leader in your endeavor and deserve commendation for what you have done," Mr. Balch wrote admiringly. "P.S. Great success on your two books."

Sharps and Flats: In her syndicated beauty column, Emily Wilkens interviewed an airline stewardess who revealed a lot of tricks of the trade such as, to avoid dehydration she drinks water. Or, she gave up smoking because "all that smoke curling up around the delicate eye tissue dries out the skin and makes a girl age more quickly." But Emily really spilled the beans on one secret: "She applies petroleum jelly to the tops of the teeth and gums so that the lips slide into a smile." Which reminds me of a poem: Boys seldom make passes at girls who wear petroleum jelly on their gums.

► Gene Fowler said, "The seasoned reporter finds that the only thing that money can actually buy is people."

► An introduction to *The Complete Bean Cookbook* (Prentice-Hall) was written by Senator Dirksen. (What, wasn't there a corn cookbook?)

► In the foreword to a learned bilingual tome, *Seder R. Amram Gaon*, published in Sweden, author David Hedegard writes: "I gratefully acknowledge the help given by Miss J. Guinness in making suggestions for the improvement of the English section of my work, and for her assistence in proofreading."

► From the menu of the Birch Brook Inn, Bronxville, New York: "South African Lobster Tail—From the clear waters of the Caribbean."

► The biggest counterfeiters last year were the Parker brothers. They printed $27,589,131,540 (for Monopoly).

► Show me a taciturn voyeur in a Fairfield County suburb, and I'll show you a guy silent on the peek in Darien.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1818)

(L. SPRAGUE) DE CAMP:
THE GREAT MONKEY TRIAL

Because Mencken could not imagine an educated man's using Bryan's kind of pseudologic, Mencken thought that Bryan must be faking; but this was not the case. Woodrow Wilson justly said of Bryan: "He is *absolutely* sincere; that *is* why he *is so* dangerous."

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Saturday Review
February 15, 1969

Lester B. Pearson

Beyond the Nation-State

"The problem today," writes the former Canadian Prime Minister, "is subordinating the sovereign freedom of all states to the necessity of peace, security, and progress. There could be no more essential task."

THE time has come to talk seriously about nationalism, its extension into internationalism, and what that could mean for all of us. First: what is nationalism; what value does it have? How are we to move beyond the emotions and prejudices, prides, and loyalties that gather around it; the responses to it that we learn in our cradles and that some of us will never unlearn?

One way of modifying national feeling and gaining a stronger feeling for the whole community of man might be to discover another planet which was inhabited and where the natives were hostile. The cynic might add that if they had learned how we conduct our affairs on Earth, they would be bound to be hostile. An astronaut would then come back to Earth from Mars or Venus and complain: "I was arrested and badly treated." He would report not as a Russian, or an Englishman, or an American, but as an Earthman. Then we would all get together and react vigorously: "You can't do that to us." And "us" would mean the inhabitants of this planet.

Nationalism can be a fine and noble thing: the love of a man for his own country and what it means to him. But political nationalism, the absolute sovereignty of the nation-state, can also be the strongest obstacle in the way of building world order, and in the way of the realization of the world community. The first reaction of millions of people today to any proposals for more effective international institutions, for international control of anything, is: "This means that *foreigners* will be taking charge of *our* affairs."

Turning from a hypothetical future to an actual past, the most subversive anti-national document of modern times—far more subversive than Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto*—was the Declaration of Independence by the fathers of the American Revolution. In the eighteenth century, the idea that the colonies could not only defy the mother country, but form a federal society of their own was considered not only revolutionary but quite impossible. When the colonies declared their independence in 1776, each became a separate sovereign state. It was realized, however, though there was strong support for the narrower, separatist idea, that there had to be a broader basis for viable freedom than this. It was James Madison, who later became President himself, who said: "If that were all that was achieved" (sovereign status for each colony), "it would have been worthless." To him, it would have been sovereign fragmentation without any United States—the kind of thing, we are told in some quarters today, that must persist in the world.

Things could easily have gone that separatist, sovereign way in North America in the eighteenth century. The British colonies were on the Atlantic seaboard. The French were in Quebec to the north, and in Louisiana to the south. The Spanish were moving up from Mexico, and the Russians were moving down from Alaska. A French victory on the Plains of Abraham could have changed the history of the continent and perhaps of the world. If Great Britain had then acquiesced in French domination of the northern half of the continent, the two French settlements would have joined hands in the Mississippi valley, and there would have been a French ring around the American states. There would have been a Spanish-speaking state in the far Southwest. Our continent would have become a microcosm of today's world.

IT may well be, therefore, that Wolfe's victory at Quebec not only made Canada safe for the British, at least for a time, but made the world safe for the American Revolution. So instead of all this continental separation, there was established what another American President, John Quincy Adams, called a "compound nation," the United States of America. As Adams put it, "the war taught our fathers that they had infinitely more to do than merely achieve their independence; that they must form their compact upon principles never before attempted on earth, including the principle where political communities now free could unite . . . under one government."

What we have to do now is to extend that idea of a union of free political communities into a far wider international area than was ever considered at the time of the American Revolution, so that such national communities throughout the world will one day become part of a larger international community. The problem today is not the creation of new free states, but subordinating the sovereign freedom of all states to the necessity

This is the first of two articles based on the British Broadcasting Corporation's 1968 Reith Lecture Series. The second will appear next week. ©Lester B. Pearson 1968.

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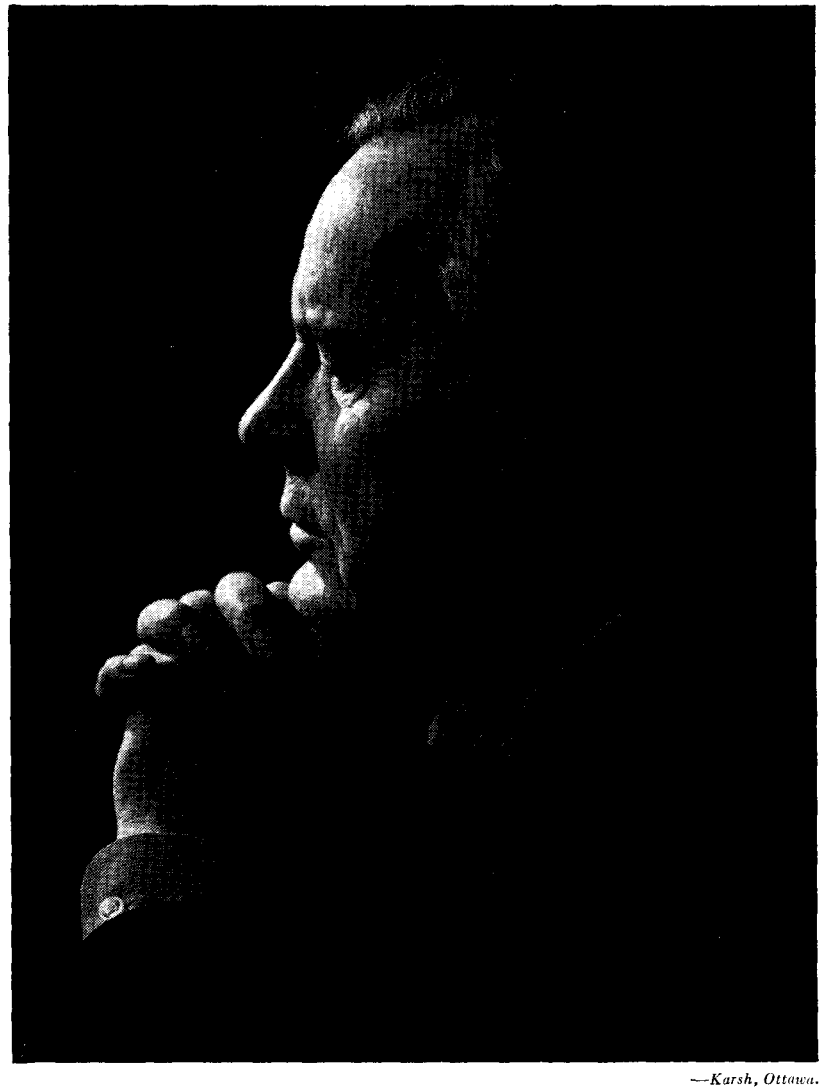
THE RIGHT HONORABLE Lester Bowles Pearson is Canada's pre-eminent man of all seasons. An athlete, scholar, statesman, and political philosopher, he has labored long and effectively for the cause of world peace. A history of distinguished service began in 1928 when the thirty-one-year-old "Mike" Pearson—history professor and football coach at the University of Toronto—was persuaded to take a civil service examination for the post of first secretary in Canada's Department of External Affairs. He got a top score and the appointment, and as a junior delegate attended international conferences in London, The Hague, and Geneva.

Throughout the Forties and Fifties, Mr. Pearson served in many capacities—as Ambassador to the United States, as Secretary of State for External Affairs, as delegate to the United Nations. In 1957, he received the Nobel Peace Prize for his initiative in establishing an emergency international force in the Middle East following the Suez crisis. A year later he was chosen leader of Canada's Liberal party, and following the election of 1963 became Prime Minister—a post he held until his retirement last year.

Intending to teach international affairs at Carleton University (Ottawa), Mr. Pearson agreed instead at Robert McNamara's request to accept an important assignment for the World Bank.



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

of peace, security, and progress. There could be no more essential task, but there could be no more difficult one. Its very mention seems to take us into the outer space of unreality.

The Americans, after all, reached their goal of federation only after a long, hard struggle; and after one of the bloodiest of all civil wars seventy-five years later. Yet theirs was a union between states which had many strong bonds between them to begin with. The process will certainly be infinitely more difficult for states in the world of today. But then, too, the need is infinitely greater. Perhaps we should begin with another equally subversive declaration, suitable to the conditions of 1969, not 1769: that the peace and security of people must take priority over the sovereignty of states, that the compound nation of America must be extended.

The American Union and the rule of law within its borders were established by force. But the establishment of our international rule of law cannot depend on force. We have to do it by agreement; we have to do it step by step through international institutions. We may have only years, perhaps, not centuries, in which to succeed, and yet only the tentative first steps have already been taken.

WHAT is meant by "nationalism"? Few words have come to mean more different things to more people. Nationalism doesn't necessarily mean sovereignty. The word "nation" does not mean state in that sense, though this is the way it is most often used. Indeed, I often use it in that sense, thereby adding to the confusion that I now want to clear up. A nation can, of course, coincide with a state, and often does. But there can be more than one nation inside a sovereign state, and often is. Let's not confuse a nation with a race, either. Race is a far wider concept, which denotes the biological unity of a group with certain physical characteristics. A race can comprise many nations and many states.

Once you begin to look for common factors that determine a nation or nationality, you get into difficulty. Language is not necessarily a common factor: Switzerland has four languages, three of them officially recognized. Size has nothing to do with it: you can have a tiny state that considers itself a nation, or you can have the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics or the United States of America. Clearly, defined boundaries don't make a nation. You can have the boundaries of a nation inside a state, and a national group overflowing state boundaries. How many Chinese settlements are there outside China?

Economic interest is not a determining factor: A nation-state will often cling to a separate existence against its best economic interests. Neither is religion. But if a nation has a common religion, or a common language, that makes the sense of nationalism stronger. Perhaps the most frequently occurring factor is what I will call a common culture, but that word is often so elusive and hard to define that it is not always very helpful

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as a criterion. By culture I mean common habits, common traditions, common customs, and, above all, a common desire to live together as a separate group, a communal society, with certain well defined loyalties and objectives. Ernest Renan in 1882 described a nation as a "daily plebiscite." It depends, he said, on "the consent, the desire clearly expressed, to continue life as a community." So perhaps we should merely admit that we may not be able to exactly define a nation, but we certainly know one when we see it.

Nationalism is often confused by the presence of ethnic groups within states, but groups that are not nations within the definition I have given the word. Take the United States. It consists of representatives of practically every national culture, every national tradition, in the world. If the United States had encouraged the political growth or the communal cohesiveness of these separate cultures and traditions, they might well have fatally weakened the unity of the state. So the United States has deliberately fostered the idea of "the melting pot," with Americanism being taught and emphasized at the expense of every other tradition. In the United States, with a single language, the educational system can be, and has been, used as a powerful unifying factor. Yet where there is more than one language, education may work in the opposite direction.

IN my own country, education is constitutionally in the exclusive hands of the ten provinces. One province, which is about 85 per cent French-speaking, uses education, and quite understandably and legitimately so, to maintain and emphasize a separate French-speaking culture, separate traditions and customs. But it is possible to combine this with education that makes for loyalty to the confederation of Canada as a whole. If we in Canada tried to impose the melting-pot theory of national development on all Canadians, we would not unify our country, we would destroy it. French-speaking Canadians have been there, as a group, before English-speaking Canadians. They have maintained their separate culture, language, traditions, and they are not going to have these submerged in any melting pot; nor is it right or necessary to ask them to.

If we cannot maintain the existing world political federations, with unity on essential matters but with recognition of differences of culture and tradition and language—and even special constitutional rights—what chance is there in the future of building up a wider international community where these separate racial, national, and even political differences can be merged—not submerged but merged—in the community as a whole? From my own Canadian experience, I believe that cultural and social differences inside sovereign states, as well as cultural influences from outside, can and should strengthen rather than weaken a modern political society in our modern world; that political unity, in other words, does not have to mean either cultural or social uniformity. It would be foolish and futile to insist that such differences should be eliminated in the interest of single sovereign political unity. It would be equally futile and foolish, I hope, in the international field to insist on the complete obliteration of national differences in the interests of international unity. National societies meet a deep need in people's hearts and minds. It's very difficult to become passionate about something that includes everything. So we have to find a way to reconcile the narrower, more intense patriotism with the wider loyalty. I think it can be done. I think it must be done.

Historical experience shows that a state can develop successfully with different national identities. The Scottish people are a national society. You certainly know a Scots group when you see it. They have managed to maintain, and very vigorously, their separateness inside the United Kingdom. They have managed to do more: they have even, some would say, imposed their separateness on other parts of the United Kingdom. Scotland, in that sense, is a nation. So is Wales.

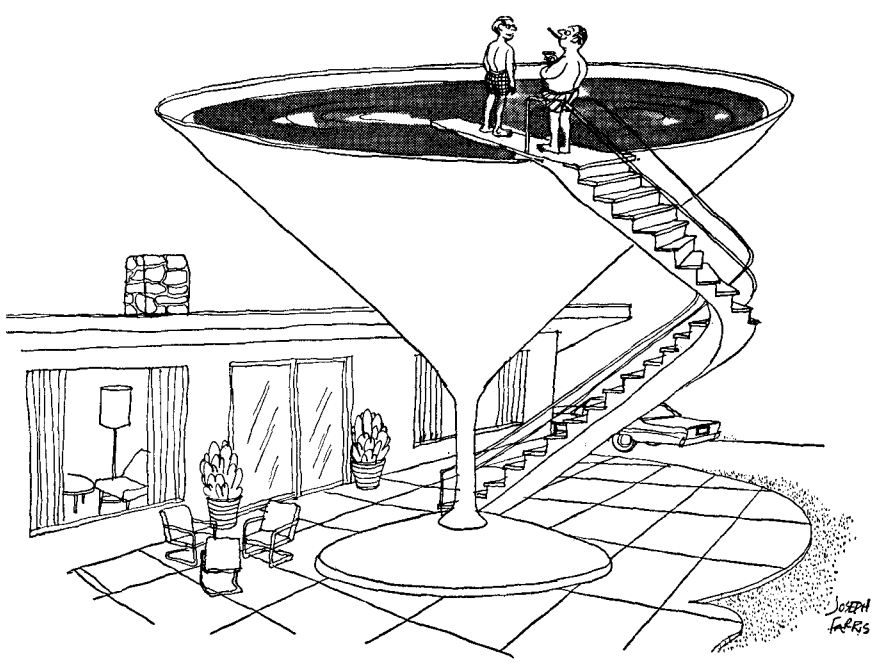
It has been argued that Scotland and Wales would be nations in a more meaningful and satisfying sense if they were able to have more of the local institutions of self-government—if, for instance, they had their own provincial assemblies. That is not for me to say. But surely it is possible in a country such as the United Kingdom to reconcile political unity with national individuality—to maintain a United Kingdom of separate and developing peoples. I certainly hope so for the sake of the bigger international issues we have to solve.

If those who believe in separate nationalities in this cultural sense insist that each nation must then become a separate sovereign state, in the political sense, where do we get? I know that if you encourage the awareness of national separateness in the cultural and social sense, you are bound to create in some peoples' minds the idea that this awareness cannot be carried to its logical conclusion without political independence, too. But if this were accepted in all political societies, where would it get us? Would the *people* of Wales or Scotland be anv better off if they had absolute sovereign independence than they would be if there were a Welsh or Scottish province or state inside a United Kingdom where they would have responsibility for their own cultural and certain other forms of development?

Apply this extreme political separatist argument to India, and it would not only be the end of India today, it would be the end of any possibility in the future of uniting the subcontinent of India together in some kind of confederation. Apply the process to the situation in Africa, which is confused enough now: There are at least, I am told, 6,000 separate tribes in Africa, and each can claim to be a nation in this social and cultural sense, with its own tribal loyalty, language, culture, and taboos.

In 1962, Pierre Trudeau, my successor as Prime Minister of Canada, wrote:

> The state of India is a sovereign republic. Yet four languages are officially recognized there, not including English or Chinese or Tibetan or the



"We got the idea out of 'McCall's' "

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innumerable dialects. In the state of Ceylon, there are three main ethnic groups and four religions. In the Malay federation, there are three other ethnic groups. The Union of Burma has half a dozen nationalities. The republic of Indonesia includes at least twelve national groups, and twenty-five main languages are spoken there. In Vietnam, in addition to the Tonkinese, the Annamites, and the Cochin-Chinese, there are eight large tribes. If we were to look for nation-states—that is, states with boundaries—established on ethnic or linguistic grounds alone, we would look in vain.

"But I couldn't have been going 70 miles an hour! I only left home twenty minutes ago."

It is interesting to apply the doctrine of nationalism, as I have been describing it, to the Soviet Union. Marxist Leninism, like the Bible, can, of course, be interpreted in any way that is desired by the interpreter at any particular moment. It can mean legally sovereign status for each Soviet Republic. It has in fact meant that Marx's universal brotherhood of the proletariat, which in due course would become the universal brotherhood of all men, has given way to Holy Russia. Indeed, a strong case could be made for the assertion that under Communism the Soviet Union has come closer to being a centralized state than anything that existed before within the same boundaries. Even though there is representation of different national groups in certain central institutions, and even though at every great Soviet display we see the separate cultural groups dancing and marching and singing their special songs in their own languages, there is complete subordination to the center in all political matters. Complete loyalty to the Soviet fatherland is demanded on the part of all its citizens. If such a loyalty is given, it has been brought about in two ways: first, by education, largely through the Communist party; and second, by stirring up the emotions of the great patriotic war against the Nazi aggressor, when every Soviet citizen was imbued with the idea that he was defending the sacred soil, not only of Uzbekistan, Armenia, or Siberia, but of Holy Russia.

Nationalism is often associated with the struggle of unfree peoples for independence. There it can be a very strong and noble emotion. During the struggle for freedom, the new feeling of nationalism and national unity can be stronger even than the old separatist tribal feeling. But after freedom has been achieved, the more restricted loyalties often become strong again. Nationalism is good when it leads to freedom. But it is less good when, after these people become free, it is used for a return to fragmentation; or, at the other extreme, to political or racial arrogance by the new rulers; to the forced and total cultural and linguistic integration of unwilling groups into a centralized state or to forced exclusion of others from that state. There is nothing to be said for these brands of nationalism. They lead to racial discrimination and arrogance, which can only be condemned in any society. We are all descendants of Adam and we are all products of racial miscegenation. Indeed, racial purity depends on where you start to count.

It was only a few years ago that we thought of Nigeria, the most populous of the new African states, as an example of what could be done, in the march to freedom, to reconcile tribal feeling with national development. It was a set-piece which was working well. So we thought; and then the whole thing seemed to be collapsing—because of fierce forces of tribal separation and tribal domination which had not been sufficiently taken into account when the Constitution of the country was drafted. The hopes we had for Nigeria were so high that our present distress over what is happening there must be that much greater. And yet, if we do not have some kind of federal society in many of these new countries, what chance is there for them surviving as free peoples at all—because the fragmentation will go on and on until some tyrant ends it.

The civil war in Nigeria—and other Commonwealth troubles that have occurred recently—shows the drastic change that has taken place in the Commonwealth association in recent years. The empire functions that I attended back at the beginning of my official career were rather like cozy little West End club meetings, where the Prime Ministers sat around the Cabinet table at 10 Downing Street with the officials modestly but importantly ranged behind them. One table was enough. The atmosphere was that of an old boys' meeting. That day has gone: twenty-nine Prime Ministers now sit formally as they did in January, in a large room around a big table. Many of them have graduated, not only from Oxford and Cambridge, but from Her Majesty's jails, in order to take their places around that table. But because they have been exposed to the Parliamentary and democratic traditions of Great Britain, and because many of them went there to college or law school or public school, these men, now leaders of independent states, bring to the meetings a family feeling that is difficult to describe but still manages to exist.

There have been divisions between nations inside the Commonwealth, as bitter as anything in the U.N. On more than one occasion in recent years, the Commonwealth might easily have been broken up: over Suez, Kashmir, over Rhodesia most of all. But it has not broken up.

HOW far that family solidarity can be maintained in the second or third generation of leaders, who didn't go to a British school or college, I don't know. Certainly the Commonwealth can't be held together much longer on the "old boy" sentimental basis that has been so effective. It seems that the Commonwealth is being taken less seriously in the world, even among some of its own members. Yet the very difficulties of holding it together now underline the importance of doing so, because the Commonwealth in its varied, multi-racial membership of free states does reflect the world in which we live. It's a pluralistic political association representing every tribe, creed, color, religion, and continent.

It is of great importance to show that this kind of association of small powers and large powers, of former colonial

(*Continued on page* 54)

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UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

It's called "Tomorrow."
It drifts in out of
the darkness
from somewhere
behind the sea.
Misty. Pale. Gray.
Cool.
Tomorrow
is a clean, unlived,
shimmering day.
It touches us.
We stir.
Black. White. Yellow.
In sleepy green villages.
Crowded ghettos.
By yellow grain.
Battlefields.
The day's history
begins. Words.
On paper!
We make paper out of
paper.
We wash yesterday's
history out of it.
The ink.
We beat out yesterday's
clay. And resins.
And fillers.
And binders.
A thread remains:
A clean, pure fiber born
long ago in a green
forest.
These fibers are
disciplined by age,
by use, by rebirth.
More obedient,
more stable
for having known
so many yesterdays.
You can burn and waste
yesterday's discarded
paper.
You can also waste
those who shaped its
headline.
The restless. Hopeless.
Hungry.
Tempest-tossed.
Better to wash, and
churn, and rearrange,
and restore,
and preserve,
and renew,
and purify
the fabric of our
culture.
The thread of hope.
Then some tomorrow
history may write
great, happy,
wonderful news.
We'll wash that out, too!
Tomorrow.
Tomorrow is washday!
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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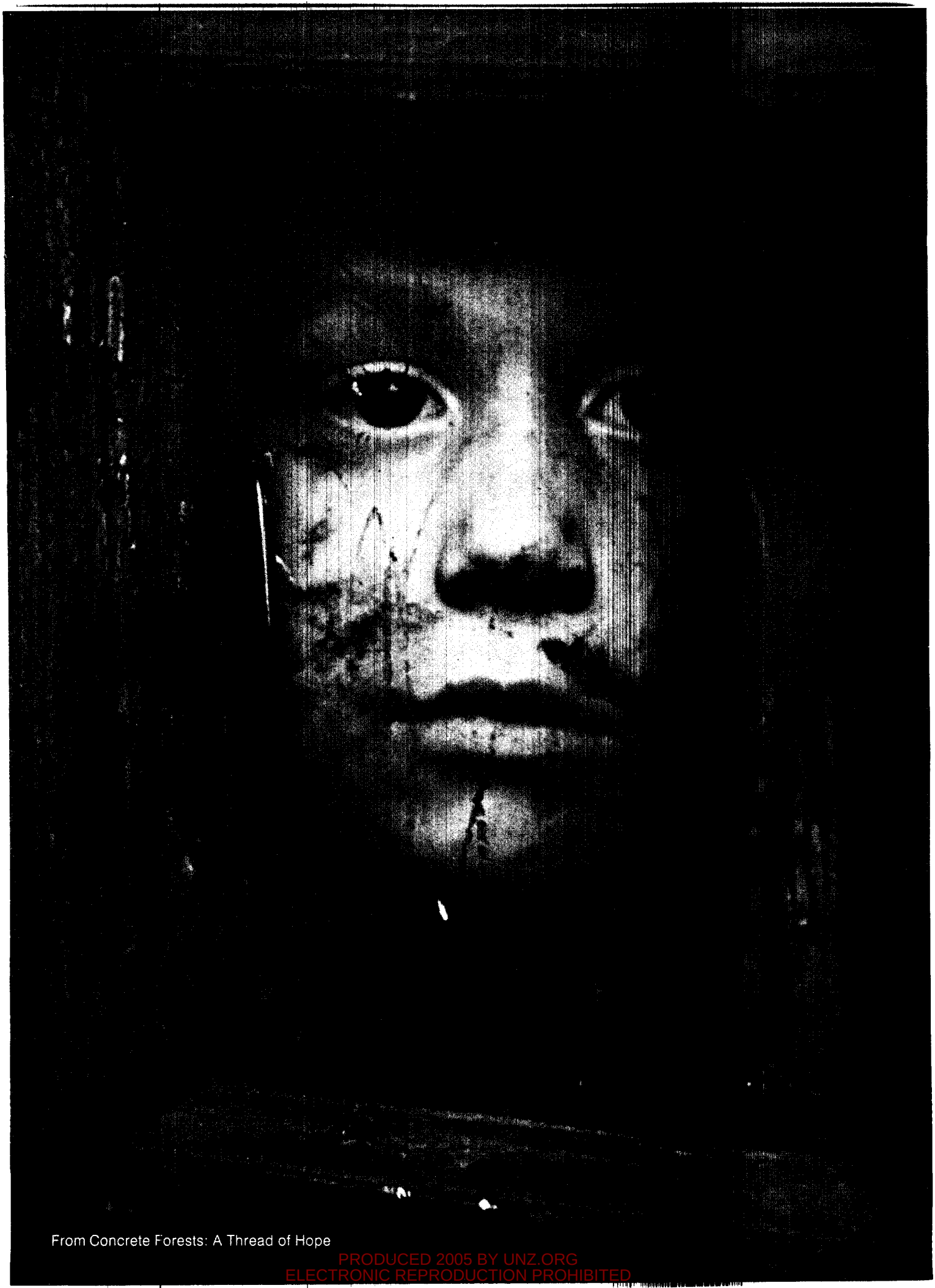

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

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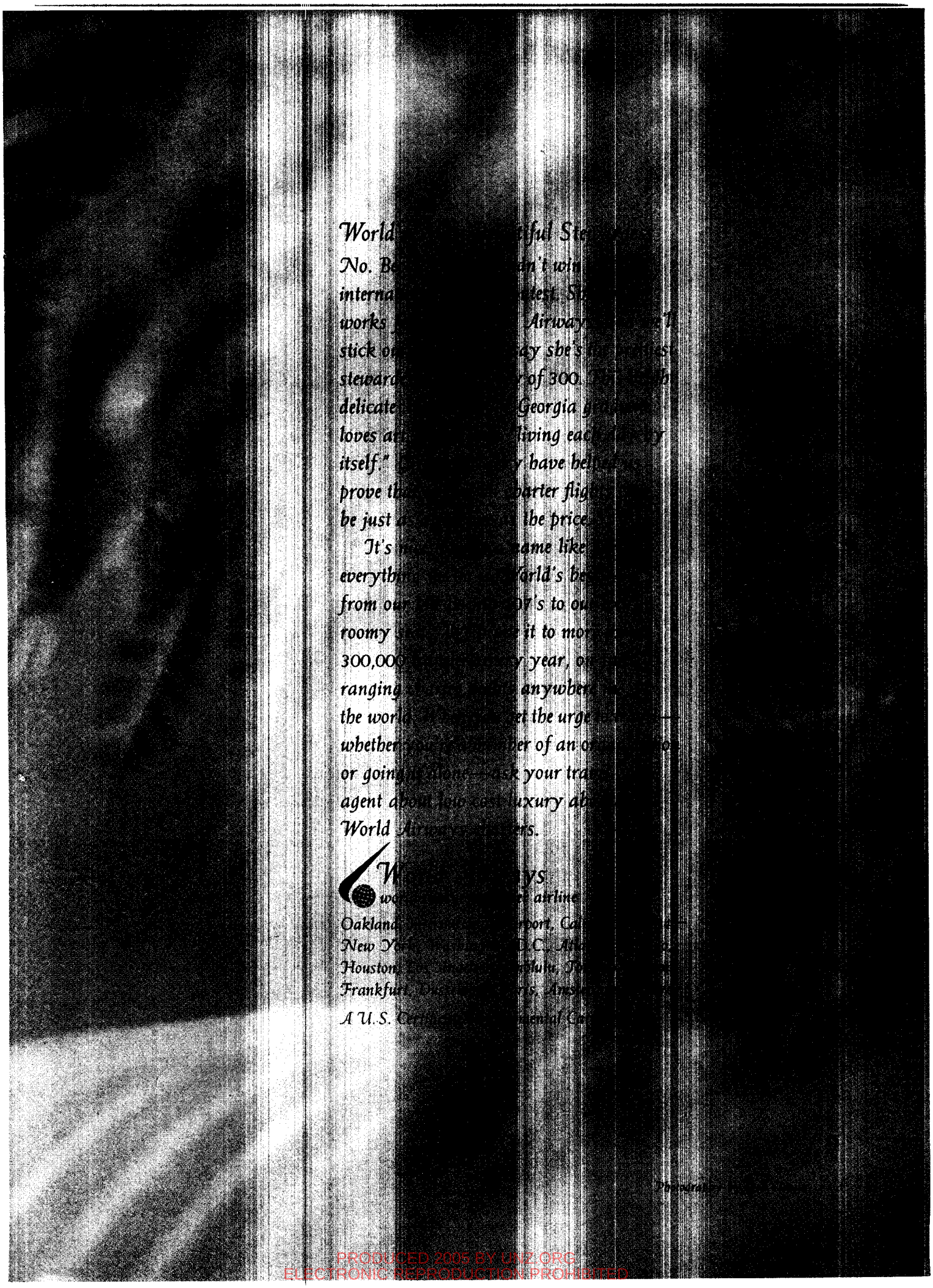

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About $7.25 a fifth*
Bottled in Scotland
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY
BREAK THE ICE WITH TEACHER'S SCOTCH
And after the ice begins to melt, the taste of Teacher's still comes through — as mellow as ever. You just can't drown it.
A little more of the Highland-mellowed whiskies makes Teacher's go through a little more to please you.
Sip it and see. Tonight.

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Theater Transplants

SINCE THE resident theater movement is fast becoming the main source of most of Broadway's serious drama, it is perhaps appropriate to reflect on the vagaries that currently attend this epidemic of theatrical flower-plucking.

In a way, it is philosophically wrong for a resident theater to produce plays *because* of their potential transferability to Broadway. Their function should be to stimulate their own audiences. A case in point is *Red, White and Maddox,* which earlier this season delighted Georgia audiences by spoofing the state's incumbent governor.

When seen in Atlanta (THE THEATER, Oct. 26), the show, which had no pretensions beyond being one item in Theatre Atlanta's repertory schedule, seemed pleasant, imaginative, and just the sort of thing a resident theater should be concocting. Indeed, it represented the supreme instance of a theater attacking a local establishment with humor.

Georgians also had the benefit of recognizing that what the actor impersonating the Governor was saying and doing was almost exactly what they remembered him saying and doing. For instance, one of Mr. Maddox's characteristic idiosyncrasies is his use of non sequitur to prove a point, so that Georgians' laughter at the show's use of this device was immediate, whereas outlanders were merely puzzled by what seemed a mistake. Similarly, when Maddox apologized to four men tugging on a rope for interrupting them in their work, only Southerners were apt to realize that the men are engaged in a lynching, and not a tug of war.

Nevertheless, *Red, White and Maddox* is universally effective enough to make its Broadway engagement a unique and lively contribution to the New York theater season. Its leading performer, Jim Garner, is giving one of the best impersonations of a public figure ever seen in a theater, and his concentration is so great that his portrait is not loaded. The satiric comment is made only through the little-boy costume he wears, and the exaggerated childishness in his gestures and movements. We almost want him to achieve success despite his deplorable social attitude.

The first act describes Maddox's rise from restaurant operator to governor, and his fear of the impingement of Negroes on his white dream is revealed when in ridiculous terror he orders that mourners for Martin Luther King be shot if they trespass on the grounds of the governor's mansion. The second act projects what might happen if Maddox were to be elected President. His decisions range from declaring a "whip a hippie day" to dropping the H-bomb on Moscow.

These comic episodes are occasionally interspersed with projected photographs of the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. These are moving in themselves, but their abrupt juxtaposition to the comedy serves a didactic purpose. They remind us that while we are laughing at the figureheads of destructive philosophies, the constructive potential of the United States is dying.

The songs by Don Tucker and Jay Broad, who also created the scenario, are agreeable, with at least one – the moody "Jubilee Joe" – being "the most hummable as you leave the theater" of any song from a musical this season.

The supporting performances may disappoint audiences used to Broadway musical slickness. But it is perhaps essential to the simplistic casualness of the show's conception that there be a certain homespun quality pervading the entire production. For certainly Broadway producer Edward Padula could have found more capable singers, dancers, and clowns than the Theatre Atlanta artists, who were all chosen for their ability to act demanding roles in a wide range of plays. But even if this musical would have benefited from recasting with performers ideal for this one production, the question remains: Are we watching one more Broadway entertainment, or an unusual sample of the work of one of America's outstanding repertory companies? If the latter, then shouldn't *Red, White and Maddox* be played in repertory with some of the company's other work? But that would require subsidy, and subsidy is what Theatre Atlanta is fresh out of. In fact, at the moment the company is seeking a new home in Atlanta or in some other city, preferably one governed by a public figure as open to mimicry as the one they have so accurately and entertainingly lampooned here.

A slightly different case is *Fire!* by John Roc (pen name for David Nicholson), which premiered last May at Brandeis University Theater (THE THEATER, May 25, 1968). The Broadway production was revised and cast with more ideal actors in all but two roles. Unfortunately, it emerged here as more, rather than less, pretentious than the one at Brandeis and closed quickly.

Another way to transfer a play from a resident theater to Broadway is to present a completely new production of it. This will be attempted next month with Lanford Wilson's *The Gingham Dog,* which the Washington Theater Club made most effective in its intimate 145-seat playhouse (THE THEATER, Oct. 26).

Meanwhile, WTC has come up with another promising new work in Alexander Panas's *Mr. Tambo, Mr. Bones.* The play explores the root of assassination by imagining that John Wilkes Booth is in purgatory but is being given a second chance to relive the days before he shot Lincoln and somehow keep from doing it again. Whereas in *J.B.* the circus vendors Zuss and Nickles posed a similar task for their victim, here two minstrel show end-men lead their J.B. through his futile journey. But a great deal of what happens to Booth seems extraneous. It is amusing, for instance, to watch him seduce women, but it is only a diversion. What does interest us is the author's use of masks to create a confusion of identity in Booth's mind between his target, Lincoln, and his brother, Edwin, with whom he had a sibling rivalry. Rather admirably, the author refuses to blame the assassination on this one factor. Instead, he suggests several sources of Booth's psychosis. Although the techniques Panas uses are often theatrically imaginative, the nightmares are never so vivid that we are emotionally persuaded that Booth's ultimate inability to avoid assassination a second time is the result of the personal nightmares he carried with him in life and after death.

Director Davey Marlin-Jones has defied the handicap of his small stage to give the play an honest production, but one wonders if perhaps, like *J.B.*, this play would not have benefited from a more ruthless exploitation of its theatricality. As J. W. B., John Hillerman is completely convincing, but again we find ourselves wishing he were more outrageous and inexplicable.

This brings up another point. Do resident theaters come to have a character which makes them ideally equipped to present a particular kind of a play? And is a production that seems less than ideal to an outsider exactly what a season subscriber expects and prefers?

WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
Beg. April 14 Wed. Mat. Orch. $6.25. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

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Light in the Tunnel of Hunger

FROM time to time in these pages we have reported to our readers the latest intelligence in the running battle between world food production and world hunger, and we are happy to say that for the first time in memory the latest information from the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations is on the optimistic side. After a long period in which world food production barely kept step with the world's continuing population explosion, the output of the world's fishermen and farmers as a whole rose 3 per cent according to the latest figures available. Best of all, the world's food production in the developing regions increased by almost 6 per cent. The U.N.'s task force against hunger expects that most major food crops will show further increases for 1968 and 1969.

The general improvement in the world food picture is probably due in large measure to the efforts of the FAO and the United Nations, to greater government emphasis on agriculture as a result of nudging the FAO, and to what Director General Boerm has termed "the cumulative effect of long years of developing effort which at last seems to be bearing fruit." On top of this, the latest world food-production period enjoyed generally good growing and harvesting weather, always a prime consideration.

The U.N. warns, however, that the world food problem is far from being solved either permanently or even temporarily. In international trade, where such matters have an enormous impact locally, falling prices for agricultural commodities produced a 5 per cent reduction in the earnings of agricultural exports compared to the previous year. Thus, the developing areas of the world actually lost ground in their efforts to earn more of the foreign exchange they desperately need to bring themselves nearer the "have" nations.

Furthermore, we are sorry to have to report that although the world's total agricultural output increased in the most recent accounting period, Earth's continuing population explosion held production per person to the same level as the year before, which means continuing trouble for those areas where there are more mouths than there is food to sustain human life.

This information comes from Charles A. Gibbons, analyst for the Foreign Agricultural Service in Washington, who believes that world farm production last year "was good but not exceptional," and that in the poorer portions of the globe, per capita output continued to lag far behind the food production per unit of labor. This world production per capita in 1968 was 107 per cent of the base period, the same as 1967, a statistic which can mean only deeper trouble for the hungry people who are a vast majority of the world's population. The world's leading agricultural producer—the United States—showed only 104 per cent for 1968 on the per capita index, almost precisely the same as for 1967 and a rise in per capita production of only 4 per cent in more than a decade. During this same ten-year period the Soviet Union's per capita share of the world's food production has climbed 17 per cent.

Actually, had it not been for the more rapid population growth, the fact that total farm production since 1959 has increased 30 per cent might be viewed as an optimistic trend. But as world farm gains have been made, food production has been offset by an enormous jump in the number of live births and a larger, hungrier, ever-healthier adult population. In per capita production, the poorer regions' share remained unchanged at 102 per cent, on a base period of a decade ago, while in the developed areas, per capita production averaged 115 per cent of the same base period. In other words, the rich countries got richer and the poor areas of Earth remained ever poorer.

LAST October, at the world FAO meeting in Rome, its council approved five fields of activity on which special emphasis would be placed to meet the most urgent needs of a hungry world. The priority areas are the introduction of high-yield varieties of basic crops, such as rice and other grains, the closing of the protein gap, reduction of waste in harvest and storage, improvement of the quality of life in rural populations, and renewed efforts to increase earnings in foreign exchange so that new resources will flow into underdeveloped countries. The U.N., through the FAO, uses food as capital in development programs. Foods are provided to hospitals and schools to improve the health of mothers, children, students, and patients. Food is provided in land-settlement projects to feed people until they can grow their own crops. Food is used to pay workers who build roads, clear land, plant trees. It is also sent to victims of floods, droughts, typhoons, earthquakes, and wars. In the past five years alone, the FAO has committed $452 million to 319 such projects in seventy-four have-not nations.

There is no greater story or issue than the fact that hunger overshadows the world. One million more mouths per week are added to a demand for food that is already overpowering its supply. That the issue and headlines are not America's at the moment does not mean that they do not involve us deeply, in a political sense as well as humanitarian. On the geometric calendar of an atomic-jet age, the realities of hunger are implacable no matter where one lives, or how well fed one is at the moment. To have an efficient and hard-working U.N. task force named the FAO actually doing something about it all—and apparently beginning to see daylight in the darkness—is a headline important above any other. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Editor

Negro History

C. VANN WOODWARD in his article, "The Hidden Sources of Negro History" [*SR*, Jan. 18], accepts the need for undistorted black history, but, in the good tradition of the conscientious master, cautions us poor, stupid blacks with ". . . the content of it [will not be] exclusively or predominantly glorious. . . . The Father Divines and Daddy Graces will outnumber the Martin Luther Kings." How absurd.

Of course, the content will not be exclusively or predominantly glorious. No history of a culture or subculture is. The history of the Occident includes the institution of slavery, Hitler, Mussolini, innumerable wars, and a host of other inglorious attributes. "Even the most glorious heroes—a Nat Turner, perhaps—may turn out to have moments of hesitation and dubious encounters . . ." says the author. Isn't it common knowledge that all human beings have such moments?

Professor Woodward expresses the idea that "The American Negro: His History and Literature," published by the Arno Press and *The New York Times*, was written for the scholar and not for the activist. Is he not aware of the existence of many activists who are also scholars? As far as the volumes not being likely to ". . . burden the shelves of the average Muslim temple or organizer's pad" is concerned, Woodward might well browse through some of the Muslim libraries or organizers' pads before attempting to defend his statement. Perhaps he feels that the contents of the works would be unacceptable to the "radicals." The professor should be reminded that scholarly work dealing with black history is one of the important things that the radical movement is trying to perpetuate, for only after scholarly work can black history be taught with integrity.

GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, JR.,
Physics Department,
Syracuse University,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Earth from 200,000 Miles

N. C.'s EDITORIAL, "Send the Astronauts to Paris" [*SR*, Jan. 18], is very much to the point, but it does bring one further thought to mind. If I were seated next to an alien intelligence, viewing Earth from 200,000 miles, how would I explain that because of something called national honor, something called proper procedure, and the shape of something called a table, thousands of my fellow human beings were dying? Must I answer that in the society of man, objects and words are more important than a human life?

JOHN MARTELL,
Marquette, Mich.

THE "meaning of man," as N. C. put it, is the real issue behind most all the perplexing problems which are created and confronted by the human race. Certainly, the successful mission of *Apollo 8* brought home to Earth the impact of what can be accomplished when man claims intelligence and channels energy constructively.

When the shape of a table is of more concern than the shape of Earth, something is wrong with the shape of reason.

RONALD B. BARTLETT,
Kansas City, Mo.

Caring for the Aged

THE EMPHASIS in Robert E. Burger's article, "Who Cares for the Aged?" [*SR*, Jan. 25], is commendable, but there are mistaken assumptions. If many aged persons could be better provided for in their own homes, why is there concern that the number of institutional beds seems smaller than desirable? True need for facilities has been difficult to define. Supply and demand seem to have governed the availability of beds.

Approximately two-thirds of these beds are occupied by "welfare" or Medicaid recipients, which disputes the contention that burdens of payment for such care are usually carried by families. Nursing home owners were *historically* reimbursed at a higher rate for non-ambulatory patients. To my knowledge, this practice is generally prohibited today by state regulatory and rate-setting authorities.

Several points should be emphasized. Unlike the hospital industry, nursing homes mushroomed as profit-oriented organizations in the last two decades largely because American philanthropy and voluntary effort did not see fit to assume the burden of creating new facilities. State licensing agencies have experienced considerable difficulty in maintaining high standards because rates for the care of medically indigent patients have been incredibly low in the past (and remain so in backward areas), and inspection personnel of sufficient quality and number were not provided by state legislatures. What has been a dismal picture is substantially improved, and many "substandard" facilities have been driven out of business, but regulation is a far cry from what it should be, and many patients are left to vegetate unattended.

In spite of our enterprise and affluence, problems of appropriate placement and insuring satisfactory levels of care according to need are certain to accelerate unless immediate and meaningful shifts in federal policy are authorized and implemented. We have not proved to be especially innovative in inaugurating change. These difficulties are compounded by the "non-system" in health and welfare and the almost universal disinterest in the elderly, including that of health professionals themselves.

SAMUEL LEVEY,
Newton, Mass.

THE AGING need to be needed even more than the aged. The blind can lend his strength to the lame one who leads him. The sorrowing can feel cheered if he eases the pain of the arthritic. One who has no legs can spread butter on the potatoes of one who has no hands.

Many human problems might be solved by training the aging—retiring and semi-retired—to give a lift to the already aged. Maturity may not be measured in years, but by the ability to butter potatoes understandingly and lift them in bite-size chunks.

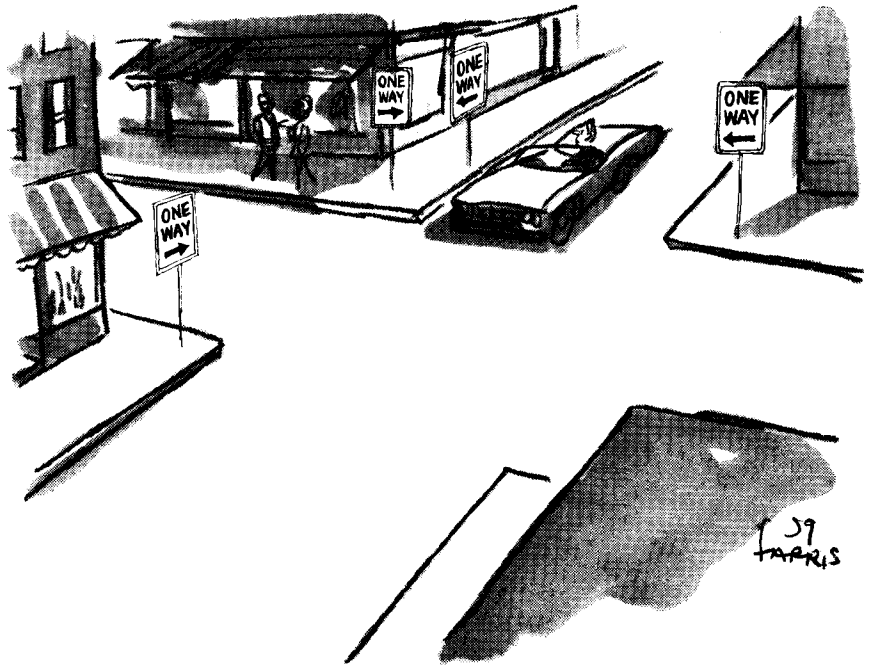
MRS. ALEX KNOX,
Sarasota, Fla.

A Year Remembered

MY HIGH COMPLIMENTS on R.L.T.'s probing, revealing editorial, "A Year to Remember" [*SR*, Jan. 4]. I lived through the 1930s' Depression years as a teen-ager; the penetrating tragedy for the young then was that we were not wanted—we struggled to survive in a "get lost, drop dead" atmosphere that produced utter despair.

Today's young are urgently wanted and eagerly welcomed into the adult society; their crusade is not against being rejected but rather that they want *more*. It's much better this way.

SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER,
Mamaroneck, N.Y.



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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Airing the Hang-Ups

WBZ Radio, Boston (Group W, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company), recently presented *T-Group 15,* a unique, pioneering experiment in the application of human relations and sensitivity-training techniques to the solution of community problems on the air. Jerry Wishnow, WBZ's public affairs director, and a team of social psychologists and advisers, headed by Dr. Malcolm Knowles of Boston University, planned the program last fall. They initially invited the boards of directors of Boston's Urban Coalition and the NAACP, in that order, to participate. Both groups, comprising black and white members, have experienced racial tensions, and the planners suggested that they might talk about problems within their organizations in the context of a broadcast human relations laboratory.

The whites were willing, Dr. Knowles recalls; the blacks declined. Those with the Urban Coalition perceived the offer as merely another suspect ploy in "whitey's game"; the blacks in the NAACP explained that they were not interested in solving problems but in confronting them. The planners then tried to arrange a marathon T-group program with the elected officials of Boston's School Committee (all white), and the King-Timilty Commission, a group of black parents and teachers who are supporting a boycott of public schools in one district over the issue of local control. Again there was no success at the official level, but this time some officials and indigenous leaders of both groups agreed to participate as individuals. The executive secretary of the Boston Teachers' Union, Louis A. Vangel, also agreed to take part.

All were briefed, in a general manner, on the experience ahead. T-groups were invented in 1964 by behavioral scientists at MIT. Versions of the technique have been employed by government departments, industries, religious groups, schools, and voluntary associations. "T" stands for training; truth groups, encounter groups, and personal growth labs are other labels. The idea is to get people, preferably those with a history of hostility, in an extended confrontation with no agenda or leadership structure; to elicit their natural behavior replete with stereotyping, prejudice, and rhetoric; to sensitize them, through the participation of a trained social psychologist in the group, to their feelings and latent levels of mistrust. Out of this arises a more objective view, a one-to-one relationship as human beings, and an openness to alternatives hitherto unseen because of emotional filters.

In Boston, a group of nine was locked in a WBZ studio; mattresses were provided; food was left at the door; cat naps were permitted; two "trainers," John L. Jones, a doctoral candidate in adult education at Boston University, and Dr. Irwin Rubin, organizational psychologist at MIT's Sloan School of Management, were part of the group and their professional roles clearly understood by all.

The marathon ran twenty-two hours and was taped. In another studio, Dr. Knowles observed the T-group on a TV monitor, and his remarks, interpreting the process for a future listening audience, were superimposed on the group tape. Subsequently, the master sound tape was edited to eleven hours (long, incoherent shouting passages were deleted, as well as silences, the playing of recorded songs that were part of the sensitizing technique, and laughter). The edited tape was broadcast late in December. WBZ canceled all commercials for the broadcast period, inserted five minutes of news every hour, and added four hours of live conversation among the participants, commenting on their experience and answering phoned-in questions from listeners who had heard all or part of the broadcast. WBZ is preparing a full transcript, and tapes may be available for study by professionals who are concerned with human relations training. But a one-hour, edited version provided by the station suggests the remarkable experience *T-Group 15* (the figure represents total broadcast hours) must have been for participants.

They began as snarling, snapping lions, utterly incapable of hearing each other. Without the crucial presence of the trainers, the event would have certainly disintegrated into exhaustion and futility. Under the sensitizing prodding of the trainers, the group members realized that they were not communicating. Recurrently, they explored their feelings, gaining some insight, only to return, out of sheer force of habit, to hostile self-assertion. They progressed to agreement on goals but not on means. The playing of the songs—stressing feelings of loneliness and the absence of love—brought them slowly to closer physical arrangements and to an appreciation of the other person's feelings. They began to distinguish between the individuals and their official roles; then they were asked to talk for a while without mentioning the words "school" or "community."

The dialogue turned to the difference between "Negro" and "black," and one of the most touching episodes occurred when a black woman teacher eloquently described to the whites the shattering of black culture by white slave-masters. They related to each other, drifted away again, and struggled with the counterpulls of new emotions and old learned prejudices. They conceded triumph over black and white stereotypes as individuals, but wondered whether their experiences were transferable to other members of their respective groups. They ended with astonishing *rapprochements* between hitherto hopelessly hostile individuals, and a willingness to try to persuade their official groups to meet and go through the same experience.

The impact in Boston was impressive. The telephone callers included no verbal exhibitionists such as those who haunt call-in programs. Listeners proved to be very sophisticated in understanding the process unfolding in the studio. However, WBZ's offer to repeat the experience with officials of the Boston School Committee and the King-Timilty Commission has not borne fruit as yet. Enthusiastic participants, once again in their natural, non-supportive environment, may backslide. Ideally, the technique would work best if key officers of social groups would be persuaded to take the risk of exposing themselves as human beings and perhaps of affronting their constituencies. Short of that, the T-group on the air can be profoundly important in demonstrating the advantages of the actual process of purifying cognitive disagreement of emotional hang-ups.

WBZ Radio, while still trying to get the school officials to meet, plans T-groups on other community problems. It is a mass media technique worth improving: Confrontation per se, on the air, has traditionally generated more passion than clarity. Documentaries often fail to grip people at the emotional levels where they function. The human relations marathon demonstrates that conventional meetings of disputing groups are far too short to achieve success. Surely, other stations can follow WBZ Radio's lead. They have the time, the local educational resources, and the community problems. Sales departments may indeed resist the radical notion of canceling commercials for a full day. Perhaps, then, the program people can talk them into a T-group marathon airing the issue on their own air. Both groups might discover a superordinate goal—the public interest and their own.

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QUINCY HOWE

Mission to the White House

A "loner" from the Academic Establishment reports on his years as LBJ's "Intellectual-in-Residence."

"THE PRESIDENCY of Lyndon Johnson was full of ironies," observes Eric F. Goldman, whose appreciation of irony—heightened by his role as historian—is perhaps the nearest American equivalent to what the Spanish philosopher Unamuno called "the tragic sense of life." This leads him to present LBJ in *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* (Knopf, 531 pp., $8.95) as neither hero nor villain, knave nor fool, but as an inherently tragic figure in Shakespearean terms—a man whose own character proved his undoing.

Journalists have also described that tragedy—some of them writing from the jungles of Vietnam (where President Johnson promised never to send American foot soldiers to fight), some from the Negro ghettos of the United States (which the Vietnam War has starved of funds). Although only the future historian will be able to view Johnson in perspective, he will find that he owes much to Profesor Goldman's skill in depicting an American Chief Executive meeting unprecedented challenges.

On December 2, 1963, LBJ invited Dr. Goldman to talk with him soon on an urgent matter. Before the month was out, the Princeton professor agreed to serve as special consultant to the President of the United States on a per-diem basis as "Intellectual-in-Residence" at the White House. He remained until September 1966, averaging five or six days a week. It was a transition period during which the Johnson Administration tried to superimpose on a latter-day version of Bryan's domestic populism a latter-day version of McKinley's Far Eastern imperialism. Other historians have collaborated with other Presidents and written about the experience, but on this occasion the right historian worked with the right President at the right time.

Professor Goldman devotes thirteen of his book's eighteen chapters to Mr. Johnson's first White House year, when he either initiated or put through more legislation embracing more domestic reforms than any President in American history. According to Mrs. Johnson, her husband acted "as if there were never going to be a tomorrow." Here a flood of incident, anecdote, and quotation sweep the reader along. Some Johnsonisms:

"I'd rather be slow and right than smart and dead."

"Foreigners are not like the folks I'm used to."

"I never heard [Huey Long] make a speech that I didn't think was calculated to do some good for some people who needed some speeches made for them."

In the spring of 1964 Adlai Stevenson said of the White House, "The atmosphere, the people—well, they are Johnsonian, or Johnsonized." For all the President's passion for secrecy, he surrounded himself with so many aides that Professor Goldman found the White House "one vast sieve" and

QUINCY HOWE, radio news broadcaster since 1939, now does a news commentary five days a week for Station WRFM, New York, and via international short wave for Station WNYW. He is completing a one-volume history of World War II and its aftermath.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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"not a merry place." Roosevelt had delighted in collecting "sharply contrasting types" for his entourage; "Lyndon Johnson had Lyndon Johnson men," whom he picked because they "know how to get things done." According to Jack Valenti, the most Johnsonian of the Johnson men, the President "didn't like cold intellectuals around him," but people "who cry when an old lady falls down in the street."

Professor Goldman, referring to himself, recalls a Princeton colleague who described him as "something of a 'loner.'" There was nothing of the loner about LBJ except the star on his state's flag. As political animals President Johnson and his associates—like President Kennedy and his—hunted, worked, and played in packs. But Professor Goldman's qualities as a "loner" gave him insights into both the Johnson and Kennedy Administrations, which he scrutinizes with equal objectivity although he leaves most of the conclusion-drawing to the reader.

The circumstances of President Kennedy's death led to the creation of an instant legend. How enduring that legend may become does not hinge on the skill or devotion of its creators, but on coming events over which few of them have any control. The tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, however, bids fair to expand as more of the recent past comes to light. Whether history discredits or vindicates LBJ, future historians and contemporary journalists are more likely to endorse than to deny the tragic theme this volume expounds. For Professor Goldman recognized in Lyndon Johnson the President and in the 1960s the time when the man, the office and the country had a rendezvous with tragedy. There is an old saying that God watches over children, drunks, and the United States of America. Did the USA under LBJ run out of luck?

President Johnson's tragedy did not arise merely from his policy on Vietnam, with which Professor Goldman became increasingly disillusioned, but from flaws of character that defeated him in many other situations. The possession of enormous power filled him with a pride that could turn to stubbornness and a stubbornness that could turn to blindness; with a will to believe that could turn to a will to deceive; with a capacity for hatred that could destroy him as well as the object of his hate. The tragedy of Lyndon Johnson became a national rather than a personal one when he found himself in a position of supreme power at a time of crisis at home as well as abroad. His own defects, enlarged to Texan proportions, infected admirers and antagonists alike. Many of our most gifted journalists have tried to nail LBJ's coonskin to their walls only to wind up thrashing about at the level to which he compelled them to demean themselves.

THE shock of Dallas brought President Johnson's finest hour, followed by his finest year. He at once rallied a great proportion of the American people around him and, with the unwitting assistance of Barry Goldwater and the Republican Party, not only won the most sweeping electoral landslide of the century but persuaded the Congress to approve the bulk of his Great Society program. The men and methods Johnson found so effective in speeding his domestic programs lent themselves to the escalation of the Vietnam War. For the rationalization of that war he cited Truman's policy in Korea and Rusk's emphasis on the meaning of Munich. "There'll be no more Munichs," declared LBJ—and that was that. Professor Goldman does not stress the point, but on the basis of the evidence he has compiled it would seem logical to conclude that some of the hostility many American intellectuals directed against Johnson sprang from guilty memories of their own, earlier oversimplifications of that same Munich theme.

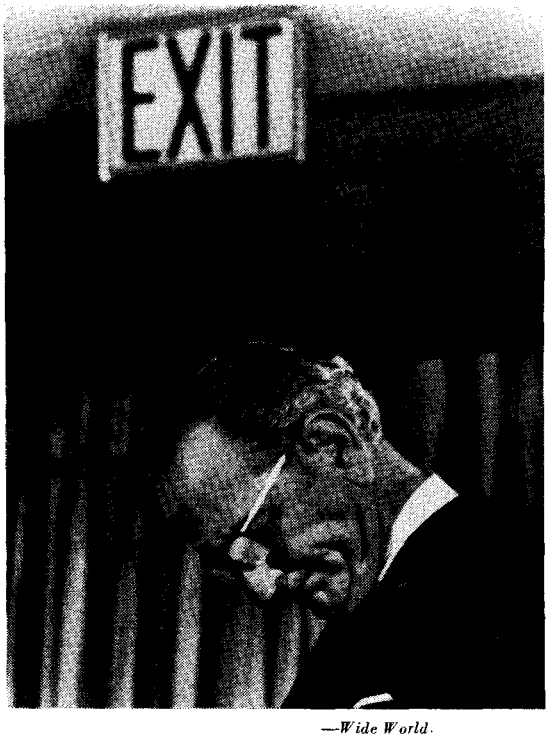
By devoting so much of his report on the Johnson White House to the period before the escalation of the Vietnam War Professor Goldman shows how easy—not

Something Nagging Within Him

DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1964, when the evidence indicated both that President Johnson would win easily and that the trend was as much anti-Goldwater as pro-Johnson, the President would remark querulously to visitors, "Why don't people like me?" One guest, too old to be concerned about preferment by the White House and enough of a Washington character to get away with irreverence, answered the question. He said, "Because, Mr. President, you are not a very likable man." Bald as it is, this was a major part of Lyndon Johnson's problem with the American people. The fact that he was not a very likable man could not be concealed from the public despite all the arduous efforts of his friends and aides, myself included, who wanted so much to believe otherwise and who did their damnedest to present him in a way that would convince themselves and the country.

Lyndon Johnson may have risen from Johnson City to being the head of a family he cherished, a multimillionaire and the leader of the free world, but he had not risen above something nagging within him. All the way to the top, and especially at the top, he was combatively, cumulatively insecure. Having started out as a mama's boy, overloved, overprotected and overpraised, he was thoroughly unprepared for a world that did not view him in such a glow. In his youth he was keenly sensitive to the fact that the Johnsons were not among the leading families of the area. He was gawky and rough-hewn; for the most part, he was not too successful with the kind of girl he thought it important to be successful with. Maturing in the environment he did, it took him a long time to realize the high value of one resource he had in abundance, brains, and by then the asset was denigrated by the low status of his schooling (a social chasm existed between Southwest Texas State Teachers College and the University of Texas). And, almost as soon as his career was really under way, he had to function in large measure not amid the comforting ways of Texas but in the sharply different atmosphere of Washington.

—From "The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson," by Eric F. Goldman



—Wide World.

Lyndon B. Johnson—"at the very head of the class in intellectual capacity."

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how hard—it was to shift gears from domestic to foreign affairs. And he does this not by exhortation, denunciation, or disputation, but by example, analogy, and adherence to the standards of his profession. Because Professor Goldman imposes no dogma of his own, he puts the less informed and less wary reader on guard against special pleaders of various stripes.

The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson contains no disclosures, either damaging or the reverse, about the Vietnam War. But two important points are made in the chapter "The President and the Intellectuals," in which Dr. Goldman describes the White House Festival of the Arts that he inspired and organized in the spring of 1966. First, the Johnson style, which long preceded the escalation of the Vietnam War, doomed from the start his effort to establish contact with the intellectual community—academic, artistic, and literary. At the same time Professor Goldman hits another nail on the head with his comment: "I had seen a President reacting with arrogant know-nothingism, and influential figures in the cultural world reacting with an equally arrogant know-it-allness."

Professor Goldman, a connoisseur of the Intellectual Establishment, rates President Johnson at the very head of the class in intellectual capacity and close to the bottom in intellectual training. But many an intellectual with the advantages of the education President Johnson lacks has yet to learn one of the elementary principles that the natural élite in all times and places have instinctively observed and that the non-élite can never learn: *"Aliis licet, tibi non licet."* (What is permitted to others is not permitted to you.) Those who mock the Johnson manners and the Johnson methods betray a greater vulgarity than he. They should know better. The fact that many of them do not calls into question their pretensions of superiority.

With fine impartiality Professor Goldman criticizes the know-nothings and the know-it-alls; and rightly so because it is not their beliefs but their mutual hatred that debases them. And as Professor Goldman indicates but does not flatly state, many Kennedyites regarded themselves as ex-officio intellectuals and all Johnsonians as card-carrying cretins. Whereupon the Johnsonians paid them back in kind: "The upstart's come up too fast," said the President of Robert Kennedy. "He skipped the grades where you learn the rules of life. He never liked me and that's nothing compared to what I think of him." Not since 1920 when the original Senator Henry Cabot Lodge focused all his controlled hatred of Woodrow Wilson on inflaming the uncontrolled counterhatred that caused Wilson to defeat himself and the League

(*Continued on page* 48)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

SLAM from El Paso

I FEEL FAIRLY CERTAIN the reviewer, Martin Russ, of *West to Cambodia* and *Bird* [*SR*, Jan. 25] would not maliciously twist facts. However, when he terms me a "Yankee militarist," his adjective is geographically so cock-eyed that I suggest his noun might be not less ridiculous. I happen to be an El Paso Texan. Next the sentence, "Like most career soldiers he is callous." *I have never been a career soldier.* Further, out of fifty years' experience in and out of the armed forces, I would say a career soldier is no more likely to be callous than a reservist.

Russ's point is bunk and it is also slander. I do not regard anyone who criticizes the war as "indecent and impudent." I have criticized it in print before Russ ever knew it was going. I do regard as indecent individuals who lie simply to help boost any cause. About the dedication to which he takes exception, my wife Cate, a tenderhearted mother of three small daughters, wrote it: I'd say extrapolation is not Russ's racket.

S. L. A. MARSHALL.
Birmingham, Mich.

Law and Order

WITH REGARD TO THE ARTICLE "The Outrage of Our Streets" [*SR*, Jan. 18], I hope the comfortable American public has the strength and courage to utilize their Constitutional right of rule by the majority, and the integrity to fight the ever-threatening tyranny of the minority.

A man is in jail here in Louisville now and has been for eight months without trial. He has one thing in particular against him—he is a Negro—but he *will* get a trial in March *if* the prosecutor finds a case.

BOB HADLEY.
Louisville, Ky.

THE REVIEWER, FRED COOK, said that the institutions protect our policemen when they are lying. I believe that our laws are such that this type of incident is rare or never happens at all. It is a serious charge to say that the people who oppose the government are not heard or have the same equal chance as the Establishment.

CHRISTINE BORMANN.
Long Beach, Calif.

WELL I'M FOR THE POLICE. Any abuse by police of some hoodlum, hippie, Commie, yippie, Black Power militant, looters, rapists, muggers, and so on *ad nauseam* is in my book far less than the crimes perpetrated by those above-itemized and down-trodden slobs and misfits of society.

I have been stopped by police for questioning in a routine search for stickup artists, for speeding, for illegal parking, and minor offenses we all at one time or another break the laws related to. They have been polite and I in return was polite. I was also in all cases wrong except in the robbery search where it was routine for them to ask people near the scene. And just in case some damn "bleeding heart" says, "He's probably a WASP," I'm not. I'm Jewish and so is my name.

EUGENE LIEBERMAN.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Propaganda for Arab League?

DREW MIDDLETON'S REVIEW of Maxime Rodinson's book *Israel and the Arabs* [*SR*, Feb. 1], it seems to me, was granted far more space and prominence than it merited either as a work of scholarship or as an unbiased history of the problem. Mr. Middleton has leaned over backwards to give a "fair" treatment to an obviously slanted piece of propaganda for the United Arab League.

I say slanted because just one phrase in the central conclusion of the book clearly reveals the decaying rodent in the woodpile: "But for one thing, they cannot be said to have a historic right to a piece of territory because some of their ancestors *supposedly* [italics mine] inhabited it two thousand years ago." If Mr. Rodinson had been doing his homework he would have known that archeological evidence gives undisputed proof of this fact. Also he would have known that there is clear-cut evidence that Hebrews or Jews were living in the Holy Land after the first diaspora, well before the nomadic Arabs came in.

The unfortunate thing is that even though Mr. Middleton faults it for its exaggerations, distortions and tendentiousness he also gives it a measure of creditability by stating, "Mr. Rodinson's ideas demand a sympathetic reading from Americans." Why? Because Mr. Rodinson is of Jewish extraction and therefore "his analysis and conclusions cannot be considered the work of a political propagandist." Mr. Middleton, don't look now but your naïveté is showing! Need he be told that there are Simon Girtys in every war, renegades in every religion?

JOSEPH B. KUSHNER.
Evansville, Ind.

Indignation

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, reviewing Stewart Udall's *1976: Agenda for Tomorrow* [*SR*, Jan. 18], made some shocking and incredible assertions. One was that "We drop napalm bombs on miserable Vietnamese families with the disdain of a Cotton Mather banishing a dissenter to the wilderness."

It would be pointless to ask him how he knows that we drop napalm on miserable families, that we do it intentionally, and that we do it with disdain.

EUGENE T. DOYLE.
S. Farmingdale, N.Y.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

In celebration of its fifteenth birthday, *Playboy* magazine has published a dozen articles by scholars and men of affairs such as Theodore Sorensen, Jerome B. Wiesner, Mayor Lindsay, Senator Percy, and Justice Douglas. The general topic is "The Decent Society." (Girls, it appears, are not enough.) Peter Matthiessen, a student of anthropology and ecology as well as a very good novelist, writes on the physical environment, which, it is no secret, is deteriorating at a terrifying rate. Matthiessen believes that it may still be possible to control technological development in the interests of mankind, and to that extent is more optimistic than many of his thoughtful contemporaries, who fear that we have passed the point of no return.

A small but articulate segment of the younger generation has chosen simply to drop out of society as it is at present constituted. We call them irresponsible, and so they are, but we must remember that Thoreau also was called irresponsible and not without some justice. He not only refused to serve society as he found it but also, unlike some of his friends at Brook Farm and elsewhere, was not interested in drawing up plans for a better social order. He went his way, and society could go its way, as he had no doubt it would do without his assistance. Society had no claims on him, he felt, for, as he demonstrated in his Walden experiment, he had no need of society. That not many people would care to pay the price he paid, in terms of going without, was no concern of his.

For many of us the impulse to drop out of society is strong, but we don't do it, and probably we shouldn't. I live in the country, and from my study window I can see almost nothing but sky and snow and trees. If I am distracted, it is likely to be by birds and animals, not by other human beings. But, although I rarely pay attention to them, I can also see the power lines without which our life here would be impossible. Unlike Thoreau and some of the hippies, we are grateful for much that technology has given us. We find fault only with the abuses of technology and with the attitudes that the triumphs of technology seem to encourage. The view of most scientists and technicians seems to be that if a thing can be done it must be done: if we can make a hydrogen bomb, we must; if we can get to the moon, we must; if we can pack more and more millions into our cities, we must—and let's worry about the consequences later.

Some of us feel that we can endure the oppressiveness of a technologically advanced civilization only if we can periodically renew ourselves through contact with the at least relatively unspoiled land. I know it is meaningless to speak of man against nature, for man is part of nature. But mankind is a part of nature that has grown too strong, especially in its destructive powers, in proportion to all the rest. Bacteria and viruses are also parts of nature, but we do not tolerate plagues if we can help it.

In *The Inland Island* (Simon & Schuster, $5) Josephine Johnson describes her way of fortifying herself against the society that has been created by technology run mad. Miss Johnson, who published a fine first novel, *Now in November*, in 1934, has more recently published, after a long silence, a short novel, *The Dark Traveler* (*SR*, April 23, 1963), and a collection of excellent short stories, *The Sorcerer's Son*. The new book is not fiction but a chronicle of a year's observations of flora and fauna on an abandoned farm in Ohio.

A decade or more ago Brooks Atkinson published a comparable chronicle, *Once Around the Sun*. His was a happier book than hers, however, perhaps because the pressure of social problems grows steadily more acute. Again and again as the year went by, Miss Johnson was compelled to think of the war in Vietnam, which seemed to her to sum up all that was wrong with our society. She found distraction in the nonhuman world but not relief.

Miss Johnson is no sentimentalist, for she knows how "red in tooth and claw" nature can be. She writes, for instance, of one of the smallest, least conspicuous, and most innocent appearing birds; "Have you seen the beak of a brown creeper? There's a scythe—a scimitar! Think how it looks to the small bark beetles. Hammered steel to them. A vicious thing and huge—the fishhook beak of this tiny bird like a speckled egg."

"I am a bird watcher—a deeply interested observer," she writes. "Not a bird lover. Their beaks are too sharp and their round eyes cold. I am fascinated by my fellow creatures of this planet home; but not fanatic, not scientific." For her nothing relieves the indifference of the universe. "For the true believer, great arms held the world together. For *this* believer, those iron arms have dropped away." Nor can she be a true romantic: "Nature's got everything. A lot of which we don't like. The All-Mother was not made for man. The world is a place, not a home."

She makes the most of her thirty-nine acres: "I live on an island of sanity: the island of this place. I am fortunate." But there is no true refuge: "I can't keep the horror of the burned children away. In April we will be presented with the bill for the burning of the children. And I can't separate the beauty of this place from the destruction of this place—the sewer water, the soapsuds, the hunters, the trappers, the dogs, the decay of the trees, the planes overhead, the sound of saws... The target practice of the neighbors, the pollution of the air from sewers and burning garbage, from factories in the valley and even dust from Oklahoma. A world of war and waste."

The Inland Island is a sad and sometimes bitter book but a desperately honest one. Nature lovers, to use an old-fashioned term, will find it exciting, for Miss Johnson is a careful and thoughtful observer. Its great virtue, however, is as a comment on contemporary society. Technological progress, which could be and in some ways is a boon to humanity, has become a threat to the existence of mankind because of the narrow vision of those who guide it. Our fight is like the nineteenth-century struggle between the utilitarians and the romantics—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, and so on. In some ways the romantics were reactionary, but they kept alive the imagination, and they never doubted that men were more important than machines. Josephine Johnson is an anguished descendant of theirs, anguished because she sees clearly that man may lose this final conflict.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Authorship is a profession in which a man's reputation is impaled on a stake that is driven right through his heart. Fame, not dollars, is the gamble, enduring fame the long-shot, oblivion the short odds. The parlay bet to this kind of gambling is the anthology, and the anthology, to many an author, is the road to survival.

In 1942 Whit Burnett, then co-editor with Hallie Burnett of *Story* magazine, brought out *This Is My Best*, a treasury of favorites by ninety-three "great living authors" who had been picked for inclusion by a sizable cross section of literary priests and lay readers. The selections were chosen by the writers. Such literature tends to be perpetuated from one anthology to another, and the effect of this principle on a good story or poem can be considerable.

On the other hand, for those not destined for immortality—I would include Irwin S. Cobb and Joseph Hergesheimer from the 1942 volume—the anthology is a nice graveyard. You are buried among the great, and visitors cannot help but stumble over your tombstone as they make their way to other monuments. Indeed, anthologies provide perpetual care. They are the Forest Lawn of letters, and let no man speak evil of them.

Now, twenty-seven years and twenty-five anthologies later, Mr. Burnett has compiled a new *This Is My Best* which will cover the second third of the twentieth century. As with the original, authors must be living, and entry is by secret ballot only. Burnett mailed 6,500 ballots to eleven lists of authors, reviewers, bookstore owners, librarians, sales personnel in publishing, and subscribers to several magazines, including *SR*. Of these élite tastemakers 1,010 responded. The voter was limited to seventy-five choices out of 500 possible nominees. Even the authors who appeared on the ballot were given a chance to vote, and needless to say a good many named themselves.

The results are now in, and we'll give a free copy of the *Collected Papers of Millard Fillmore* to anyone who can prove he anticipated the number one choice—Tennessee Williams. Though his works are more often seen than read, he is nevertheless deemed the man most likely to have succeeded. Williams appeared among the first five nominees on ten of the eleven lists, never ranking lower than third. The first twenty places (occupied by twenty-four authors, since there were three ties) are enumerated in the accompanying box. The book will be published by Doubleday next fall.

In assessing the results of the balloting one thing is clear: There has been no overthrow of the literary Establishment. The odds are with longevity. Of twenty-seven surviving authors out of the original ninety-three in the 1942 anthology, eighteen won admission to the new volume. Six of these were among the top twenty-four vote-getters. With two exceptions, the leaders were "creative" writers, a pleasant reversal of the current publishing emphasis on nonfiction. One of the exceptions, Walter Lippmann, did not make the grade twenty-seven years ago, although he was more productive then than now. (Fame catches up.) On the other hand, Norman Mailer found himself tied with John Dos Passos for fifteenth place (fame hangs on), and both ran ahead of Bellow and Baldwin. Steinbeck, the number two choice (whose name got on the ballot before his recent death) is, we'd say, more read than honored, while Auden—a surprising third—is like most poets more honored than read. Novelists dominated, winning fourteen places, with poets (four), playwrights (three) and "thinkers" (three) following.

This is not a young man's list. Only two of the writers, Albee and Updike, are forty or younger, and we'd estimate the median age of the group to be about fifty-five. There's a generation gap here, all right, and perhaps for this reason, making allowance for Mailer, the emphasis is more square than hip. The only author prominently associated with a beard is Steinbeck. Twelve of the twenty-four top nominees have won Pulitzer Prizes. Clearly, this will not be a revolutionary collection, and it should be quite suitable for high school libraries. Surprisingly, few anti-Establishment writers even made the list of some forty runners-up, an exception being Allen Ginsberg. Of such "underground" writers as John Hawkes there is no sign at all.

Looking over the individual lists of voters, one is not surprised that the Poetry Society of America gave Auden number one place; one is less prepared to find him winning top spot with other authors' groups. And who would have expected the readers of *Harper's* to put James Michener second in their affections, or the *Atlantic* people to name Lippmann first?

"*This Is My Best* isn't intended to be a popularity contest," Mr. Burnett explains. "When you compile an anthology, you go for the seasoned timber." Mr. Burnett began cutting timber in 1934, when he edited the first *Story* magazine anthology, which contained very green saplings, some of whom have since taken their place in *Best*. Now he is crowning a distinguished career as director of the *Story* College Creative Awards, sponsored by *Scholastic* magazine, whose winners appear in *Story: The Yearbook of Discovery*. Letting the literary Establishment rather than the reading public do the cutting, he says, may not be participatory democracy, but it is a surer sign of immortality for the writer. "Not as much dead wood gets in."

For *SR* readers who would like to know how *they* voted, here are the names for the first ten places: 1) John Steinbeck; 2) Tennessee Williams; 3) Arthur Miller; 4) Edward Albee and J. D. Salinger; 5) Archibald MacLeish; 6) Thornton Wilder; 7) William L. Shirer; 8) John K. Galbraith and Truman Capote; 9) Art Buchwald and James Michener; 10) William Saroyan, John Ciardi and Pearl Buck.

The following twenty-four writers ranked highest in the poll on the greatest living American authors conducted by Whit Burnett for his forthcoming anthology *This Is My Best:*

1. Tennessee Williams
2. John Steinbeck
3. W. H. Auden
4. J. D. Salinger
5. Edward Albee
6. Thornton Wilder
7. Arthur Miller
8. Vladimir Nabokov
9. Archibald MacLeish
10. Walter Lippmann
    John K. Galbraith
11. Truman Capote
    John Updike
12. Katherine Anne Porter
13. Marianne Moore
14. Robert Lowell
15. John Dos Passos
    Norman Mailer
16. Edmund Wilson
17. Saul Bellow
    James Baldwin
18. William Saroyan
19. John Hersey
20. Bernard Malamud

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Early New Englander Reintroduced

Harrison Gray Otis: The Urbane Federalist, *by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton Mifflin. 546 pp. $12.50), a one-volume revision of the author's first work, concentrates on social aspects of the first years of the American Republic. Alden Vaughan teaches early American history at Columbia University.*

By ALDEN VAUGHAN

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO a young Harvard graduate student by the name of Sam Morison submitted to the History Department a doctoral dissertation on his great-great grandfather Harrison Gray Otis, who was a prominent New England politician of the early national period. In 1913 the study was published in two huge volumes, laden with footnotes and other scholarly paraphernalia. Although historians have long used it as a major source on the Federalist Era, it has been largely inaccessible to the general public, which more readily associates Samuel Eliot Morison with his widely acclaimed biographies of Christopher Columbus, John Paul Jones, and Matthew C. Perry, or with his fifteen-volume chronicle of the Navy in World War II.

Apparently the limited circulation of his first book bothered Morison more than it did his reading public, for now, fifty-five years and almost as many books after its publication, Morison has rewritten his life of Otis in a one-volume, sparsely annotated format.

It might be argued that the author is more interesting than his subject. Certainly the career of Samuel Eliot Morison, historian, sailor and naval officer, seems likely to have as lasting an influence as that of Harrison Gray Otis, lawyer and statesman. Students of early New England history—both the classroom variety and the nebulous "general reader"—will for the foreseeable future find essential reading in *Builders of the Bay Colony, The Intellectual Life of Colonial New England,* and the three volumes on Harvard's first century. Readers of maritime history will continue to find excitement in *The Maritime History of Massachusetts, Admiral of the Ocean Sea* (Columbus), *John Paul Jones,* and the monumental Naval history. And for those who like American history in relatively condensed packages, Morison's one-volume *Oxford History of the United States* and the brilliant two-volume *Growth of the American Republic,* co-authored by Henry Steele Commager and recently revised by William E. Leuchtenburg, rank among the best short syntheses of the American past ever written. These and a score of other books have brought Mr. Morison almost every honor the historical guild can bestow.

More importantly, by writing history with verve and grace as well as meticulous scholarship, Morison has managed to reach the wide audience that most of his contemporaries could not. Like his model Francis Parkman of the nineteenth century, Morison has interpreted the historian's role broadly: It is not merely to ferret facts out of musty archives; it is also to disseminate those facts and their meaning as widely as possible in order that society's memory of its past may be enriched and preserved. In so doing, Morison has not only served the public well; he has at the same time set a high standard of performance for the historical craft.

Harrison Gray Otis is a case in point. The new version (Morison calls it "a new book rather than a new edition") is based on a thorough reading of all the materials published and unpublished the author could find. From them he has fashioned a sprightly account of a man and his time that is brimful of information without being pedantic, analytical without being stuffy. It is history told by a master of the art, at once authoritative, enjoyable, and persuasive. Otis has the rare good fortune to have been found by a better biographer than he perhaps deserved.

As Morison himself admits, Otis was not a great statesman. He served briefly in Congress, first as a Representative and later as Senator, and held office also as mayor of Boston and member of the Massachusetts Legislature. More notoriously, Otis participated in the Hartford Convention of 1814, at which some members of the Federalist Party advocated secession from the union. Although Otis was a moderate and helped to thwart the separatists, his historical reputation has suffered ever since. As Morison points out, the Convention was the "central event" in Otis's life, "a millstone around his neck." Otis spent the rest of his life vindicating the Convention and his role in it. Whatever brings Otis before the public, quipped John

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CLASSICAL CLASSIFIEDS

One of our roving contributors—Joyce S. Dugan of Perry, Ohio—sends us this clipping from the *Saturnalia Review,* as well as the confidential list of advertisers printed at the right. You are asked to say which mortal or immortal might have placed each ad. The oracle may be consulted on page 76.

HELP WANTED

BIRD CATCHER needed to kill ravenous bird attacking helpless victim daily. No acrophobes should apply. Box ( )

TECHNICIAN needed to construct a prison maze. Contact Island Monarch. Box ( )

SITUATIONS WANTED

BULLFIGHTER, boar-hunter, presently unemployed. Will consider underground assignments, kidnapping, etc. Box ( )

CHARIOT DRIVER, inexperienced but eager. Days only. Will try anything once. Box ( )

MUSICIAN, vocal and instrumental. Wide experience. Good with animals. Will travel. Box ( )

STRONG MAN, hard worker. Clean stables, trap wild animals, odd jobs. References. Box ( )

EQUIPMENT WANTED

ADVENTURER on dangerous mission needs highly polished shield. Will return it after use. Box ( )

TEEN-AGE FLYER needs new flight pattern, wing repair-kit, life preserver. Urgent. Box ( )

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: PRECIOUS FRUIT. Return to garden, or forward information concerning thief to Sisters, Far West. Box ( )

LOST: WATCHDOG, ferocious, unusual appearance. Fond of cake, music. Write Tartarus, Main Gate. Box ( )

FOR SALE

BED, used. We fit all sizes. Box ( )

FINE SHROUD, hand woven; unfinished, but exquisite workmanship. Box ( )

GRAPES by the bunch or ton. Quality wines. Write Master of the Revels. Box ( )

OPPORTUNITIES

GUIDED TOUR. Ten-year cruise with shrewd captain. Mediterranean area; some land excursions. Route subject to change. Box ( )

YOUR FUTURE accurately foretold; life-spans our specialty. Always three in attendance. Box ( )

1. Dionysus
2. The Fates
3. Hades
4. Hercules
5. The Hesperides
6. Icarus
7. Minos
8. Odysseus
9. Orpheus
10. Penelope
11. Perseus
12. Phaeton
13. Procrustes
14. Prometheus
15. Theseus

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Quincy Adams, "his exhibition always ends with a defence of the Hartford Convention."

While the central event in Otis's life was political, the emphasis in this new version of the biography is social—at least, that was Morison's intention in preparing the revision. Much of the political detail of the earlier edition has been deleted and new information on the social life of the period has been added. The result may not be social history as the newer sociology-oriented historians would like it, but it is far more of a life-and-times biography than was the original. For this the general public will be grateful. Scholars may wonder at how much of the recent scholarship Morison may have overlooked. There is, for example, no mention of the work by Stephen Kurtz on John Adams's Administration, Winfred E. A. Bernhard's life of Fisher Ames, or the studies by Noble Cunningham and others of early political parties.

But Morison does take the opportunity to disagree explicitly with a few recent historians who criticized portions of the original Otis volumes. Most notably, he rejects David Fischer's contention that there was no such thing as the "Essex Junto"—that clique of Right-wing Federalists who supposedly put county before country—and he refutes George Dangerfield's insinuation that Otis's stance on the Missouri Compromise was motivated by selfish local loyalties. In short, Morison's purpose in issuing this new version of his first book appears threefold: to broaden its appeal, to give new emphasis to social history, and to answer his critics.

In many ways, *Harrison Gray Otis* symbolizes the style and subject matter on which Morison has built his reputation. It reflects his preference for ancestral topics; his affection for Harvard worthies; his interest in a wide range of materials, including education, politics, and diplomacy. It reflects also his skill at the biographical art. Morison likes to tell a good story, and the deepest motive behind this revision may not be so much a desire to bring an earlier book up to date or to make it available to a wider audience but rather a nagging belief that, under the demands of graduate school and the handicaps of inexperience, he had not made the story of Harrison Gray Otis as entertaining as it should be. Whatever the impulse, we should be thankful that Admiral Morison, the nation's most energetic and articulate octogenarian, remains a perfectionist who has taken time from his seemingly endless string of new studies to offer us this brisk revision of his first one.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 22: parent, entrap, Trepan.

Fatal Frolics in the Tower of London

***The Notorious Lady Essex,** by Edward Le Comte (Dial. 251 pp. $5.95), recreates the licentious court of King James I as it traces the life of the woman accused of one of history's most famous murders. Harry T. Moore is a research professor at Southern Illinois University.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE COURT OF JAMES I had a generous share of scandals, but the one that shook it most vigorously was the Overbury murder case. Edward Le Comte, the latest writer to dust off the archives devoted to it, brings some fresh interpretations, and differs from his forerunners in concentrating on the girl in the case.

Nevertheless James, "the wisest fool in Christendom," is inevitably one of the main characters in this book; rumor even connected him with Overbury's death. James, who had been King of Scotland, was dazzled by the comparatively opulent English court when he took it over, and he hardly set a standard of good behavior. The author uses the word "licentious" to describe James's court, and he offers enough evidence to show why this and other terms he employs are justified.

One of James's weaknesses, and it pervaded his government of the kingdom, was his penchant for the handsome young men he made his favorites, or minions. Among these was Robert Carr, whom he created Earl of Somerset before the Overbury affair. Sir Thomas Overbury, imprisoned by the king on a flimsy pretense, died mysteriously in the Tower of London in 1613, and three years later Carr was condemned to death for Overbury's murder. Carr strenuously maintained his innocence, but his wife, also condemned, confessed that she had sent poisoned jellies and tarts to the prisoner. It is this Countess of Somerset who is the ostensible subject of the present biography; she had earlier been Lady Essex.

Her switch of titles is an important part of her story, for it is connected with her hatred of Overbury. She was born Frances Howard to one of the first families of the kingdom, notable for the number of its members, male and female, who had their heads chopped off in the sixteenth century. Frances as a lively, red-haired adolescent in an almost topless gown (shown in the book's illustrations) flaunted "open breasts beyond accustomed modesty," according to a report of the time, and for a while she enchanted young Prince Henry, the heir apparent, who seems to have dropped her upon becoming Prince of Wales at the age of sixteen.

When Frances was about thirteen she was married to the Earl of Essex, barely two years older, son of that one-time

"Isn't this the eighteenth day of your twenty-one-day beauty plan?"

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favorite of Elizabeth who had been beheaded. The present book makes a good deal of sly fun of the Essex-Howard marriage, which was annulled after seven years with the wife claiming she was still a virgin. Professor Le Comte, who believes that by that time she was already Robert Carr's mistress, mentions the rumor to the effect that when four gentlewomen and two midwives made a physical examination of her, she arranged for a veiled girl of her stature to substitute for her. Mr. Le Comte joins those who have wondered how, at James's court, she could have found a virgin.

Soon after the annulment, Frances married Carr and became Countess of Somerset. It was Overbury's objections to this match that inspired the poisoned food. Overbury had been the friend, secretary and adviser of Carr, and when he saw how seriously his associate felt about Lady Essex, Overbury began a campaign of name-calling and writing scurrilous verses about her. And the radiant Frances, who a contemporary said had "the beautifullest face and figure you would find in all these islands," was apparently a vengeful young woman. Interestingly, Le Comte is among those who believe it is possible Overbury was not finished off by the deadly dishes Frances sent, but by something else—which would not make the countess any less guilty of intention.

Actually, we know so little about her that it is difficult to accept this book as a biography in the usual sense. It is rather a reconstruction of events that directly or indirectly concerned Frances, with added surmises about the unhappiness of the Somersets' later years, after James pardoned them without readmitting them to court. There is little available on Frances's childhood before her marriage—even the date of her birth is unknown—and no real clue as to the formation of her character, except what we may guess about the influence of the Howard family background. Much in the countess's later life also remains obscure.

BIOGRAPHY or no biography, however, Mr. Le Comte has told a good story. He has drawn upon sources as well as upon previous commentators, and although he avoids footnotes by including his references in the text, he does so without slowing down the narrative. He resists the temptation of novelistic invention, but he quite properly enlivens his narrative with dialogue taken over from the documents. His wit balances the soundness of his scholarship; occasionally he even launches puns. A satisfied reader dislikes breaking off with a Menckenish grumble, but someone must point out that a book so full of names, requiring much cross reference, should have an index.

"I sit here and solve mathematical problems, program electronic music, analyze architectural possibilities . . . but somehow being a Renaissance man isn't what it used to be."

From Bundu to Bankruptcy

***Richer Than All His Tribe,** by Nicholas Monsarrat (Morrow. 372 pp. $6.95), a sequel to "The Tribe That Lost Its Head," traces the course of the mythical African nation of Pharamaul from its auspicious beginnings to its collapse into corruption. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer and a book critic who specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO I ran across a grotesque novel entitled *Back to the Trees*, by one A. T. Culwick, an expatriate Briton who left Kenya around the time that country achieved independence and took up residence in South Africa, where he could give less inhibited vent to his pet anthropological crotchets. As you have correctly guessed, the book is all about how the people of a new black African nation reverted to a figurative and at times an almost literal apedom when the reins of power were placed in their hands. It was a pretty crude serving of tripe.

"Crude" is the one word that can't be used to describe the forceful but polished deposition submitted by Nicholas Monsarrat in *Richer Than All His Tribe*. Yet the message, it seems to me, is substantially the same as Culwick's—which really shouldn't surprise anyone who has read Monsarrat's 1956 best-seller, *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*. In that book we were treated to a grisly chronicle of a Mau-Mauish uprising on the fictional island-protectorate of Pharamaul, along with a warning that this was what we whites could expect throughout Africa if in the kindness of our bleeding hearts we permitted the sons of Ham to manage their own affairs. Now, thirteen years later, we see the tragic consequences of our misguided good intentions.

Pharamaul, symbol of black Africa, has become independent, and *Richer Than All His Tribe* traces its unhappy course, from its auspicious beginnings in a wholesome climate of good will and good sense to its collapse into a sewer of corruption, bankruptcy, hate, atrocity and Communist infiltration. In the previous book Prime Minister-President Dinamaula is so furious at a paragon of farsighted leadership having been unjustly exiled that he turns into a raging despot who could give Hitler a few lessons. The realistic guidance of the country's British chief secretary, David Bracken, is gradually supplanted by the venal counsel of a black Boss Tweed. The British police head gets the heave-ho to make room for an African killer who is molding the forces of law and order into a private army, which he will

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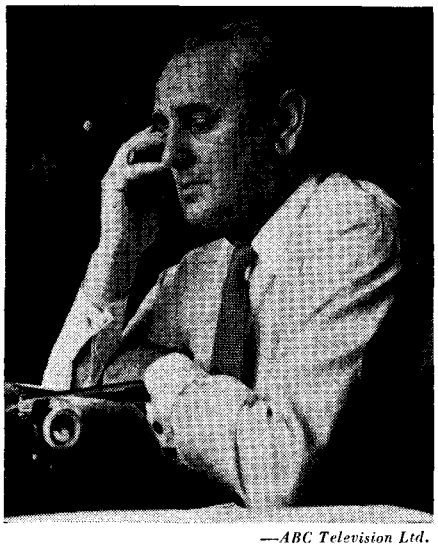
surely use as the instrument for his own takeover when the time is ripe. The coup doesn't take place in this book, but there is a dress rehearsal: several thousand disenchanted Africans holding a nonviolent demonstration are dispersed from their meeting place and this world by machine-gun fire and bush knives. And all the while a delegation of Soviet "advisers" is busily at work on a not-so-secret missile base off in the bundu. In short, back to the trees. Or at least to the dogs.

The writing is superlative; Monsarrat endows his narrative with an electric suspense, even though one has a pretty good idea of how things are going to work out. The characters are blessed with a robust Dickensian vitality. One smells the strangely pungent dryness of African bush country, and feels uneasy under the dark, silent scrutiny of African rain forest.

BUT the political science lecture is another matter. While the charges Monsarrat levels against independent black Africa (and a fair chunk of the Third World) are by no means without foundation, they are presented in so prejudiced and often so simplistic a manner as to create a badly lopsided impression. There is, for example, the "Afro-Asian Mafia" in the U.N. which "would finally alter the rules to suit their own purposes, and vote the white opposition down the nearest drain." And in a final showdown Bracken tells Dinamaula: "You're in the driver's seat, and no one else dares say a word to you . . . You're having your good time now. They all did, didn't they—Nkrumah, Sukarno, the Nigerians—they all had a wonderful time, till the bills came in and the whole thing blew up . . . Africa has been half crucified by you people . . . "

Okay; it's from the heart and to a point it's quite true. God knows Africa bristles with precedents that give such generalizations more than a little validity. Certainly the democratic process as we know it has taken a bruising. But to proclaim in so many words, as Monsarrat does, that the continent has an appointment with prehistory and that top-level African leadership is a convention of burglars, seems to me hardly more sensible than the behavior he so eloquently and gloatingly deplores. Not all the loot has been funneled off into useless airlines and numbered Swiss bank accounts.

Richer Than All His Tribe is the last place to look for anything about the shinier side of the African coin, such as national budgets that give priority to human needs rather than "defense," or burgeoning school and college enrollment and accelerated teacher training, or more hospitals, clinics and health centers than were ever seen in colonial times, or urban housing projects, agricultural development programs, new secondary industries, budding private commercial enterprises—in short, the record of Africa's undeniably halting and painful but no less visible steps in the pursuit of happiness.



—*ABC Television Ltd.*

Nicholas Monsarrat—a lecture.

Macabre Union

Himmo: King of Jerusalem, *by Yoram Kaniuk, translated from the Hebrew by Yosef Shachter (Atheneum. 246 pp. $5.75), concerns a hopelessly maimed Israeli soldier and a nurse who loves him. Samuel I. Bellman, professor of language arts at California State Polytechnic College, is completing a biography of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

YORAM KANIUK is a youngish Israeli novelist of enormous talent, both as an artificer of plot and as a virtuoso of language. He is an existentialist who writes somewhat in the manner of Camus, although his work shows a sophisticated awareness of many other writers and their special literary modes. On the basis of his first novel, *The Acrophile* (1961), and to a lesser extent the new one, *Himmo,* one might argue that Kaniuk could some day—if he stays on the job—join the ranks of important world authors.

The Acrophile was a fantastically good story with all the verve, inventiveness, and assured mastery of idiom one expects from such writers as Amado, Borges, Queneau, Böll, and perhaps Nabokov. Even in translation the book showed literary craftsmanship on every page. The opening lines were imposing: "My wife left at the end of the spring. I remained alone in the city, chained to the new season like an eye fixed at a keyhole, peering, intent." Compare Camus's *The Stranger,* which opens: "Mother died today. Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure."

Yoram Kaniuk—a conscience-twisting.

Kaniuk's existentialism, which in *The Acrophile* was of a wild, zany, carnival-of-the-emotions sort, is in *Himmo* a somber conscience-twisting that demands impossible action under the most adverse conditions. And, as with the earlier novel, the English-speaking reader can't help wondering whether there are subliminal tones in the original Hebrew that the best translation could never pick up.

Himmo might have been subtitled "The Nurse's Dilemma." During the Arab siege of Jerusalem in the winter of 1948 an Israeli girl named Hamotal, ignoring the danger, makes her way to the city and seeks out an ancient monastery which has been converted into a soldier's hospital. Her fiancé had been killed in the fighting in Galilee, and now she must serve in her own way, by nursing the wounded. The hospital lacks personnel and equipment and is filled with torn and half-crazed soldiers. The most seriously hurt is Himmo Farrah, not yet nineteen, who was once the acknowledged "king of Jerusalem," at least with the ladies. Now blind and maimed, he calls desperately for someone to shoot him. Only his mouth has been left unmarred, and it is beautiful to Hamotal.

What should Hamotal do about Himmo, who is irresistible to her? Having found only one other sympathetic person in the hospital—a fellow nurse who is a Catholic nun hoping to convert the Jews—the lonely Hamotal dedicates herself exclusively to Himmo and seldom leaves his side. To the rest of the hospital it is an unspeakable or maybe only laughable union. But Himmo's real problem is beyond the reach of Hamotal's tender loving care. He wants to die, and a strong argument could be made for giving him a serum overdose to end his agony. So, if Hamotal really cares for him . . .

This is Kaniuk's story. The painful resolution, which is not very satisfactory, is probably intended to leave the reader with a psychological puzzle he can keep turning over in his mind.

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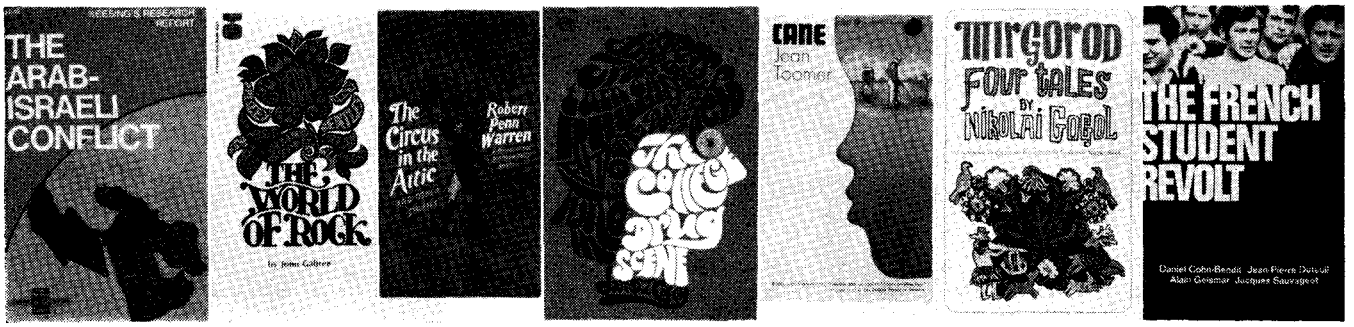

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of America's more shadowy and enigmatic literary figures was Jean Toomer, the author of the 1923 novel *Cane*. It was called "the most astonishingly brilliant beginning of any Negro writer of this generation." Though *Cane* sold but some 500 copies, it helped spark the Harlem Renaissance. Langston Hughes wrote, "Excepting the work of Du Bois, *Cane* contains the finest prose written by a Negro in America." Now Harper & Row have published *Cane* in its Perennial Library series (95¢), which aligns Toomer with Mark Twain and Booth Tarkington.

It's a curious book. Less a conventional novel than a series of sketches, poems, stories, it recounts in vivid impressionistic style the life of black people in both rural Georgia and ghetto Washington, D.C. Sometimes the prose is silken, poetic as in the sketch "Karintha," but Jean Toomer could be tough, spitting out a description of Seventh Street: "A crude-boned, soft-skinned wedge of nigger life breathing its loafer air, jazz songs and love, thrusting unconscious rhythms, black reddish blood into the white and white-washed wood of Washington."

Toomer was born in Washington, D.C., in 1896. His grandfather had been a captain in a Negro regiment during the Civil War; later, during Reconstruction, he became acting governor of Louisiana. As a young man Toomer was a soda clerk, a shipyard worker, a teacher. For a while he went to school at the University of Wisconsin. Fair-skinned, light-haired, he was, he said, equally at home among blacks and whites. "What was I? . . . simply an American."

After the critical success and popular failure of his only novel, Toomer retreated to Doylestown, Pennsylvania, with his white wife, Marjorie Content Toomer, the daughter of a New York stockbroker. He became a Quaker and for the next thirty years wrote for Friends' publications. In 1967 he died.

"He kept writing philosophical works that no one wanted to publish," said Mrs. Toomer recently. While other Negroes were involved in civil rights struggles, Toomer remained aloof. He never even voted. "He had strong feelings about the human race being a family," said Mrs. Toomer. "The only way we were going to come together was to ignore all labels like black and white and yellow. He cared about *human* rights." In his last few years he turned his back on the world. "He would just lie there, not wanting to see anyone, scarcely even speaking," said his widow. "I think it was disappointment."

While controversial events of the Middle East are constantly in the news, two new paperbacks try to present just the facts. *The Israel-Arab Reader* (Bantam, $1.25), edited by Walter Laqueur, offers a documentary history with equal time afforded to Nasser and Eban, while *The Arab-Israeli Conflict* (Scribners, $1.45) chronicles with maps and day-to-day records the 1967 Sinai campaign.

In *The Secret of Gonen* (Avon, $1.25) *New York Times* writer Gertrude Samuels makes no such claims at objectivity. "I fell in love with Gonen when I first visited there in the 1950s," she said this week in New York. "A handful of Scouts had gone to this bleak, isolated spot on the Syrian-Israeli border. They had all been soldiers, but now they wanted to farm the land. They pitched their tents and prepared to defend them." What was most extraordinary about the Gonen pioneers was their youth. "They were only eighteen or nineteen yet they were filled with idealism and a purpose to belong together and become a 'family.'"

Fifteen years have passed since then. The kibbutz now numbers nearly 100; many of the men and women who tell their stories in Mrs. Samuels's book have grown to maturity there. "If there is a change in their attitude," said Mrs. Samuels, "it is only that they are more determined. They have been tested as to whether their fervor, their willingness to forego personal material things will endure. As the years have passed and their own children have been born at Gonen, their feelings have only deepened."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

The Student Front

The customarily diplomatic George F. Kennan has been one of the most vocal partisans in the student versus Establishment dialogue. His essay "Rebels Without a Program," originally delivered at the opening of Swarthmore College's new library last spring, comprises the first section of *Democracy and the Student Left* (Bantam, $1.25). Kennan not only disapproves of the hysterical atmosphere in which campuses have been enveloped. What bothers him most is the students' air of total certitude and what he sees as a smug contempt for anyone who disagrees with them. The second part of the book offers representative college opinions, while the concluding segment presents strong letters from such "older generation" members as W. H. Auden and historian Martin Duberman, who writes that the Kennan piece is "just the sort of patronizing and distorted account which helps to confirm twenty-year-olds in their view that 'liberals' are incapable of understanding either the new generation or the new problems which confront our society."

A thoughtful and reasonable book about a subject that usually stirs up the lions is James T. Carey's *The College Drug Scene* (Spectrum, $2.45). Carey, a University of California criminologist, has interviewed assorted "heads," experimenters in "grass," "speed," or "acid." He's sympathetic, finding the students for the most part intelligent, serious, and highly disturbed by their society. What concerns him most are the broader implications of drug use, and he concludes, "Whatever the outcome of this movement, it seems to bespeak a vague dissatisfaction in all of us about the quality of our lives. Hence we may heed the call to slow down, to live our life instead of enduring it, to open our eyes and finally to humanize the large-scale structures that now victimize us."

In *Red Flag/Black Flag* (Ballantine, 95¢) two British correspondents for *The Observer*, Patrick Seale and Maureen

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McConville, have tried to come to terms with the events of May 1968, when unrest at French universities fired a conflagration that threatened to burn down the throne of de Gaulle. The authors have prepared a background report on the contemporary French climate of opinion before proceeding to analyze how today's rebels differ dramatically from France's traditional and acceptable "Old Left."

The most important book revealing not only what did happen but what *will* is *The French Student Revolt* (Hill & Wang, $1.50), edited by Hervé Bourges and translated by B. R. Brewster, in which the boldest young leaders—Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Jean-Pierre Duteuil, Alain Geismar, Jacques Sauvageot—speak out. Jean-Paul Sartre conducts one of the interviews with Cohn-Bendit, who replies, in answer to a question about the success of the rebellion, "I believe that all we can get are successive adjustments of more or less importance, but these adjustments can only be imposed by revolutionary action. . . . What matters is that the effectiveness of revolutionary methods has been proved."

The Sound of Now

Though John Gabree's *The World of Rock* (Crest, 75¢) has been publicized as an "anti-Beatle" book (he calls them "ice as compared to the Rolling Stones' fire"), Gabree does single the Beatles out as representative of a new ethic with its insistence upon "irony, humor, love, involvement and personal fulfillment." The Beatles may lead the pack but, good as they are, they remain only one of a seemingly endless profusion of talents all recorded here in photographs and text —from Senior Citizen Elvis Presley to Country Joe and the Fish. An even more helter-skelter mélange of pictures, quotations, commentary by everyone from Vanilla Fudge, Tiny Tim, Simon & Garfunkle, Donovan, and Aretha Franklin is packaged into a curious nonbook called *Rock and Other Four Letter Words* (Bantam, $1.25), designed by J. Marks with photographs by Linda Eastman. Marshall McLuhan would probably approve of this sock to the eyeballs but for all the typographic explosions and photographic pull-outs, we were more dizzied than dazzled.

Yellow Submarine (Signet, 95¢), in case anyone hasn't seen or heard, is the Beatles' new animated film all about how some Blue Meanies threaten a joyous underwater paradise known as Pepperland. Max Wilk has made a vibrantly colorful book of it.

If today's sound hums with electricity, it also vibrates to the strings of the sitar. In *My Music, My Life* (Simon & Schuster, $2.95) Ravi Shankar reflects about music, musicians and gurus. Yehudi Menuhin provides an appreciative introduction, and there's even a manual on how to play the sitar.

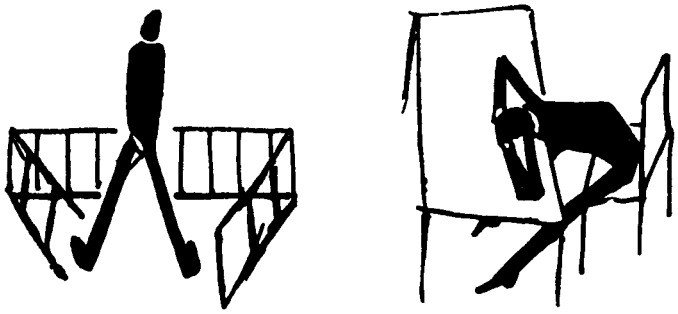
Fiction

Happily, paperback publishers choose to ignore the weary observation that scarcely anyone reads short stories any more. In fact, one of the genuine contributions of reprint houses is that they make available to readers those books that first time out passed almost unnoticed. Such a volume is Grace Paley's *The Little Disturbances of Man* (Bantam, 95¢), which in the decade since its hardcover appearance has gathered a knowing following. The stories, told in the flat, honest speech of real human beings, are funny with the absurdity of life. In "An Irrevocable Diameter" the air-conditioner repairman has a misbegotten interlude with a Lolita-like teenager, while the husband about to desert his wife in "An Interest in Life" gives her a broom for Christmas ("Virginia, please look at it. It comes with this fancy dustpan. It hangs off a stick. Look at it, will you? Are you blind or cross-eyed?"). The characters and the descriptive details are commonplace but the writing never is.

Jessamyn West is an old hand at writing about the secret heart, which is what, after all, the stories in *Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team* (Harbrace, 95¢) are about. Edgar Arlington Robinson would well have known these small-town people, whose quiet exteriors mask an awareness of alien forces just barely beneath the surface. Like Miss West, Robert Penn Warren is at home in the country, but the stories in *The Circus in the Attic* (Harbrace, $1.25) tingle with even darker threats to ordinary lives. For all their backwoods settings, the best of Warren's stories, like "Blackberry Winter," a sparse tale about a boy's confrontation with evil, are elegant in their simplicity.

"Laughter through tears" was the quality which Gogol sought in his own works. In *Mirgorod: Four Tales* (Minerva Press, $2.50), translated from the Russian by David Magarshack, his Ukrainian villagers squander what money they have, get coarsely drunk, wallow in morning-after sorrow and, in spite of their vulgarity, manage to say something important about the human condition. In his introduction Magarshack gives the best-known story, the 1835 "Taras Bulba," credit for "creating the myth of 'the Russian soul.'"

If Gogol gave his country her soul, his contemporary Pushkin, says Gillon R. Aitken in a preface to *The Complete Prose Tales of Alexandr Sergeyevitch Pushkin* (Norton, $2.95), "gave to Russia for the first time in her history a literature whose inspiration came from herself." Stories like "The Queen of Spades," "The Captain's Daughter," "The Blizzard" reflect a cool and ironic view of the world. Primarily a poet, Pushkin himself was a romantic with suitable origins (he traced his descent from an Abyssinian prince); his family was literary, his education French. In 1837, at the age of thirty-seven, he was killed fighting a duel for his wife's honor.



—Sketches by Kafka in "The Trial."

"The House of Kafka," otherwise known as Schocken Books, which claims world rights on all Franz Kafka's writings, will publish in paperback this month the "definitive edition" of that enigmatic and highly influential novel *The Trial* ($1.95; translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir, revised and with additional materials translated by E. M. Butler). What marks this as "definitive" is the completeness with which the novel is presented—including previously deleted passages, postscripts by Kafka's friend and champion Max Brod, diary entries of 1914-15, and Kafka's own illustrations, which combine both whimsey and terror. In 1915, depleted from his work on *The Trial*, Kafka noted in his diary, "Incapable of living with people, of speaking. Complete immersion in myself, thinking of myself. Apathetic, witless, fearful. I have nothing to say to anyone—never."

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White House Mission

Continued from page 39

of Nations rather than knuckle under to the Machiavelli from Massachusetts—not since then has Washington witnessed a feud to compare with the personal and political antagonism between Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy.

Professor Goldman's final chapter, "Tragic Figure," returns to his original theme. With the black rebellion at home and the Vietnam War abroad, the decade of the Sixties has proved a traumatic one for many Americans—traumatic because of its tragedy. The United States could not keep out of the Second World War, but it could and did keep the Second World War out of the United States in the sense that war did not scourge the land as it scourged most of Europe and much of Asia. Only during the 1960s have Americans begun to recognize that just as the Russian Revolution now looms up as the major consequence of the First World War, so the Chinese Revolution looms up as the major consequence of the Second World War. And side by side with the Chinese Revolution came the emergence of the Third World of developing nations, in which the Chinese Communists expect to play a leading role. President Kennedy had his contact with the Third World in Cuba; President Johnson had his in Vietnam. The Third World has even made tenuous contacts in the United States through some Black Power leaders.

The difficulties in the developing and the developed countries spring from the same root cause: accelerating rates of change. The widening gulf between the stagnation in which the proliferating millions of Third World peoples live and the ever-growing affluence of our post-industrial society tends to increase world-wide tensions, while the discrepancy between expectation and reality within the Third World itself gives rise to local wars and revolutions. Finally, the inequality between the affluent and the impoverished in our own computerized society makes for internal as well as external stresses and strains. These conditions spawn tragedy because nations and individuals all find it increasingly difficult to adjust themselves and their institutions to the manifold forces pushing some up, some down.

To what extent, if any, Professor Goldman may share these views he does not and—in any case— need not say. Having served as ambassador from the Academic Establishment at the Court of King Lyndon during a time of troubles, he withdrew in September 1966 because of differences over the Vietnam War. Now he reports to the outside world on his mission, not only telling us, in Ranke's phrase, "how it really was" but suggesting what it really means.

More Muscle in Governing Body

The Strength of Government, *by McGeorge Bundy (Harvard University Press. 113 pp. $3.75), urges that a new theory of Presidential power needs to be evolved if we are to cope with the unparalleled problems of our time. Arthur S. Miller is professor of law at The George Washington University, Washington, D.C.*

By ARTHUR S. MILLER

RICHARD NIXON TOOK OFFICE at a moment when what McGeorge Bundy calls "the age of explosions" places unprecedented demands on government. The new President's Inaugural Address, emphasizing the search for peace, was a calculated syrup designed to soothe exacerbated nerves. Whether he will be able to defuse the forces of disorder and discontent in the nation is a critical question.

Mr. Bundy's slender volume, a slight revision of his 1968 Godkin Lectures at Harvard, is a sparely written argument that our government is not nearly strong enough to deal adequately with social and economic ills and a deteriorating environment. Quite prudently, the former adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson declares Vietnam to be a "separate subject," and does not discuss it save to note that his thesis of stronger government is "entirely independent of Vietnam, and of the use of Presidential power in that contest."

After asserting that radical changes in technology, purpose, and human need "make ours at once the most dangerous and the most hopeful time in history," he rests on the faith that the "true end of government is freedom." His hypothesis—and it is that, for he is at pains to say that he is not attempting to prove his points—runs as follows: 1) we require a stronger government; 2) a substantial barrier to social progress is the present weakness of our governing process; 3) the process can be improved if the people do a better job as citizens.

Not very much nor very new, one might say, particularly in the last prescription. But it is an important message, and not only because it comes from an important man, one long at the center of official power, who now exercises significant social influence as head of the Ford Foundation. Bundy's views about the weakness of government need to be driven home. His statements cannot be faulted, even though our national mythology takes the opposite view.

Bundy emphasizes the weakness of both the Chief Executive and Congress, although he devotes most of the volume to Presidential power. As matters now stand, the office simply does not permit a man to be as big as he might want to be, or as small as he might like. There will be no more Buchanans in the White House.

We need, says Mr. Bundy, a new theory of government, and that essentially is his third point. (Unhappily, it is buried in some puzzling language addressed to college students planning their careers.) What that theory might be can be gleaned in part from some ideas he proffers, such as giving the President discretionary power to raise or lower taxes as economic conditions require, and enhancing the power of Cabinet officers. Bundy also endorses the concept of "maximum feasible participation" by the citizenry in local government, which is now the subject of much controversy.

The author assumes that government can get the necessary jobs done if the tools are forthcoming, an idea reminiscent of President Nixon's assertion that we have learned "to manage the economy." These confident beliefs may have only dubious validity. The call for theory, moreover, assumes that government in America follows a theory (in the sense of a thought-out ideology), which has probably never been true. Political theory is produced after, not before, the government acts, and it is created by academics seeking order in a disorderly universe. An insistence on the need for theory becomes, in the final analysis, an implicit rejection of pragmatism.

Nonetheless, the pressing need for stronger government is undeniable. At the same time we must find some way of avoiding the difficulties described in

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Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding, by Daniel Moynihan, who charges that officials plow ahead on given programs without fully realizing their consequences.

The self-assured intellectuals of the Kennedy-Johnson era have now given way to the managerial class brought in by Nixon. One may well question whether the change is for the better—or whether, indeed, there has been much change at all. What is certain is that the problems are massive and insistent, and that they will not easily disappear. A stronger government must still be accountable to the people. Bundy notes this necessity, but does not explore it sufficiently. Any new theory of government must reconcile efficiency and accountability.

If our governors are to plan more systematically and comprehensively, they must have an immense reservoir of hard factual data, valid conceptions of goals and purposes, and a means of projecting the possible accomplishments of alternative policies. None of these is presently available to anywhere near the degree needed. We can no longer afford the luxury of floundering around, testing this or that, in attempts to resolve abrasive social problems. We had better know what we want, and soon, for we do not have much time.

Bundy's theory, if adopted, could contain hidden dynamite. It may necessitate a realignment of the "power structures" through which official decisions are made in this country. Looking only at the Washington bureaucracy, it is obvious that many agencies have become either surrogates for or captives of the very groups they ostensibly regulate. Professor Grant McConnell documented this in *Private Power and American Democracy,* in which he concluded that "a substantial part of government in the United States has come under the influence or control of narrowly based and largely autonomous élites." Such élites are concerned not with the large issues of statesmanship but with those that touch their own particular concerns. Bundy's conclusion is similar: "*Laissez-faire* economics and pressure-group politics are equally inadequate. . . . Both in economics and politics there is need for a wider view of what is good." The "invisible hand," that is to say, is no more viable in politics than in economics.

The message for Nixon is clear: the quietude of the Eisenhower years is a luxury Americans can no longer afford. The "passive virtues" belong to a passive age, not to the turbulence of today. Government must govern; must be able to leash and manage the forces of rampant change. That is Bundy's central theme, and one hopes it will get through to the new Administration.

A Nonagenarian's Threefold Philosophy

Aspects of E. M. Forster: Essays and Recollections Written for His Ninetieth Birthday, *edited by Oliver Stallybrass (Harcourt, Brace & World. 195 pp. $5.95), and* ***E. M. Forster's Other Kingdom,*** *by Denis Godfrey (Barnes & Noble. 228 pp. $7.50), discuss the author's recurrent theme of "connection" with other persons and with the invisible power behind the world. Daniel J. Leary, professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York, wrote the recently published "Voices of Convergence."*

By DANIEL J. LEARY

As E. M. Forster enters the sparse ranks of celebrated living nonagenarians, we can expect a deluge of studies and tributes. A collection of critical pieces, edited by Oliver Stallybrass, and a work by Denis Godfrey, professor of English literature at the University of Alberta, Canada, are among the year's first, and both of them are worth reading.

Two contributions contained in *Aspects of E. M. Forster* are of real critical value: Wilfred Stone's "Forster on Love and Money" and Malcolm Bradbury's "Forster as Victorian and Modern." Stone, writing about *Howards End,* reaches conclusions that remind one of Norman O. Brown. And Bradbury, focusing on *A Passage to India,* explores the implications of a plot that deals with certainties in a manner that seems to deny all certainty. These two essays, in their coupling of antagonistic values, reflect the epigraph of *Howards End,* "Only connect . . ." which could equally well be applied to all Forster's writings, both fiction and criticism. In other pieces Benjamin Britten recalls his collaboration with Forster on the opera *Billy Budd;* Elizabeth Bowen explains that for her Forster's "magic was . . . in the manner, the telling, the creation of a peculiar, electric climate in which *anything* might happen." Reminiscences by friends in publishing, in broadcasting, at Cambridge, David Garnett's recollections of Forster and Bloomsbury, W. J. Spratt's evaluation of him as a humanist are all pervaded with the sense of human connections, making it glowingly apparent that Forster's friends honor him not only as a writer but as an influence.

Although it was the connection of individual with individual that Forster stressed, his ability to absorb the spirit of a country is underscored in essays on his travels in Rumania, in America, and most notably in K. Natwar-Singh's "Only Connect . . . : Forster and India."

In a speech given in 1907 Forster explained that connections are threefold, involving three moral questions: 1) "How shall I behave to the people I know—to my relatives, friends and acquaintances?" 2) "How shall I behave

(*Continued on page* 106)

"Are you trying to tell me, Miss Brimberry, that there is a fly in each of our 500,000 jars of ointment?"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Fall of the British Establishment

REVOLT AGAINST the British Establishment is hardly a new theme in British film-making, but familiarity does little to dull the impact of Lindsay Anderson's new film, *If . . .*, which is set in an Establishment training ground, a boys' boarding school. Anderson first impressed us with *This Sporting Life* some five years ago; since then his technique has become more experimental and to such a degree that we are never sure, with *If . . .*, whether what we are seeing is to be taken as reality or as fantasy.

The ground is solid enough, however, during the film's first half, allowing for a somewhat unsettling and seemingly haphazard mingling of black-and-white and color processes. The winter term is about to begin, the boys arrive, and we're taken into their traditional but peculiar world. New boys arrive and are known as scum; the seniors are higher up in the hierarchy and are allowed certain privileges; above them are the prefects, known as "whips"; at a further remove are the administrators. With great and telling skill, Anderson delineates these gradations in the school's structure. He reveals the learning routines and the grilling of recalcitrant students, suggests the tinge of homosexuality among prefects and the lower orders, and then focuses on his main concern, student rebelliousness and its possible consequences.

As the title indicates, he is not showing us an actual condition—although he does this better than any film, or perhaps a literary work, has done in the past—but what could happen. Three of the seniors in particular have lost their respect for hallowed traditions; they're of a new and contemporary breed. They become troublesome and eventually they break out into open and violent revolt. But do they? This is where the film does not make itself fully clear. For, at about the midway point of its progress, the mood changes. Two of the malcontents head for a nearby town, steal a motorcycle, and drop in for refreshments at a local pub. The girl behind the bar is a teen-ager. She is pretty, but mean. A seduction of the girl takes place. A kiss, a grab leads to nude writhing on the floor. Anderson doesn't give us a clue as to whether we are to regard this as actuality, or as fantasy. We may assume the latter, but in whose mind is the fantasy occurring? We don't know that either.

From then on the blend is both real and surreal. Since we are given no viewpoint from which to regard the action (there is no leading character as such) the film grows progressively bewildering. During some military exercises, the three rebels use live ammunition in their guns and shoot and bayonet the chaplain. Real or unreal? They are disciplined by the headmaster, and in the middle of this the chaplain, alive and smiling, is brought forth in a drawer of a huge chest, then pushed back in—a bit of black humor that, in the context, simply makes no sense.

Eventually, the three boys uncover a cache of weapons in the cellar of the college hall and stage—with the help of the bar girl, who suddenly appears again—a full-fledged and lethal revolt. At the end, the full fury of the Establishment is aroused and open warfare breaks out. The possibility has become the actuality. Anderson himself has said that *If . . .* was not meant as a mirror of contemporary political and social problems, but that the theme, rather, involves "the fantasies and adventures and conflicts of youth, which often mirror, to a surprising degree, the world we think of as adult." Clear enough, perhaps, but the film doesn't really make this clear. It is striking, no doubt about that, and there is hardly a moment that is not fascinating, even when the material is repellent. The acting is altogether first-rate (no "names" of any consequence, by the way); the details are sharply observed. But somewhere along the line the causality was allowed to lapse, and we are left with a sort of Chinese puzzle. A comment in itself, perhaps.

"Nonsense, woman, of course I'm fit to drive."

This would appear to be boys' school week in the British cinema, for out of England has come another film set for part of its length in the rooms and grounds of a far seedier boarding school. Based on Evelyn Waugh's classic satire, *Decline and Fall*, the film, for some idiotic reason, has been retitled *Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher*. Whoever at Twentieth Century-Fox was responsible should be immediately transferred to other and less meddlesome duties. The title, however, should not discourage anyone from seeing the film, for it is as good a satire as I have seen lately. If there is a problem at all, it is that the satire, updated as it is from the period of the Waugh novel, has lost a bit of its bite.

Even so, the fun is there and fairly constant. Robin Phillips is altogether likable as an ecclesiastical student expelled from Oxford for what is wrongly assumed to be licentious behavior. There is nothing for him to do but take a position at a demoralized boys' school, and from there on his adventures take him through several strata of British society. One delightful, but unfortunate encounter is with a rich and beautiful lady, played elegantly by Genevieve Page, who is one of a whole cast of remarkable "characters." For the most part the film is neatly directed by John Krish. But he does occasionally allow the sparkle to fizzle out of his material. Not for long, though. Even when a lag does occur there is always the humorously fantastic décor for the eye to dwell upon.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Young Conductor from Bulgaria

THE Seventh Annual Dimitri Mitropoulos International Music Competition presented, at the final concert of its 1969 proceedings in Philharmonic Hall, the favored six of more than six times as many competitors who had offered themselves for consideration. As in the five competitions immediately preceding, the world-wide call had gone out for those aspiring to careers as conductors. Though the initial competition had beamed a light of prominence on so promising a young pianist as Agustin Anievas, the success of the following year's conductor contest has encouraged a concentration, ever since, on the area of music in which Mitropoulos was a towering prominence.

Whatever the result of the balloting—and as these words are written (and will stand), no verdict has yet been arrived at by the jury—many in the audience came away with the feeling that they had made the acquaintance of at least one real conductor. He is, as it happens, the oldest (at thirty-four) of the six (of whom only one was under thirty). A native of Bulgaria, Mesru M. Mehmedov is Soviet trained (Leningrad Conservatory), and showed it in his formal approach to the podium, courteous handshakes with both concertmaster and first cellist, firm stance (no music), and vividly poured-on performance of Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* Fantasy.

Whether his position on the program was arrived at by assignment or the drawing of lots, he was—as last of the six—fortunately placed. It would have been hard for most of those who preceded to have followed, at less than a disadvantage. The distinction between Mehmedov's effort and those of his fellow contestants was simple enough. They were, for the most part, conducting the orchestra; he was conducting the music. Least of his concerns was establishing the right to be where he was. That had long before been settled in his mind, by prior exposure and experience.

The result was that the cooperating New York Philharmonic (with Music Director and Chairman of the Awards' Committee, Leonard Bernstein, looking on) responded with one of the most compelling performances of anything it has given this season. Mehmedov, a compact figure with almost, but not quite, bushy hair, would not settle for anything else. He moved in on the orchestra, in the command sense, looked the beast squarely in the eye—as such a sage among conductors as Richard Strauss has said the successful conductor must—and made it do his bidding. That it was, also, Tchaikovsky's bidding made for a fine sense of communal effort all around. One had a feeling it was not the last time one would see Mehmedov on the stage of Philharmonic Hall.

Of the others, clearly less in command, whatever their relative range of gifts and accomplishments, the one who ranked highest in my view was Akira Endo, obviously Japanese, though registered as representing the U.S.A. (*not* the Usa of innumerable imports). It turned out he came here to study a dozen years ago as a teen-ager and has remained ever since, to acquire citizenship and an identity with community orchestras in Southern California. Though it is too soon to say that he belongs to the school whose "head" is Seiji Ozawa, he has a similarly concentrated, deadpan way of converting the symbols of Brahms's Third Symphony (first movement) into musical meaning.

More or less of a group, otherwise, were Alfredo Bonavera of Italy, who did a rather loud but not unspecific performance of the last two sections of Debussy's *La Mer;* Michael Zearott, assistant to Robert Shaw at Atlanta, who was efficient if somewhat cautious in the first movement of Berlioz's *Fantastique;* and Uri Segal, of Israel, the youngest (at twenty-four) of the finalists, whose choice of the last two movements of Hindemith's *Nobilissima Visione* was validated by an informed musical point of view, not always clearly communicated to the players. Klauspeter Seibel of Germany, who began the evening with Mozart's A-major Symphony (No. 29), struck me as somewhat more academic in attitude.

The combined perceptions of the jury conformed reasonably to the account above in placing Mehmedov, along with Bonavera Zearott, and Segal, in the group of four first-prize winners, from whom Bernstein will select two as next season's assistant conductors of the Philharmonic. Of the others, one will be assigned to the National Symphony in Washington, D.C., and the other to the National Symphony Orchestra of Monaco. Seibel was named second-place winner with Endo third.

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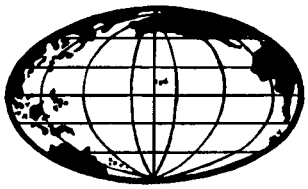

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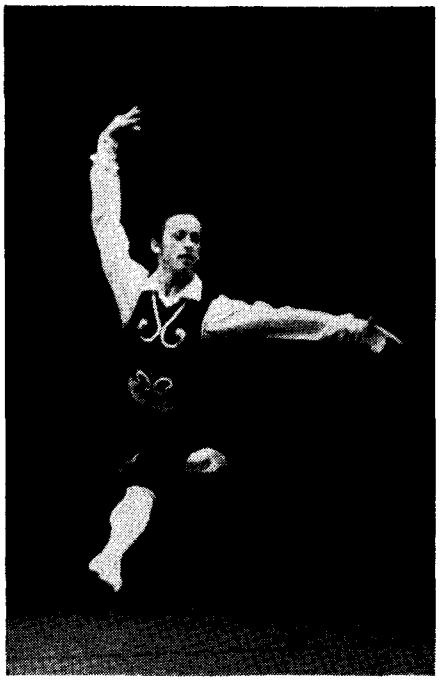
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—*Martha Swope.*

Lawrence Rhodes is a classical dancer of prowess and polish and "exceptional dramatic talent."

Performing True to Prediction

THE LATE Lillian Moore—dancer, critic, teacher, and unparalleled dance historian—predicted that "Larry," one of her favorite pupils, would become a great dancer. I wanted to agree with her, but I always found myself with a qualifying comment: "But Lillian, he has the muscles, the body, the technique, but where is the face, the urgency, the drama, the person?" She would reply, "He'll have all those things. All he needs to do is grow up." Lawrence Rhodes, director and first dancer of the Harkness Ballet, has indeed grown up, and he has become one of the most important young artists in the whole world of dance.

The company, which he and Donald Saddler (the associate director) guide for the producer-patroness, Rebekah Harkness, has completed its second Broadway engagement, this one at the Music Box. Whatever performance you may have attended during the three-week season, you would have harkened to a constant intermission echo, "Marvelous! Just marvelous!" My detailed report [WORLD OF DANCE, Feb. 8] indicated this quite clearly. But I do have a few final comments about the season—including a new ballet and a restaging of a razzle-dazzle *pas de deux*—and about Rhodes.

The new work, *Stages and Reflections*, with choreography, scenery, and costumes by twenty-six-year-old John Neumeier—an American who made his first choreographic mark in Stuttgart—and with music of Benjamin Britten (Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge), is not much more than a showcase for Rhodes's exceptional dramatic talent. The choreographer in this ballet is at pains to explore the being who has lost himself in a variety of images. The Pagliacci motif is also present in a ballet which aims for emotional profundities but which winds up not much better than cliché-deep. Rhodes, however, dances the role of the lost youth with power and conviction. In John Butler's *A Season in Hell* and *Sebastian* or in Stuart Hodes's *Abyss*, he has similar opportunities, dramatically speaking, in works worthy of his talent.

Rhodes, as I have noted many times before, is also a classical dancer of prowess and polish, and the Harkness repertory provides him with many opportunities to sail forth in *grands jetés* or to exploit centrifugal forces in *tours en l'air* and multiple *pirouettes*. But he does something that Miss Moore would chastise him for—that is, he holds his head so far forward that a stance which might mirror eagerness in a dramatic piece looks distorted in a classical *pas*. Truthfully, he doesn't have a strong chin; but a jutting head does not provide a jaw which juts, it weakens it. This is a detail, I know, but Lawrence Rhodes is much too good to permit an escapable flaw to puncture his artistry.

A word now about a superb and unaffected classicist in the Harkness troupe, Helgi Tomasson. As an actor-dancer, he is great with Rhodes in the Neumeier ballet, but he is a fabulous whiz in André Eglevsky's staging of Balanchine's *Sylvia Pas de Deux* (which was once a Maria Tallchief-Eglevsky trademark) with the pert and perky Elisabeth Carroll as his ballerina. There are some changes from the original, as I recall: Miss Carroll does *entrechat-quatre* instead of *entrechat-cinq* (with Tallchief it always looked like *entrechat-huit*); executes traveling turns instead of hops on *pointe* with *battement frappé;* and winds up with *fouettés* in the coda, a step that Balanchine usually evades. But the restaging is slick and the duet itself is—as all balletomanes know—one of the best in the business.

Countering the Harkness Ballet's choreographic newcomer, Neumeier, is the New York City Ballet's *wunderkind*, John Clifford. His newest ballet—set to music of Ralph Vaughan Williams (Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis)—is the best to date, at least of what I have seen. It uses only four people and is rooted in relationships, although there is no story as such. The lad has an undeniable flair for choreography, but he is not yet a master of what Hanya Holm—with rolling Rs—calls "forrrrrm," nor does he always exercise movement discretion (e.g., he inserts a cartwheel into his *Fantasies*—which has just about as much aptness as you might find in "Hey, baby, what

John Clifford, choreographer, with Kay Mazzo, Conrad Ludlow, Sara Leland, Anthony Blum in *Fantasies*.

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light through yonder window breaks"). Cartwheels are gorgeous—Martha Graham uses them with Olympian splendor on many occasions—but young Mr. Clifford just didn't know how or when. But the ballet, as a whole, is both affecting and effective, and the dancing of Kay Mazzo, Sara Leland, Conrad Ludlow, and, especially, Anthony Blum, is memorable.

In the modern dance field, Richard Barr's and Edward Albee's Theater 1969 adventures at the Billy Rose boasted a week of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. The company is a beautiful one, integrated from the less customary viewpoint in that it is basically black with a few white members. The important thing is that they are all good dancers, from the stately Judith Jamison—who could pass for an Ethiopian princess—to the lithe Ernest Pagnano, whose features mirror a classical Mediterranean heritage.

For his week—other modern dancers have been seen on the series—at the Billy Rose, Mr. Ailey offered not only his own *Revelations*, a dance which has assumed

the proportions of a classic in less than a decade, but also dances created by others. Among these were Lucas Hoving's *Icarus*, with two casts. I saw Pagnano in the title part, and he was superb. Miss Jamison was the Sun and Kelvin Rotardier was Daedalus.

Talley Beatty's "Congo Tango Palace," from his knockout *Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot*—which I hope Mr. Ailey will produce in full one day—was given along with other Ailey and Beatty dances, among them, Ailey's new *Quintet* (music of Laura Nyro)—an excellent work stemming from Negro sources—and Beatty's *The Black Belt* (Duke Ellington), which starts out with great wit and style (also from Negro sources) but gets tangled with anger at the end. Not that anger and rage are to be skirted in the creation of a black choreographer, but Mr. Beatty—one of the most brilliant choreographic forces of his race—lost sight of the vigor of protest and settled for complaint. But much of the new piece is both powerful and beautiful, and so is Ailey and company.

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Nation-State

(*Continued from page 27*)

states and former imperial states, can meet and discuss, and at times decide together, even though there are no formal bonds, but some divisions, between them. I would like to think that such associations as the Commonwealth are stages in the development of something more formal and united. But certainly if we tried to make the Commonwealth a more formal association now, with demands on its members, with a constitution binding on them—convert it into some kind of confederation, however loose—it would simply break up. Yet, if we can develop on this new multi-racial basis a new kind of cooperation between free countries, with each desiring to work with and help each other, we may be able to give a new and constructive functional expression to the old family feeling that once was strong. In doing this, we will have modified separate and sovereign nationalities in the interests of a deeper feeling of international unity.

This modification is shown elsewhere in the growth of other and more formal international institutions which illustrate the increasing need for cooperation between states, as well as the growth of world opinion in favor of it. Sovereign states have accepted, even if not always very warmly, the right of such international agencies to conduct ad hoc, or even regular, investigations into their affairs. International inspectors now examine national books. If you want a loan from the World Bank, or if you want some financial assistance from the International Monetary Fund, they will send men around who look into your national accounts and financial policies. If you want their help, you have to accept their criticism. Indeed, decisions that concern currency, that most vital part of national sovereignty, as we know very well now, are no longer solely under national control. This kind of intervention is the price governments pay for the benefits of international assistance and cooperation—especially in the financial and economic sphere. But it would have been unthinkable 100 years ago, except in the case of colonies, or, of course, subordinate states.

International political investigations are more difficult to reconcile with national sovereignty, but on occasions they also have been accepted. Some years ago, the NATO Council agreed to a procedure by which three officials—British, American, and French—were authorized to examine the defense programs and the economic and financial resources of all the member states, and to make recommendations on the contributions of each member to collective defense, so that there would be a fairer sharing of the total burden. That was progress. True, the members accepted the recommendations only when it suited them to do so. This showed that the power of decision still resided, ultimately, in the sovereign nation-state. Yet our NATO experience has also shown that national decisions can be and are strongly influenced by the opinions and recommendations of persons not responsible to one's own government but representing an international organization, and that is quite a change.

In any rational analysis, we can surely now say that sovereign power, exercised through the nation-state, which came into being to protect its citizens against insecurity and war, has failed in this century to give them that protection. The rationale for change has been established. The will to make it has not.

A Victorian Idyll

By David Wagoner

"A gentleman always falls behind his wife in entering the drawing room. . . . If (the butler) does not know them by sight, he asks whichever is nearest to him, 'What name, please?' And whichever one is asked answers, 'Mr. and Mrs. Lake.'"
—Emily Post, ETIQUETTE, p. 350.

SHE came into the room like an answer in long division,
At the top of her form, trailing a dividend.
And when her husband fell down, as he always does,
Flat on his face behind her and met the rug
Like an old friend, we simply sharpened our charcoal.
When the quizzical-looking butler said, "What name, please?"
Someone said wearily, "Mr. and Mrs. Lake."
It's always like this. A few included him
In their sketches as an ambiguous portion
Of the water, but the rest got down to business,
Draping white samite over her rich shoulders
And drawing the sword from their imaginations.

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Student Travel 1969

A Special Section

Consider the rare middle-aged American who, fortified by Grandpa's graduation check and Grandma's steamer trunk, was able to spend a summer in Europe thirty years ago; or, more recently, the college student of the 1950s who took on the stature of Admiral Perry or Jack London when he returned from his junior year abroad. Already these images appear as foggy as a nineteenth-century daguerreotype. This summer more than 30,000 high school students and untold planeloads of collegians will hop to the Continent and back with the ease and means of a lad passing six weeks at a private camp in the Catskills. Whether sitting in a classroom in Florence or curling through the Alps on a BMW Twin, the American student abroad figures to benefit far more than the one who stayed behind to wrestle with summer school courses—a comparison well drawn by Janet Mandelstam in the opening article of SR*'s annual student travel section. If there is a ring of authority in her words, it is because Miss Mandelstam, now assistant editor of* Scholastic *magazine, has served a journalism fellowship in Mexico City and has taught English in Rome. Wallace Roberts,* SR *associate education editor, traces the evolution of the Grand Tour, once the purview of nobility, today an $825 package for Everyman and his child. The balance of the section has been compiled and written by the editors of "Let's Go," a series of student travel guides published by Harvard Student Agencies, 2 Trowbridge, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Harvard students Peter Grossman, John Wurster, Tom Stemberg, and Neil Martin are mainly responsible for the articles in these pages. The drawings are the work of Charles Hefling. Our student contributors may not be familiar with the interior of a five-star hotel or a first-class jet cabin, but no doubt they could tell Fielding a thing or two about travel.* —David Butwin.

SUMMER ON THE CONTINENTAL CAMPUS

By JANET MANDELSTAM

SUMMER school, two words that can sour a sweet spring day for any September-to-June scholar, once meant making up that long-put-off science course or spending hot, windless days holed up in a library carrell in order to earn a diploma six months early. But burgeoning numbers of traveling college students are discovering that summer school doesn't have to be a drag. Faced with the prospect of studying the history of Renaissance art in July, the student has a choice: Brooklyn College or the University of Florence. Each year, more and more say Florence.

Italy and France, where the typical summer program centers on "language and culture," are still the big two for American students abroad. Language study with native teachers is usually offered at the beginning, intermediate, and advanced levels, often in two- or three-hour blocks each day. On leaving the classroom, the student finds that every taxi driver, ice cream vendor, and flower lady is a part of the Living Language Laboratory always at his disposal. Unless, that is, the hack knows five words of English which he'll surely want to impress on you. In the large European capitals, which brace themselves for the summer deluge of American tourists, the sidewalk laboratory is as often as not a lesson in tolerance. Even authentic Italian sandals and a camera judiciously left in her room won't keep the American coed from being asked ten times a day, "You like Rome?" Try practicing what you've learned in class that morning: *Si, mi piace Roma,* and your self-appointed guide will reply, in English of course, "Oh, you speak Italian."

The culture half of the summer program usually consists of lectures on the history, art, architecture, and literature of the country or region. The teachers may be American, but the intrigues of the Pazzi Plot are more closely woven when the noise outside is the bells of the Duomo and not the roar of the subway.

Presented with a two-foot stack of brochures, the student must choose wisely from the plethora of programs sponsored by American and foreign universities. "The package doesn't always tell what's inside," says Irving Becker, assistant executive director of the Council on International Education Exchange. "A student has to read the fine print on any program *without* reading into it what he hopes to find there."

ALTHOUGH a few programs existed before World War II, study abroad has essentially been a post-war venture. The impetus to fill classrooms has come from American colleges and universities. Some have established their own campuses abroad; others have formed cooperative agreements with their foreign counterparts.

"It used to be a difficult thing to study abroad," says Niels de Terra, the young executive director of the U.S. National Student Travel Association (NSTA), himself a graduate of the London School of Economics. "European universities

(*Continued on page* 79)

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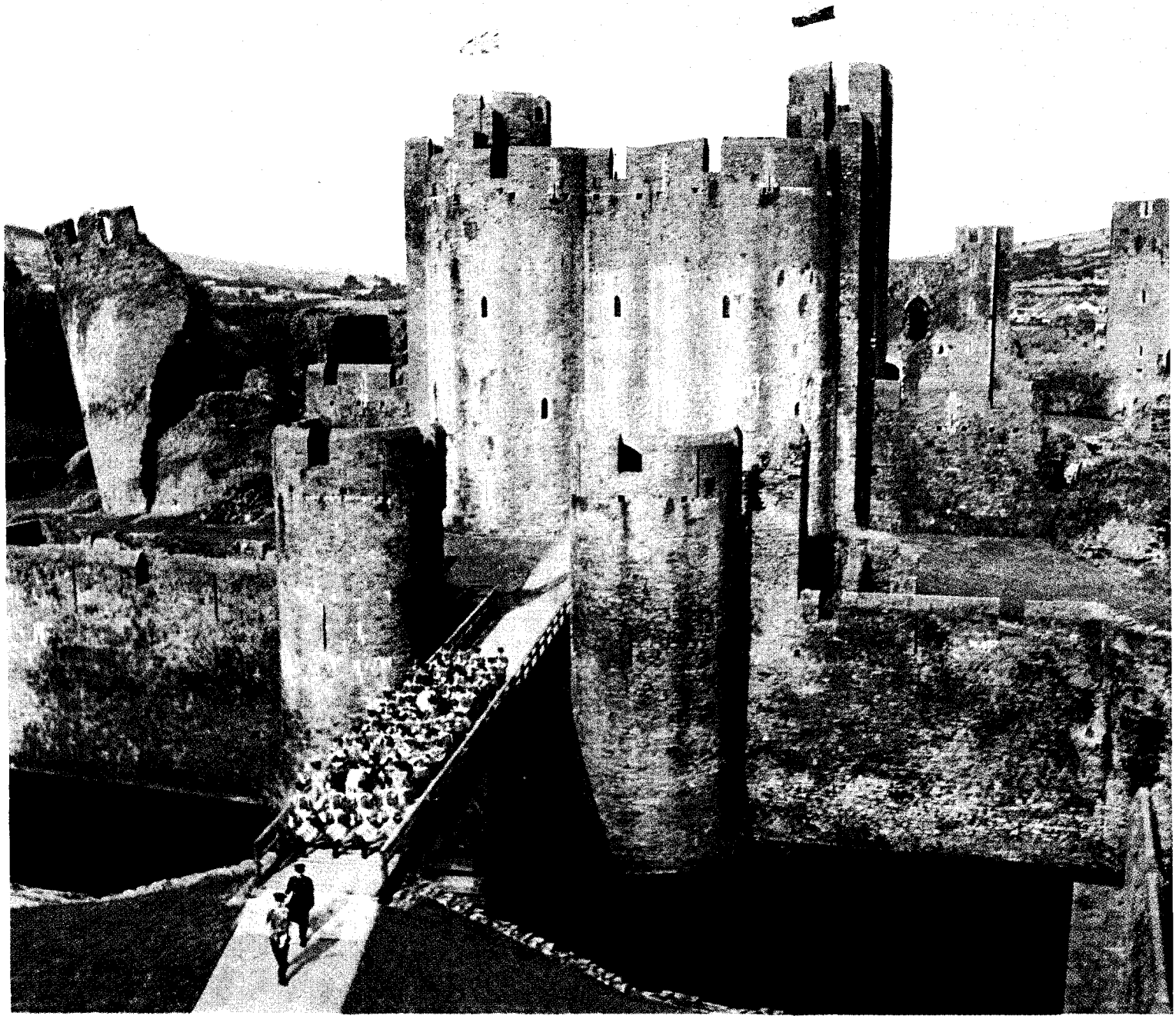

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Caernarvon, like Caerphilly, Conway, Beaumaris, Harlech, is one of an incomparable series of medieval fortresses, built in the 13th century. Today, they still guard the green valleys of the Welsh landscape.

In many ways, Wales is still a remote country. There are few big towns, so the best way to see it is to hire a car (cost for a fortnight about $115, add about $25 per 1,000 miles for gas). Stay in tiny mountain and seaside villages, or in a country house, hotel or castle. One of them, Ruthin Castle, holds Welsh medieval feasts in the banqueting hall each evening by candlelight. It costs only $6, including all the mead you can drink!

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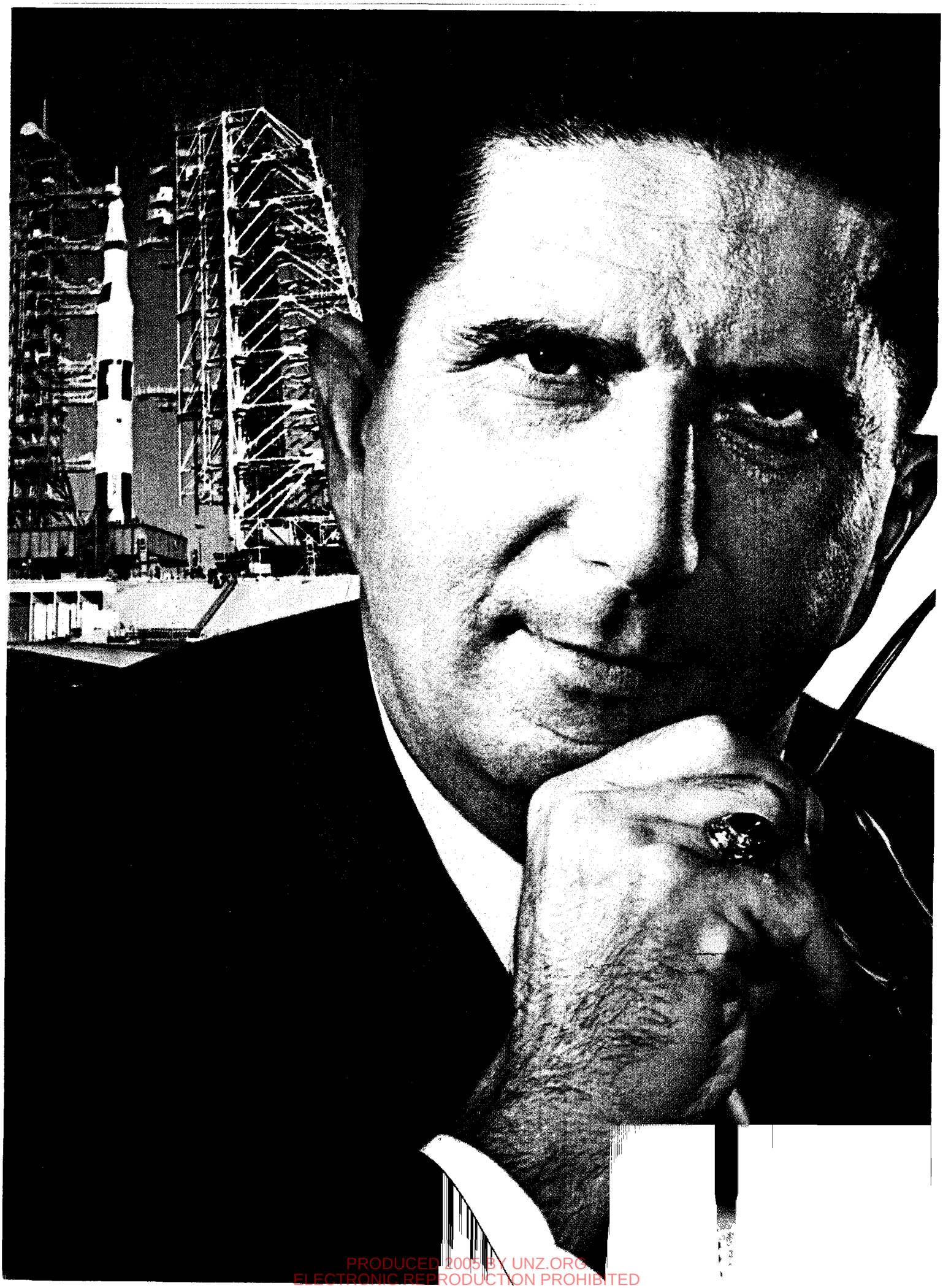

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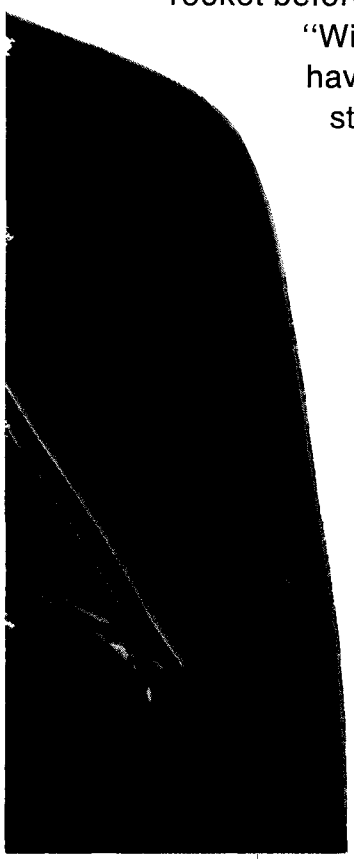
The stress problems of buildings, tunnels, bridges, towers fascinated Dr. Vincent Vitagliano and his colleagues at the IBM Scientific Center in New York.

Working with a computer, they evolved a mathematical model which gives architects and engineers the precise answers to stress problems—long before the structure is built. With this method, the computer works out in minutes complicated equations which ordinarily would take months to solve.

Their computer program is called FRAN (Framed Structure Analysis Program). A typical example of its use was in the design of the 40-story tower which services the gantry-held Saturn Apollo rocket before a launch.

"Without a computer," says Dr. Vitagliano, "it would have taken an engineer about 17 years to analyze the stresses the tower would be subjected to. Using FRAN and a computer, an accurate analysis was made in an hour and a half."



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Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Dr. Vincent Vitagliano is one of the many men and women who help bring these advances to more people every day.

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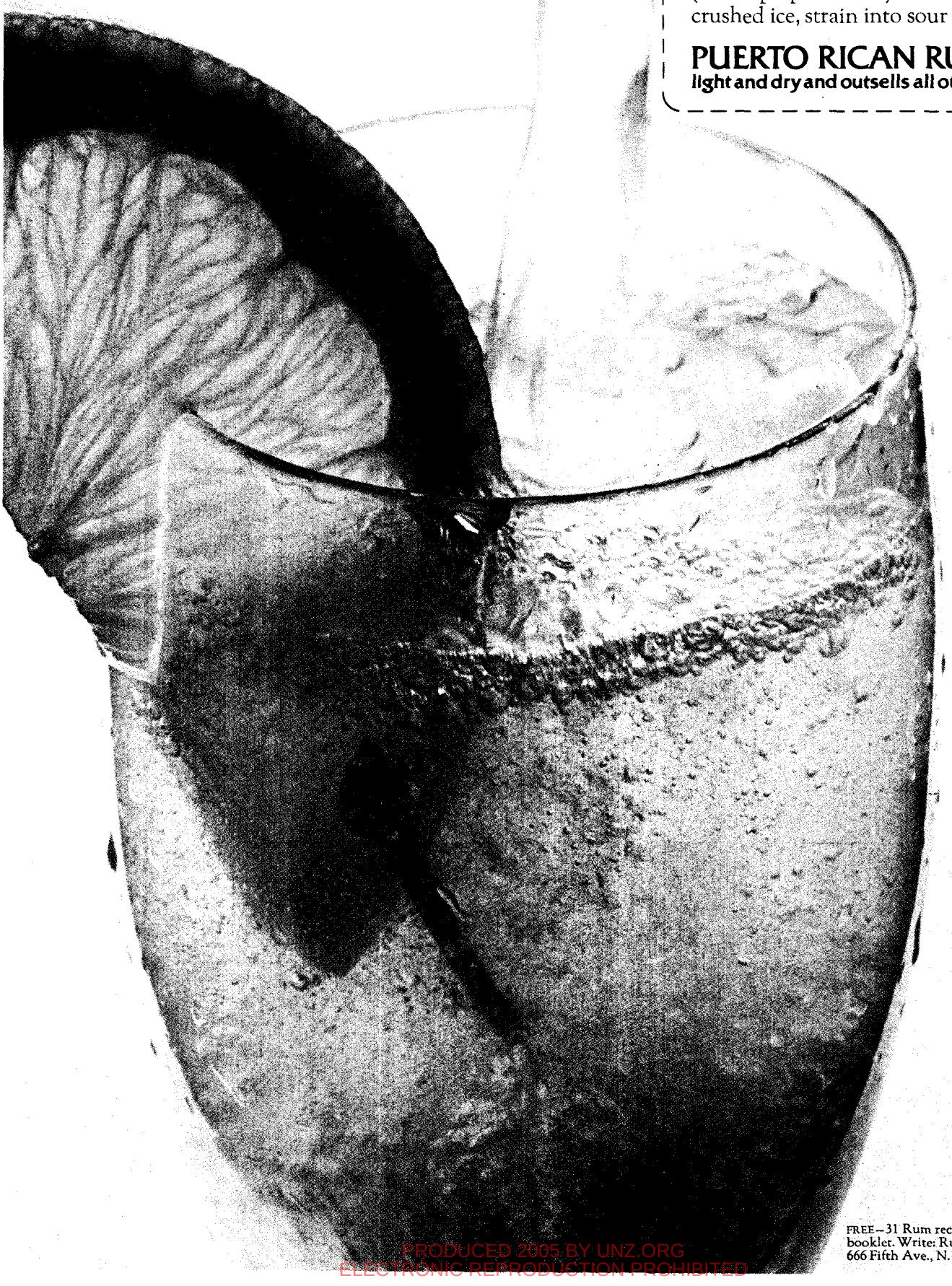

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THIRTY THOUSAND INNOCENTS ABROAD

By WALLACE ROBERTS

—AIFS (Koller).

London bobbie and friends—"the Living Museum of Western Culture."

AS an educational mode, the Grand Tour hasn't changed much in the more than 200 years since the seventeen-year-old son of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield began a three-year excursion in Europe that produced the bulk of the famous series of letters from father to son. Exposure is the watchword. Broadening horizons, cultural encounters, stretching the imagination, different experiences – these are the phrases used, sometimes with validity– to justify a trip to the Living Museum of Western Culture. If the theory hasn't changed, however, it's application has, especially in the last few years. The transition from the Earl of Chesterfield to Henry Adams was a gentle one, between species of the same gender, as was the movement from the Boston Brahmins to the prewar, upper-middle-class WASP families, but the transition from there to the American High School Student seems to be a quantum leap.

Certainly it has been in numbers. Less than ten years ago, it would probably have been possible to crowd all the high school students going to Europe each summer for study or purely travel reasons into one or two large troopships. This coming summer there will probably be close to 30,000 students under eighteen years of age going "abroad" to make a somewhat less grand tour, but one that nevertheless still proclaims education through exposure as a primary value.

Even during the growing affluence of the Fifties, foreign study programs for high school students were few in number and small in size. They maintained standards of selectivity based not so much on social or economic class as on academic achievement and less well defined criteria of propriety aimed at creating a favorable public image of Americans in Europe. Just as the two-year and new four-year colleges were started to fill a demand that could not be met by the old, established private colleges and just as there are public relations offices that cater exclusively to the desires of the nouveau riche to be accepted into society, so there now are Everyman's Grand Tour agencies, hybrids that attempt to combine serious, formal summer study with the experience of living and traveling in Europe.

Their programs are usually labeled as one word, "travelstudy," but giving a species a name can't account for the variations within the breed, of which there probably are as many as there are organizations. Some programs stress travel more than study and vice versa. Some are four or six weeks long, while others are a full year.

ONE of the differences between the organizations sponsoring travelstudy programs that complicates their definition is the business nature of the organization itself. A few are openly commercial; others are but don't proclaim it; still others claim they are nonprofit, which means, usually, that they have tax-exempt status but not necessarily that there is a limit on their net income, as long as it's "reinvested" in the company.

Sometimes a valid inference can be made about a business organization on the basis of its corporate status, but not always, perhaps not even most of the time. One of the largest travelstudy organizations, for instance, was openly commercial even before it was recently purchased by a large business conglomerate, yet it has a good reputation and even purchases a performance bond, against which claims by dissatisfied parents can be made if the terms of the contract are not lived up to.

These distinctions about the business nature of the travelstudy organizations would be academic, even unnecessary, in any other kind of venture because wary buyers and competition can theoretically regulate the market. Many people, however, feel that education and commercialism are mutually exclusive. There are understandable reasons for this feeling, some of which are stories about 120 children stranded at Shannon Airport, or of a program in which the idea of education consisted entirely of renting some vacant rooms at a lycée in Dijon. Many of these tales, some of which are all too true, filter back to those in the nonprofit foreign-study programs and tend to play an important part in shaping their opinions of newly established organizations that are not clear and firm about their corporate status.

THE issue is tangled, it seems, because there is a sense of sanctity associated with the word "education," and to allow it to come in contact with Mammon lessens its purity. Yet apparently there are customers who see this issue as an equivocation and not an important nuance. For several thousand sets of parents, what seems to be important is that for about $800, roughly the same as the cost of summer camp, they can send their fifteen-year-old son or daughter, who is too old for camp anyway and too young for a job, to Europe for six weeks and have him exposed to a new and maybe even valuable experience. If he should improve his French or get a better understanding of Shakespeare, so much the better. And this is exactly what some of the travelstudy agencies are selling, albeit couched in the indirectness of cataloguese.

Judging from the reported success of two travelstudy programs, supply caught up with demand at just the right time. Last summer, these two programs–

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the Foreign Study League (formerly the Foreign Language League) and the American Institute for Foreign Study—sent a total of 11,400 high school students to Europe by charter jet and ocean liner, and next summer their anticipated combined total is about 18,000. Students in both programs paid about $800 for a six-week stay that usually included seven days of touring through at least two countries for about a week. The rest of the time was spent in residence, usually at a university or secondary school, studying either language, literature, government, or more general subjects for a half-day, five days a week. The remainder of the time was spent on short trips, some organized as tours, others more informal.

The Foreign Study League is the slightly larger organization and, like the AIFS, was organized in 1964. The FSL's headquarters is in Salt Lake City, Utah, and it was originally established and is still run by a group of Mormons, although it was recently purchased by Transamerica, a corporate holding company.

The League's average fee of $825 includes round-trip air or boat transportation (from New York—it's higher for charter flights leaving from Chicago or San Francisco); food and lodging; field trips; classroom instruction and materials; medical care and insurance and full-time supervision, usually provided, like the instruction, by the students' local high school teachers, who go along with them.

Each League campus operates autonomously under the supervision of a "principal," whose function is similar to that of the American high school principal, which he is in many cases. The principal maintains close contact with the League's summer headquarters and staff in Paris and is responsible during the six-week period for approximately 160 students, sixteen counselors, and eight teachers.

The backbone of these logistical details is the wide variety of academic programs and itineraries offered by the League. There are twenty-three different language programs planned for fifteen different campuses, most of which are in France. There are other language campuses in Germany and Spain, and even one each in Japan and Moscow. The League also will be offering a total of twenty-four "liberal arts" programs taught in English, including such sub-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Picking the Travelstudy Program: Some State Department Canons for Consideration

1) KNOWLEDGE OF ORGANIZATION—What do you know of the organization? Do you have any friends who have used its services, and if so, what is their appraisal of these services? Is there a campus representative with first-hand knowledge of the organization? Can the organization tell you of someone from your campus who has used its services? Be sure to consult your college placement office and your professors.

2) FEES—What does the organization charge for its services in comparison with other agencies? Service fees are almost always contained in the organization's promotional literature. Are the actual and total cost to the participant clearly outlined? Does the literature specify what is covered and, more importantly, what is not covered? What percentage of the total cost goes for administration?

3) REFUNDS—Under what circumstances will the fee be refunded in the event of any sort of cancellation? Some agencies will return all but a modest service charge; others make no refund at all. Read the fine print!

4) LOCATION OF MAIN OFFICE—Does the organization have an official base in the United States that would be legally responsible in the event of complications that might require legal action on your part? In all business arrangements there is the risk of misunderstanding or even breach of contractual obligations. As an American citizen, you might find it difficult or impossible to protect your legal interests in a dispute with a foreign organization unless it maintains some form of official representation in the United States that would be responsible under United States laws for your protection.

5) UNDERLYING PURPOSE OF ORGANIZATION—Does the organization appear to be a bona fide work or study abroad organization or is it possible that its major interest lies in the area of travel sales for which it probably receives a commission? There are a number of thoroughly reputable commercial enterprises in the cultural exchange field whose primary concern is travel. Some are not sufficiently skilled in making the overseas arrangements necessary to a rewarding and satisfactory student work-travel experience.

6) ORIENTATION—Does the agency provide sufficient orientation for its clients? Large numbers of young Americans go abroad each summer who are unprepared for the experience because they lack essential information about the people and lands to which they are going, as well as about themselves and their own country. This is the "cultural" element of their experience for which adequate preparation is essential to a worthwhile cultural exchange. Orientation facilities vary sharply from none at all to relatively expensive required "orientation" tours lasting a week or more. The optimum orientation probably lies somewhere in between.

7) ADVANTAGES—Does the organization offer any advantages in securing low-cost passage and maintenance for the students? Among the potential advantages sometimes offered are identification and discount cards. Unless the organization specifies exactly how, where, and to what extent these cards provide advantages, they may not possess any real value.

8) PRESENTATION OF PROGRAM—How does the organization advertise its programs? Does it present them in a straightforward, detailed manner or is the promotional literature vague about program specifics, but crowded with claims to and implications of official support? In regard to work abroad programs, is the organization specific about the types of jobs available to American students, the hours, the pay, and what the jobs include in the way of meals and lodging? Read the fine print in the promotional literature. Most summer jobs available for young Americans overseas are hard, menial, and unskilled. Many have much longer working hours than we in the United States are accustomed to, and the pay scales are low by our standards. Choose an organization that clearly spells out the disadvantages as well as the advantages of summer employment abroad. In regard to study abroad programs, is the organization specific about the location and affiliation of the course, whether or not academic credit can be obtained for it, and the name and background of the instructor?

Above all, remember that these organizations are private, commercial, and not in any way connected with the U.S. Government or its student or cultural exchange programs.

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MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT TOURIST BEAT

AMERICAN students love London's night life, Paris's beauty and zest, and Vienna's charm. Yet more and more, they are extending their travels beyond the well known capitals and traditional resorts. They are going places where they won't run into as many of the older, camera-snapping, thick-wallet types, and where they won't spend half so much money.

DALMATIAN COAST: Dalmatia is rapidly becoming one of the most popular tourist resort areas in Europe, yet such exposure has not ruined the colorful and simple coastline. Ranging from quiet and secluded towns to magnificent modern resorts, Dalmatia attracts not only large numbers of students, but also international celebrities. The rocky coves and beaches stretch 400 miles along the Yugoslav coast, from Trieste south to Albania.

Opatija, near the Italian border, is a flourishing resort with lively, free, and student-dominated night life. Zadar, severely bombed during the war, still has interesting ninth-century churches and a Roman town recently excavated in the middle of the city. Zadar's best beach is Borik, two kilometers out of town by public bus.

Split attracts tourists with its natural sand beach as well as with its monuments. Much of the Roman palace of Diocletian still stands in the middle of the city. Just behind the old ruins is the Studentski Centar with beds for $1 and dancing on the roof of a nearby cafeteria.

Sveti Stefan (St. Stephen), eight kilometers south of Bedva—a smart resort favored by the jet set—is similar to France's Mont St. Michel in that it is connected to the mainland by a causeway. The quiet, secluded beach is absolutely magnificent. The entire island is a hotel; the medieval, whitewashed houses are individual hotel suites. It is worth a look, but no more. Rates are high, full pension costing $17.

TURKEY: Eclectic is the only word for Turkey. From one side of the Golden Horn in Istanbul, minarets and domed mosques stud the old city and clash with the boxlike silhouettes of the new city across the water. Both sides of the city are vastly intriguing even though Istanbul has lost much of the glamour that once characterized the eastern capital of the Roman Empire. Turkey today aspires to be European; it's not overwhelmingly Asiatic. Culturally, economically, socially, and geographically it is a bridge between Europe and Asia. Yet, Turkey is even less expensive than neighboring Greece, if you can believe that.

Istanbul will both fascinate and repel you. The mystery, romance, and exoticism of this city can totally engross you—the bustling harbor, the packed bazaar, the persistent black market moneychangers, Topkapi Museum, the mosques (especially at 4, when the Moslem muezzin climbs to the top of a minaret to call the faithful to prayer), and finally Istanbul at night. Other parts of the old city are very dirty, and sometimes it seems as if human population is outnumbered by cats and flies. But don't let the worry of dirt stop you from coming—Istanbul is too exciting and worthwhile to pass up. Ankara, the nation's capital, is spotless and modern. Broad avenues take the place of Istanbul's tiny alleys. Yet precisely because of its contemporary appearance, Ankara is not as interesting as Istanbul.

Visits to places off the main tourist beat (i.e., anywhere beyond Istanbul) can be as rewarding for sun-worshipers as for archaeological experts. Turkey is blessed with three lengthy coastlines, all potential resort areas. The Black Sea coast and the Aegean coast have historical importance as well. But if it's pure hedonism you want, try the Mediterranean side—the Turkish Riviera—stretching from Antalya to Antakya. Reputed to be one of the most beautiful coastlines in the world, the Riviera is also uncrowded and inexpensive (so far).

Little in Turkey can be readily identified as intrinsically Turkish—and yet the overall impression could belong to no other country in the world. The famous ruins in Asia Minor are predominantly Greek and Roman; the taxis in the cities are all old American Chevrolets and Fords; and the music sounds like that of any Middle Eastern country. It seems as if elements of every civilization have floated into Turkey, yet have not jelled.

The Turks are amazingly relaxed in their disjointed environment and will do their best to make you feel at home here, too. Time is not a precious thing—it's squandered freely and happily, smoking water pipes or sipping tea in cafés. Even in the hectic environs of Istanbul's bazaar, the salesmen are sometimes casual, inviting you into their shops for tea, offering you cigarettes, and, when you are limp with good will, finally springing their "bargains" on you.

—Turkish Tourism and Information Office.

Istanbul—"mystery, romance, exoticism."

Turkish mannerisms may seem a bit strange to the visitor. Men kiss each other in greeting and farewell. And the Turks raise their eyebrows in what appears to be an affirmative gesture to say "no." Female tourists will soon discover that Turkish men are undoubtedly the boldest in the world. Turkey is not the country for a single girl traveling alone.

Traveling through the Turkish countryside is a beautiful experience. Fields of sunflowers and patches of melons fill long, flat stretches of land, and the mountain ranges are expansive and fierce-looking. Camels stroll along the roadsides, and tobacco farmers live in clusters of huts and welcome visitors with great enthusiasm. The image of the Turks as an unfriendly and savage people is a well kept fiction. We found the people to be among the friendliest in Europe. If you travel to rural areas, your arrival may be the event of the day.

SWEDEN: Tourists do not come to Sweden primarily to visit museums, photograph landmarks, or learn Swedish—they come instead to satisfy their curiosity

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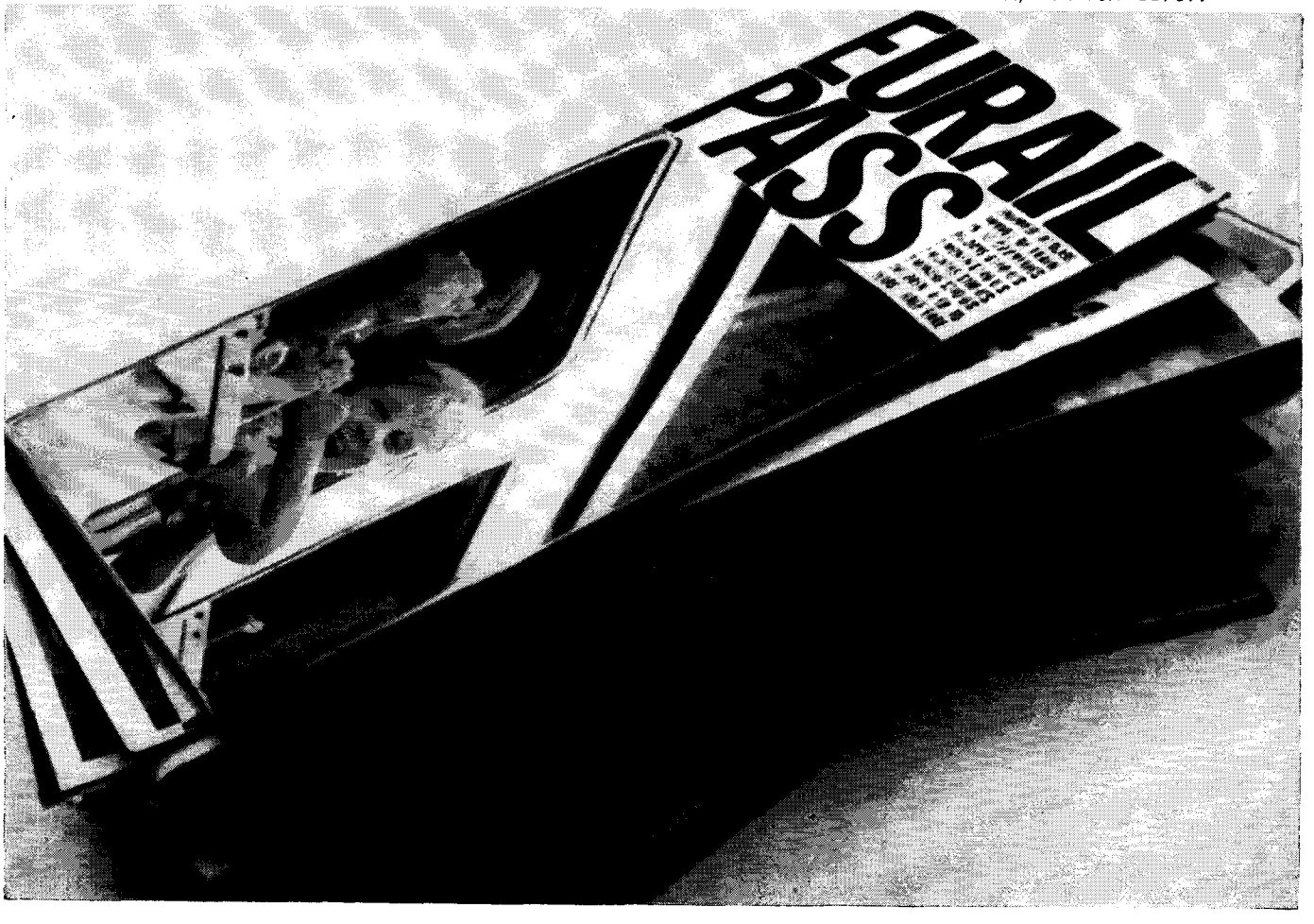

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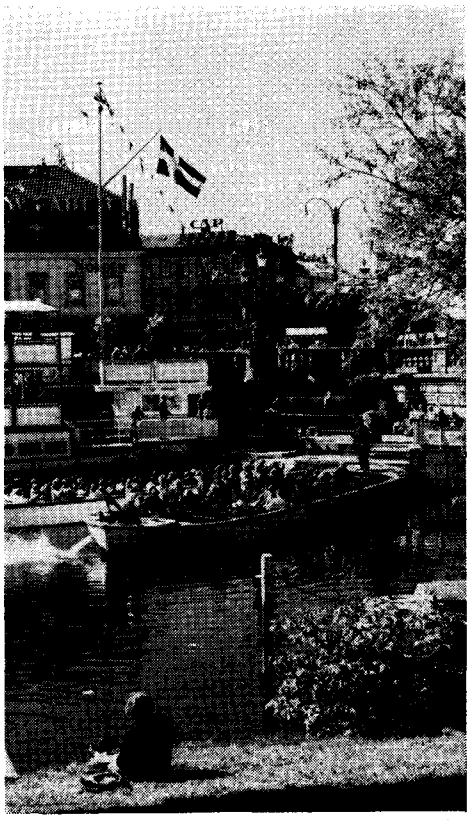
about the controversial way of life. Some find a twentieth-century utopia—a land of peaceful countryside, bustling cities, and attractive people. Sweden has virtually abolished poverty and has not gone to war in over a century. Others are rebuffed by the high taxes, inflation, the ubiquitous and motherly Administration. In any case, preconceptions are best forgotten upon arrival, unless of course one is prepared to defend them before a group of amused Swedes.

Meeting Swedes, incidentally, is not so difficult as is commonly supposed. The Swedish student is a bit formal by our standards, but not at all unfriendly. He (or she) speaks excellent English, probably French and German as well, as a matter of course, and has had considerable contact with the U.S. through books, movies, and the news media. As a result, he is interested in Americans but not awed by them. This can be very refreshing depending upon where one has traveled previously.

Stockholm, "The City on the Water," is representative of urban Sweden. Its parks, bridges, abundant waterways, and ultramodern architecture are similar to what one sees in Göteborg, Malmö, and Sundsvall. Stockholm by itself, though, does not adequately reflect the diversity of the various *landskap* (provinces). Northern Lapland is the home of reindeer and the midnight sun; the island of Gotland is renowned for its historical wealth and as a vacation spot; southern and more continental Skåne has its peculiar and difficult dialect, roughly the Swedish equivalent of a Bronx accent.

The only drawback to spending a long time in Sweden is the high cost of room and board. You'll probably spend as much as you would in the U. S. However, a two- or three-day trip to Sweden should be included if you can fit it into your itinerary.



—*Swedish National Travel Office.*

Göteborg—twentieth-century utopia?

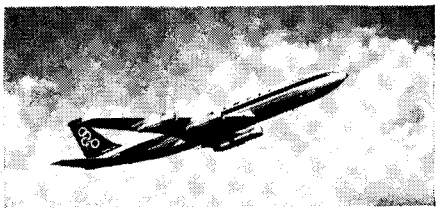
Greek Islands: An ideal stop for a student with a hedonistic desire for sun, sea, and sand, but without the large sums of money that usually accompany such hedonism. You can't lose at any island; each has its own distinctive character, but all offer excellent swimming and sunbathing. Rooms go for about $1 a night; full meals cost about $1 as well.

Hydra, about three and a half hours from Piraeus (Athens's port) by boat, seemingly a large hub, cradles one of the world's loveliest villages in a hidden harbor. There is an active art colony, but no beach—all swimming is off the rocks. Spetsai lies one hour farther out than Hydra and is less well known. The only ways to get around this island are by *caiques* (fishing boats) or by horse and buggy.

Mykonos has become a household word. Artists, students, and lovers come from all over the Western world to lie on its beaches, to see its windmills, its white houses and streets, and its pelican, Peter, now legendary for his walks along the waterfront and his offhand visits to restaurants and shops. Surprisingly enough, Mykonos is the cheapest island listed here. Nearby Delos is now deserted, but was once a sacred island where—as legend has it—Apollo and Artemis were born. The ruins and mosaics are worth a visit, despite the rough boat trip from Mykonos.

Crete is an overnight trip from Piraeus. The people here seem to exude more energy and vibrancy than other Greeks—no small feat. The three prime sites of archaeological significance are Cnossos, Matala, and Mallia, all of which show rich traces of the Minoan civilization.

If you've been dreaming about that beautiful Scandinavian blonde, your chances are probably better in Rhodes than in Sweden. The town's year-round population of 30,000 is swelled every summer by an influx of some 50,000 Scandinavians. Rhodes, close to the Turkish shore, is about twenty hours from Piraeus, but when one considers the fascinating architectural mélange—Frankish town walls, a Turkish Quarter, a Venetian palace, and administration buildings à la Mussolini, in addition to the other well built attractions—Rhodes may be well worth the trip and $2 for a room besides.



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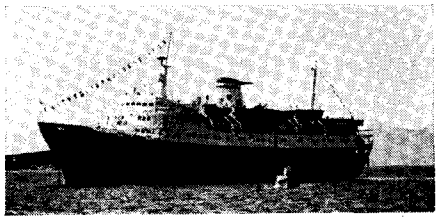

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U.S. ODYSSEY ON RAFT, BIKE, AND THUMB

WHETHER it is to seek a new identity or merely to kill some time, the American student is roaming across his country in ever increasing numbers. Significantly, he is interested not only in visiting the "big-action" cities but also in catching the feeling and flavor of whole regions of the United States. College students are going places that won't remind them of home and are eagerly seeking out new territory to discover and new people to meet. Increasingly travel has become a "total experience" for students, a romantic odyssey during which not all happenings are expected to be pleasant. The only villain is boredom. So it is that many students bypass the more mundane modes of travel, such as airplanes.

Rafting down the Mississippi River, for instance, was not an especially novel idea even when Jim and Huck Finn tried it. Yet, we know two fellows who started from Cincinnati with an inflatable raft and the slogan: "New Orleans or Bust." Outfitted with a small outboard motor, camping gear, and river charts, these adventurers splashed into the polluted Ohio River amid an intimidating assortment of towboats, barges, and even a paddle-wheel steamer.

Our raft-riders found that they rated front-page coverage in most river towns. The publicity served to introduce them everywhere to an exotic crew of river characters. They met, for instance, the river lockkeepers who obligingly operate their huge locks for even the smallest rafts. They are amiable to anybody who takes an interest in their maze of machinery; an education in river lore is the result.

These rafters found swimming in the Ohio's cesspool-like waters inadvisable. The Mississippi, which they joined at Cairo, was muddier but much healthier. A very tricky current with hidden logs and sand bars kept the crew alert at all times. So did storms that came quickly and fiercely, with flashes of lightning and black clouds piling up in front of 35 mph winds.

The Mississippi can be lonely in long 200-mile stretches between some towns. These river ports range from Columbus, Kentucky, with its beautiful vistas to Caruthersville, Missouri, a combination timber mill and honky-tonk district. Besides St. Louis and Memphis there is Vicksburg, Mississippi, which features a large Civil War battlefield and a soap-opera theater aboard an old riverboat. In Vicksburg the crew had a local mortician sew a patch on their raft.

As these rivermen approached New Orleans they found themselves dodging huge freighters, tankers, and long strings of barges. Barge captains turned out to be a friendly group, offering meals, gas, and a tow. The only ominous event was the development of a serious air leak. Even this did not daunt the voyageurs. They continued downriver at a rate of 70 to 80 miles a day while the air slowly gurgled out. After six weeks on the river they made it to a New Orleans wharf with exactly four inches of freeboard.

In their search for the "total experience" of living and not just seeing new surroundings, many students combine work with their travels. Take the case of the boy who got hired as a custom-cutter in Colorado. Custom-cutting is the business of running huge combines that harvest the great wheat fields of the Midwest. The crews of these combines take their machines north from Texas to Saskatchewan as they follow the ripening wheat every year. There is something vital and elemental in this kind of work that no city boy can experience at home. The pay isn't too hot, about $1.50 an hour, and the newly hired hand has to learn to drive big flat-bed trucks and combines—although this is said to be easier than it sounds. But there are fringe benefits. Summer evenings are exciting times for farm towns when the custom-cutters come through. There are lots of opportunities to meet the local people.

To the majority of Americans the bicycle is a toy, replaced by the automobile as a serious source of transportation. But for many students who want to travel on their own and at low cost, the bicycle is the best way to discover America. Our bicycle editor pedaled 2,500 miles in sixty-three days last summer, and spent $250. He rode from Boston to Montreal, then took a train across Canada to Vancouver. He pumped from there down the Pacific Coast to San Francisco. Finally, after a flight to Portland, he took on desert and mountains to Wyoming.

Cycling teaches the lore of the road: what kind of roars a diesel truck emits and exactly how far a mile is. One learns the geography and topography of his route in astonishing detail. Of course there are inevitable flat tires and long mountain grades that one learns to climb with relatively little strain. But best of all the cyclist has complete independence from the trappings of civilization, and the pleasure of having covered the distance under his own power. As long as his two wheels keep turning he has more freedom than the waiting hitchhiker.

Sweating cyclists awaken the interest and sympathy of local inhabitants. Often, directions, food, and even a bed are offered. Most cyclists camp out, either under the stars or with a lightweight tarpaulin. One doesn't have to be an olympic athlete to ride 50 miles a day—girls can handle this without strain. And once started, cyclists get stronger. No obstacles stop the experienced cyclist, not even a turnstile on the Golden Gate Bridge. Our editor, having only quarters for a dime slot, coolly lifted his bike over. It's a trait of the breed.

A phenomenon not easily explained is the urge of some student travelers to

Today's Huck Finn—"an education in river lore."

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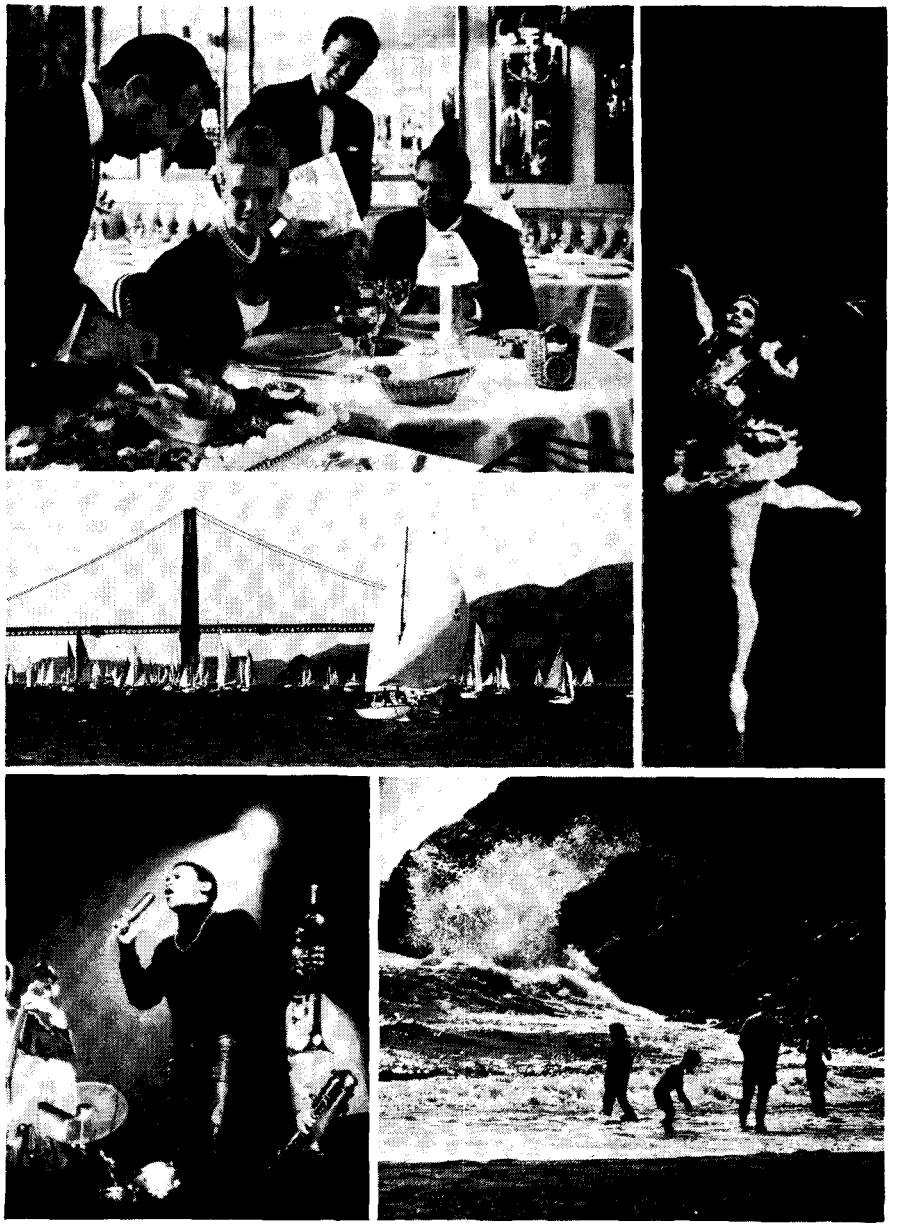

"If you're alive, you can't be bored in San Francisco."—*William Saroyan*

San Francisco probably has more things to see and do than any other city of its size in the world. Street fairs. First-rate repertory theatre. Rock concerts with light shows. Major-league baseball, football and basketball. The symphony, ballet, the opera. And so many good places to eat that the most difficult thing about dining out is deciding where. San Francisco's good at entertaining visitors—of all ages—and you can't exhaust its attractions in a day or two. If you're interested in spending time in some stimulating surroundings, write for our free illustrated brochure, "This is San Francisco".

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drive up the Alaska Highway. It has to do with their "because it's there" mentality. The Far North undeniably exerts the mysterious and adventurous pull of a Jack London novel.

But it is a long haul over gravel road from Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to Fairbanks, Alaska—1,500 miles. And Dawson Creek is 881 miles from the U. S. border. Magnificent scenery and spectacular vistas are not features of the road. Students go anyway for adventure, for a glimpse of a real American frontier, and for the enjoyment of miles and miles and miles of true wilderness, broken only by an occasional gas station. People who make this rough ride (it requires four-ply tires and money to cover smashed windshields) can expect to see twenty-two hours of sunshine and two hours of dusk in July and August.

At night, the aurora borealis is sometimes visible, and a view of these incredible shivering curtains of light is worth the trip. Deer flies and mosquitoes abound, and in the terrible month of June they drive both animals and men mad. Later in the summer normal insecticide can handle them.

Perhaps the most traditional, most common, and certainly the least expensive mode of student travel is by means of the extended thumb. Hitchhiking is a favorite of the student wanderer, but it has its limitations. The most basic is that hitchhiking is never predictable except that it is always inconsistent. In other words, the pleasure of one's journey should be partly in the waiting for rides. For students in a hurry hitchhiking can be infuriating. It is best to relax and know that a ride will come—some time.

The Golden Age of railroads is long gone, and the last gasp of passenger trains may be coming up soon. Their death will be lamented most by the older generation as a matter of sentiment, but the loss is really greater than that. Many students will miss the experience of the great land cruise. For train travel, as many students have discovered, can be as leisurely and as elegant as a voyage on an ocean liner. Only on a train can one eat a five-course dinner on a linen and silver covered table while rolling across the desert or winding through a Rocky Mountain pass. Only on a train can one wander around, go back to the lounge car, have a coke, and join in a game of cards or a conversation with other passengers. Only on a train can one enjoy the panoramic views of America uninterrupted by neon and billboards through the greatest invention since the air brake—the Vista Dome.

Contrary to rumor, not all train travelers are over fifty. The businessman and urban middle class have gone to the sky. Yet there is a wide and interesting cross section of America to be seen especially on the Western streamliners.

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Treks and the Single Girl

HALF the trauma that accompanies a young woman on her European adventure can be avoided by remembering that packing light is no help whatsoever. Instead, try packing lighter than light: two eight-pound airline bags are always easier to handle than one 50-pound suitcase plus a small, but rocklike, overnight bag. Forget about the airline's limits and set your own, because the beauty of getting that extra 10 pounds past the check-in counter will fade fast when you have to haul it around European streets, stations, and up the crumbling steps of "budget" hotels. Unless you have a car, take as little as possible.

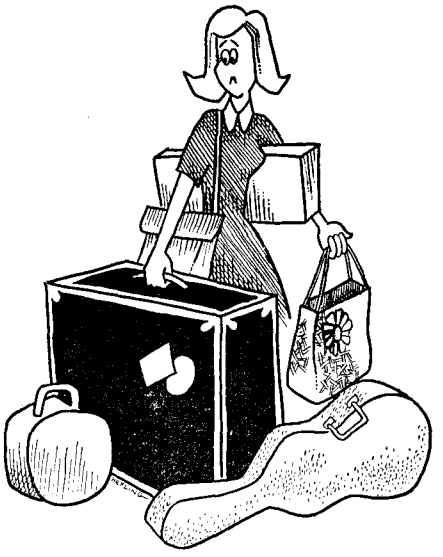
Three months in Europe is not tantamount to a year alone in the Amazon jungle—it is not necessary to prepare for every eventuality by toting your own custom-made drugstore. All possible, imaginable toiletries can be found anywhere in Europe. Buy according to your needs. Department stores such as Selfridge's in London, Galeries Lafayette in Paris, or UPIM in most Italian cities offer immense variety and great bargains, in all toilet articles.

Extremes in packing usually lead to extremes in appearance (you are what you pack), and this is another reason for traveling featherweight. Excesses in make-up, dress, or manner will only serve to alienate you from the natives, thereby causing great discomfort on everyone's part—especially yours.

Meeting men has never, to our knowledge, presented a problem for any American girl in any European country (the problem is usually how not to meet them). Unless you are looking for an elderly count or a playboy prince, you can rely on the student hang-outs.

When accepting meals, cigarettes, drinks, museum tours, or nightclub dates from men in a particular city, it is a good idea to subtly acquaint yourself with the peculiarities of local custom—they may really be peculiar. For example, in Rome a girl we know bought a pack of cigarettes as a gift for a chain smoker who had bought her dinner on three successive evenings. He promptly threw the cigarettes into a gutter, delivered a tirade on the stupidity of American girls, and sulked for two hours. He was mortally offended by our friend's gesture because he did not want to be "paid back" for his generosity. Verbal gratitude is usually better than material thanks—and often no thanks at all is expected.

Traveling with one or two female companions, unless you have super-rapport, can be disastrous—or, at least, boring. Traveling absolutely alone gives you the freedom to do what you want to do, when you want to do it, without discussion or dissent with anyone. On the other hand, you will have nobody with whom to share the hotel bills, the food, your enthusiasms, your depressions, and escape from the sticky situations that will arise. Also, you will lack the sense of security that safety in numbers brings. Many girls have claimed that the only possible solution to the problem of protection, companionship, and need of assistance is to travel with a boy.



Beware the extremes in packing.

It is impossible to tag a country as indisputably "safe" or "unsafe." There are countries, however, in which hitchhiking is not a locally approved practice for young ladies (Spain and Italy, most notably). Again, we recommend mixed company since men can get away with anything anywhere. *In any case, never hitchhike alone.*

In general, the situation for female hitchhikers is as follows: never—in Morocco and Turkey; with extreme caution—in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Germany; with caution—in France, England, and Scandinavia. Israel is the only country where feminine hitchhiking is always accepted and, in fact, expected. But use discretion even here.

If you are going to hitchhike, never fall prey to the impulse to sleep outdoors. Men, of course, can sleep on parkbenches, or on beaches, if they cannot find a room. But girls sleeping in public are obviously pretty fair game.

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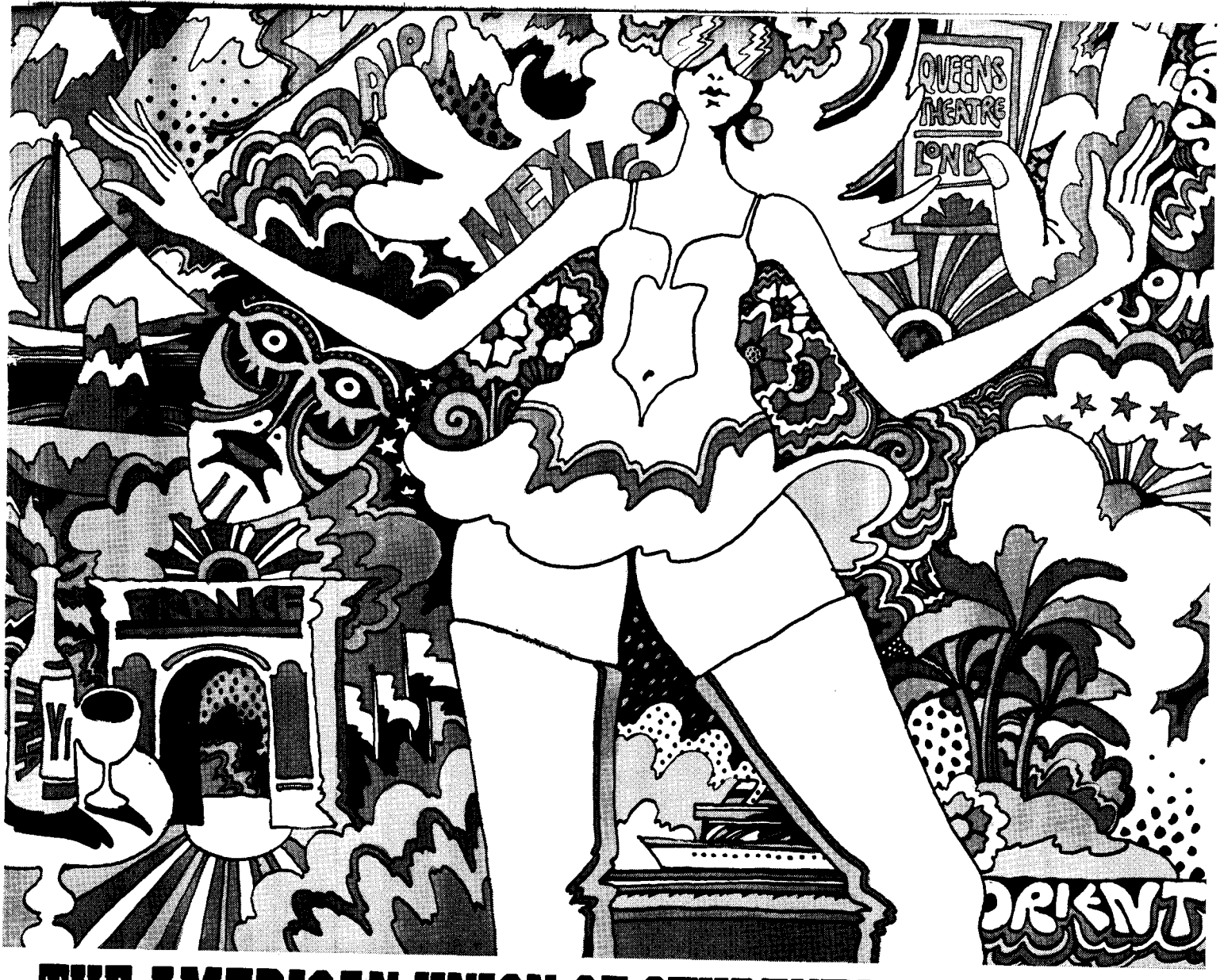

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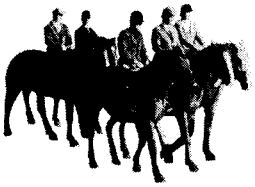

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The main problem with most London night spots is that due to the peculiarities of English law, you are supposed to be a member's guest before you are allowed on the premises. However, almost all the clubs offer at least temporary "overseas memberships" (often by having one of a group pay membership fees and letting his guests enter at a nominal charge of about 3s.), and many have special rates for non-members. Another idiosyncrasy of English law makes it impossible to get a drink after 11 (10 on Sunday) except in a club or hotel, where theoretically you should be able to get a drink anytime day or night. Fleet Street has several bars open in the early morning hours, but you must be able to convince the bartender that you have been working in one of the markets. We therefore don't recommend turning up at one of these pubs in black tie.

The minimum entrance age at most of the clubs and casinos is eighteen (though many casinos won't allow you to become a member until you're twenty-one, even though the gambling age is eighteen).

THE STAIRCASE, 157 Wardour Street, W.1 (734-1034), is a new discothèque with an intricate winding staircase adjoining the dance floor. The décor is in the style and spirit of a kind of mod ice cream parlor, and some of the very best bands play here. It is usually packed until 1 a.m. during the week, and even later on weekends. Membership is 7s.6d., and admittance fees vary. Open 8 p.m.–4 a.m.

LE BATLACAN-CLUB FRANCAIS, 6A Princes Street, W.1 (GRO 8729), is a more intimate disco, but does not have live bands. Average age is about twenty-two. Membership is £1. Girl members are allowed in free during the week (5s. on weekends), while boy members pay 5s. during the week and 7s.6d. on weekends. However, if you only plan to go once, it is cheaper as a non-member. This is a good place to meet French girls.

REVOLUTION, 14-16 Bruton Place, W.1 (MAY 6354), is probably the most outstanding discothèque in London. It has the best bands (Paul McCartney and Jimi Hendrix often make unexpected guest appearances), and is decorated in

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psychedelic luxury. The minimum age, however, is twenty-one, and passports are supposed to be presented by overseas visitors. Membership is £5 and admittance £1, but despite these high prices it is altogether worth it. Hard alcohol costs around 4s., and there is a snack bar. Open 8 p.m.–4 a.m., and absolutely packed on weekends.

RONNIE SCOTT'S CLUB, 47 Frith Street, W.1 (GER 4752) is the best spot for jazz in London. This club is licensed to sell drinks, and membership is free if you present your student card. From 12s.6d. to £1 admittance during the week, and 25s. to 30s. on weekends. Not particularly recommended for the dateless. (Tube–Tottenham Court Road)

LE KILT CLUB, 60 Greek Street, W.1 (GER 5566), is a cozy, continental, and literally underground club that limits British membership. The choice of music is superb (but no live bands), and it is an excellent place to meet single girls. Average age is nineteen. A new addition last winter was a snack bar, offering a good steak dinner with extras for about 10s., plus free wine and soup. Hard alcohol costs 3s.6d. Membership is 10s. for girls and £1 for boys. The admittance fee for members varies from nothing (for girls before 9 p.m. on weekdays) to 10s. (for boys on Saturday). (Tube–Tottenham Court Road)

SAMANTHA'S PSYCHEDELIC, 3 New Burlington Street, W.1 (734-5425), is a lively discothèque that features soul music bands and caters to a predominantly continental and overseas crowd. The atmosphere is set by startling pop art decorations, a cinematic light show in the entranceway, a record player inside a Jaguar 2+2, and swings instead of bar stools. Membership is £1 for overseas visitors, and 10s. for entrance each time thereafter (though girls with membership may enter free before 9 p.m. except on weekends). Hard liquor costs 3s., and a cold buffet is served for 3s.6d. to 10s. Open 8 p.m.–3 a.m. during the week, and until 4 a.m. on weekends.

MARQUEE CLUB, 90 Wardour Street, W.1 (GER 8923–Be sure to call to find out who is playing), is patronized mainly by teeny-boppers and is very crowded. This disco features some of the best bands (Rolling Stones were discovered here), and so can be well worth a visit. Membership is 5s. yearly and entrance fees vary from 5s. to 10s. for members and 6s. to 12s.6d. for non-members. No alcohol is served.

THE TROUBADOUR, 265 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5 (370-1434), is Britain's oldest established folkclub and coffee

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London's gaming clubs offer roulette, blackjack, dice, poker, chemin-de-fer, backgammon, baccarat, and other diversions. For small stakes (2s. and up) we recommend CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO, 12 Archer Street, W.1, open twenty-four hours, and featuring very good rules on roulette and particularly blackjack. For those with more to lose (or win), CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, and VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150-162 Edgeware Road, W.2, open 5 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. respectively (both close around 4 a.m.) are excellent, but have £1 minimums in blackjack and about 5s. in roulette. Both have fine restaurants, with dinner under £2. The "Gaming Club" section of *What's On in London*, available at any newsstand, will provide a more comprehensive list. We suggest you avoid LYON'S CORNER HOUSE, mainly because the management gets very unfriendly if you start to win. For those who are at all serious about having some small chance of winning, a book entitled *Beat the Dealer* by Edward O. Thorp (published by Vintage Books in paperback) provides a winning and effective system for blackjack, and will at least even up the odds with the house if you practice for a few hours. However, don't count on paying for your trip with the Thorp system, because many of the casinos are aware of it and take countermeasures.

Young people flock to outdoor forums too. SPEAKER'S CORNER is packed on Sundays and often crowded on weekday evenings. People from all over the world congregate here, and meeting the opposite sex is usually very easy, since the speaker's opinions offer a ready, if preposterous, topic of conversation. (Tube—Marble Arch). PICCADILLY CIRCUS is the meeting place of continental hippies who haven't got anywhere in particular to go or anything to do, and it is simple to meet people on the steps around the statue of Eros most any afternoon or evening. TRAFALGAR SQUARE is a good place to meet English girls. Optimal time is 6-9 p.m. CARNABY STREET and OXFORD STREET are both very popular shopping areas, the former catering to a turned-on but largely continental crowd and the latter attracting a more well-to-do clientele. Early afternoon is ordinarily the busiest time.

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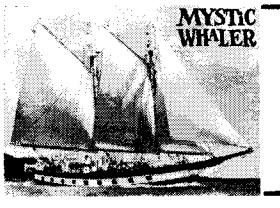

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Innocents Abroad

Continued from page 62

jects as English literature, comparative government and culture, art history, Spanish or Roman civilization, Bible history, and oriental civilization.

A typical six-week League program, whether language or liberal arts, calls for about thirty-two days of residence on the campus studying and ten days of touring. The programs vary considerably, however, and the comparative government and culture programs, which take in five European capitals in the six weeks, come close to resembling guided tours, despite the fact that the students are required to read a college survey text on European civilizations.

The basic difference between the academic programs offered by the Foreign Study League and the American Institute for Foreign Study appears to be that AIFS reports that it uses only teachers who are natives of the country in which the students are studying, while the League uses a combination of American and European teachers. In addition, both groups use American high school teachers as counselors for ten to fifteen students each, and both groups compensate their American counselors and faculty by paying their way to Europe if the teacher can recruit eight or more students for the program from their own high schools. Some of the nonprofit educational agencies feel that this practice provides for fewer controls over the procedures for selecting the students.

Another difference that some regard as important is the national composition of the teaching staff. Some groups, such as the League, feel that with high school students, it is important that some of the teachers be Americans to whom it is easier for the students to relate and communicate. On the other hand, a European teacher gives a note of authenticity to the study program by bringing the students daily into close contact with a group of Europeans.

AIFS, which has headquarters in Greenwich, Connecticut, and London, claims nonprofit status and is actually a membership organization to which students and teachers pay a $5 fee for joining and $1 annually in dues. Its fifteen language campuses also stress the country's civilization, and, like the League, the Institute offers fourteen other programs on English literature and history, art history, music, and other specialized studies.

The Institute appears to stress its academic program more heavily in its catalogue than the League, warning that "Only serious minded students should apply since the program is not intended for those primarily interested in sightseeing." From the brochures, it appears

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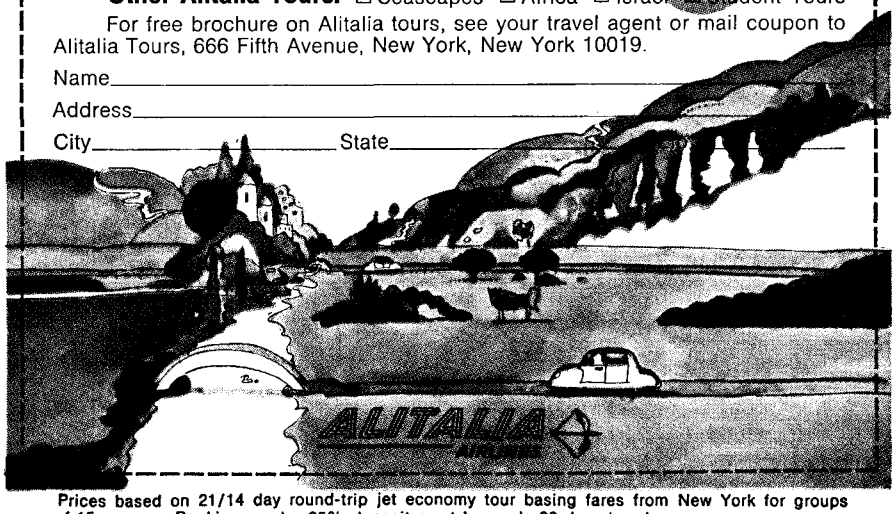

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that students in the AIFS program actually do less traveling than those in the League, and that there is a greater attempt to involve the students in the culture of their host country, while the League attempts to create more of an idea of a transplanted American high school in Europe.

A related point, noted by several observers of both programs, is that the students on the League's campuses appear, in many cases, to be drawn from small, Midwestern towns, and that the program is geared toward this type of student, while the AIFS typical student is more likely to be from an upper-middle-class family living in the Northeast, a fact that is reflected not only in its program but also its catalogue. However, these observers qualify these generalizations by noting that in practice, the programs and students are identical and that some campuses of each organization are indistinguishable from the generalizations that apply to the other program.

Despite their subtle differences, both programs strongly emphasize the value of exposure and by implication give the same advice as did Lord Chesterfield:

> I received by the last mail your letter of the 23rd from Heidelberg and am very well pleased to find that you inform yourself of the particulars of the several places you go through. You do mighty right to see the curiosities in those several places. Other travelers see and talk of them, it is very proper to see them too; but, remember, that seeing is the least material object of travelling; hearing and knowing are the essential points. It is likewise necessary to get as much acquaintance as you can, in order to observe the characters and manners of the people! For though human nature is in truth the same through the whole human species, yet it is so differently modified and varied, by education, habit and different customs, that one should, upon a slight and superficial observation, almost think it different . . . most of the English, who travel, converse only with each other, and consequently know no more when they return to England than when they left it. . . .

Finally, to make the best of those inevitable occasions when the intricate logistics of moving thousands of students around Europe runs slightly amiss, the League, the AIFS, and other groups might note another letter from father to son:

> Your distress in your journey from Heidelberg to Schaffhausen, your lying upon straw, your black bread and your broken [carriage], are proper seasonings for the greater fatigues and distresses, which you must expect in the course of your travels; and if one had a mind to moralise, one might call them samples of the accidents, rubs, and difficulties, which every man meets with in his journey through life.

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Continental Campus

Continued from page 56

don't have regular summer sessions, and what instruction was available was confined to language programs." De Terra says the rise in study programs parallels the general rise in travel. "Everyone knows that twenty years ago it was a formidable adventure to travel to Europe by yourself for any purpose."

Now that Western Europe has become The Establishment of summer study, the rest of the world is opening up to summer scholars, too. Two areas rapidly gaining favor among students are Japan and Eastern Europe. Little Florida Presbyterian College and the mammoth City University of New York are sponsoring courses in Japan this summer. CUNY students will grapple with the humanities and social studies at Sophia University in Tokyo, while the Sunshine State class absorbs Japanese culture in Kmoto.

American interest in Eastern Europe has been heightened by last summer's Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, and more opportunities for study are opening in that area—study that Becker says will be "fairly substantive." Indiana University, for example, will hold a Polish language workshop this summer, five weeks of study on the home campus in Bloomington and five weeks in Poland.

"There's an increased interest on the part of American universities in providing study opportunities in Eastern Europe," says Becker. "Previously we have concentrated on the Soviet Union." While study programs are on the upswing in the U.S.S.R., too, most of them

—*AIFS (Kolowrat).*

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are packaged by Intourist, the Soviet tourist agency, and marketed by travel agents abroad. The Council on International Exchange has the one program that operates directly with a Russian university. In co-sponsorship with half a dozen American universities (Colorado, CUNY, Dartmouth, Georgetown, Kansas, and Michigan State), the Council offers an intensive Russian language course at Leningrad State University.

Virtually no area of the world escapes the sophomore who is bent on study abroad. NSTA has an educational travel tour of India. Portland State College offers a summer institute in Arabic studies in Cairo, while the State University of New York advertises a program which may be the philosophical opposite: study of political, social, economic, cultural, and religious developments in Israel.

The one blank spot on the map is Latin America (with the exception of Mexico), where foreign study programs are rare. "We are so Europe-oriented when we have a choice," says Becker, "but American universities are encouraging the development of programs in Latin America." Adds de Terra: "Student travel to Latin America now is almost nonexistent. The region is still not set up to offer facilities to the budget-class American traveler."

But Mexico—industrious, inexpensive, and *accessible* Mexico—almost fills the vacuum itself with a profusion of summer programs designed to lure the budget-conscious student traveler. Mexico, as the guidebooks say, is a land of contrasts.

In the bustling capital, students at the Mexican-Northamerican Cultural Institute sit in small classes around a three-story courtyard and learn Spanish from native instructors. But when the bell rings and the glass doors open, hundreds of students converge on a spiral staircase and the animated din in Spanish and English falls just short of waking the Aztec gods.

Half a day's drive from Mexico City, nestled in the mountains, is San Miguel de Allende. Its early morning sounds are church bells and birds. Up the road (one of those narrow winding roads) from the *zocalo* is the Instituto Allende where another characteristic San Miguel sound is heard: the tap-tap-tap of a chisel as the American student-sculptor searches for the form in a block of wood. The Instituto, one of Mexico's better known art schools, has long been a favorite with Americans. This summer it will offer courses in painting, sculpture, photography, drama, writing, and other arts.

American universities and colleges have numerous study programs in Mexico, most along the language and culture lines. But the State University of New York will set its students digging in the fields on an "Archaeology in Mexico" program.

Some students won't find what they are looking for in any of these programs. For them, the answer may be one of the many work and service programs open to students every summer. One such alternative is Operation Crossroads Africa. This June, 325 Americans between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six will head for twenty-five African countries south of the Sahara where they will work side by side with Africans in community development projects.

"Our program has been the one program that has brought American and African students into some direct contact and relationship with each other," says Haskell Ward, the pipe-smoking director of recruitment.

Operation Crossroads, one of the few programs that actively recruits black students, began eleven years ago by sending fifty-six workers abroad. "Our intentions were to establish a long-term interest in Africa on the part of the U.S. college student and to contribute to African development. The contribution is harder to measure, but 35 per cent of our participants have returned to Africa in various professional capacities," says Ward, a Peace Corps and Crossroads alumnus.

The opportunities open to the student who wants more than a summer of sightseeing are almost endless. Whatever his interests, chances are a study or service project exists that can match them. And if it's the summer weather itself he wants to escape, NSTA has a work exchange program in Australia and New Zealand, where it's January in June.

—*Tiers (Monkmeyer).*

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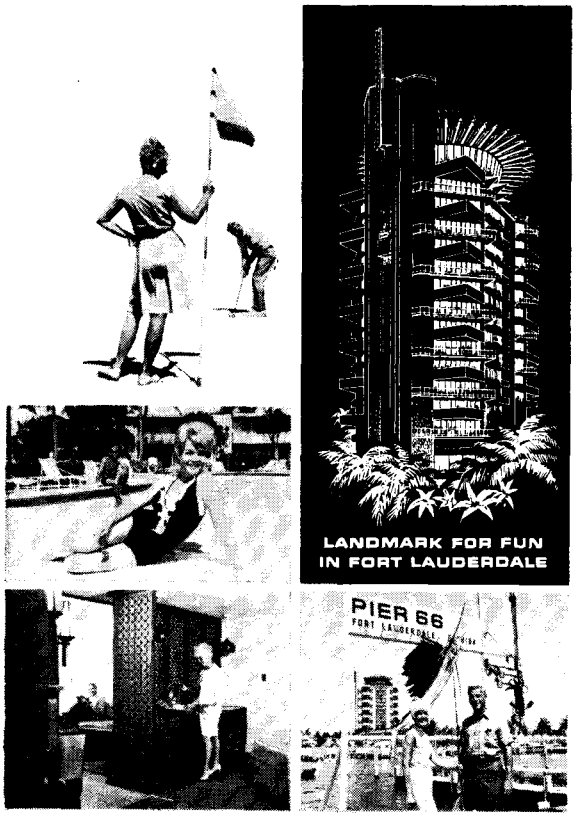

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The Men Who Govern the Academy

SERIOUS question has been raised in recent months about the men who govern the nation's colleges and universities. Most trustees are intelligent, hard-working, and dedicated to the welfare of their respective institutions. But, in an age when new demands are being made upon the academy and controversy rocks the nation's campuses, do these men, in fact, possess the kind of knowledge and understanding required by the directors of American higher education today?

The issue is being raised not only by the adherents of the New Left and by disaffected students. Late last May, as Columbia's madness was drawing to a close, William S. Paley, CBS board chairman and long-time Columbia trustee, voiced his own doubts in the Commencement address at his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania. "I do question," Mr. Paley said, "the soundness today of the old theory of trustees as a small, self-perpetuating group of interested laymen, many chosen for life, into whose custody the full character and conduct of the university are reposed. Some modification of its role seems to me essential. . . ." Similar reservations have been stated about trustees who are elected or appointed for long terms.

Fresh light was thrown on the issue last month with the publication by the Educational Testing Service (Princeton, New Jersey 08540) of a new study, *College and University Trustees: Their Backgrounds, Roles, and Educational Attitudes.* Reporting on more than 5,000 trustees at more than 500 institutions of higher learning, the study provides the first clear profile of the college trustee—and how that profile varies by geographic region as well as by type of institution.

Typically, college and university trustees are male, white, in their fifties or sixties, well educated, successful in business or the professions (more than half have annual incomes in excess of $30,000), and nearly 60 per cent are Republicans.

More important, in the light of the contemporary scene, are trustee attitudes toward academic freedom and the decision-making process. The great majority "favor the right to free expression by faculty in various channels of college communication," but give the impression that they "are somewhat reluctant to accept a wider notion of academic freedom." More than two-thirds, for instance, favor a screening process for all campus speakers. When it comes to making decisions, "trustees favor a hierarchical system in which decisions are made at the top and passed 'down.'" For example, nearly two-thirds feel that the faculty should not have a major voice in the appointment of an academic dean.

College and university faculties, typically, differ substantially from trustees in their attitudes about matters academic, and their differences seem certain to generate increasing tension in the future. The academy can ill-afford to lose the strength and stability that traditional boards of trustees have brought to it in the past. But in an era of rapid educational change, it seems clear that these qualities need to be supplemented by wider representation from the academic community itself. —J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

The Media Interpret

I CAN'T LET Lewis S. Feuer's conclusions in his otherwise very interesting article, "Conflict of Generations" [*SR*, Jan. 18], go unchallenged. He says: "A student movement will usually tend to choose the [route] which involves a higher measure of violence or humiliation directed against the older generation." Although Mr. Feuer may have done his historical homework well, he hasn't been paying attention to what's going on today.

That violence has escalated is undeniable. It is not, however, the students who have escalated it. Among the many ways in which the students' rebellion today differs from those in the past is the role played by the mass media. The TV camera makes us believe that we are getting first-hand news, that we are actually there, involved, and know what is happening. We forget that what we see has been chosen for us—first by editors, who decide which stories to cover, and finally by the cameraman himself, who decides what to shoot. The process is so insidious that even the participants go home and turn on the set to see "what happened."

One of the consequences of this development is that the student rebellion has been characterized as violent by people who *feel* they have been there and experienced it. I would suggest that this holds more of a threat for the future of civilization than the fact that the students "resist the psychological analysis of their emotional mainspring."

DAVID C. DAVIS,
San Diego, Calif.

Affective Education

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for the timeliness of your articles in the January 18 issue, and for their favorable and sensitive treatment of curriculum innovation based on human values. Terry Borton's article, "Reach, Touch, and Teach," in particular, was more than adequate as it related the philosophies of Holt and Kohl to classroom experiences and recent movements in affective measurement.

Yet even Borton is out of date. He implies that the Educational Development Center in Newton [Massachusetts] is still on the trail of teacher-proof curriculum while, although not all of EDC may be aware of it, the movement has done an about-face. Similarly, he implies that sensitivity training and academic achievement are mutually exclusive, while they have been and are being merged in several instances. I refer to my own experience teaching at Dillard University, where T-groups come and go.

Most of all, your reporting misses the experiments in higher education. This is reasonable only because some of the wilder experiments are in unknown colleges, and currently in unknown Negro colleges in the South—Talladega College, Florida A & M University, and Bishop College in Dallas.

JOSEPH C. BECKMANN,
Dillard University,
New Orleans, La.

MR. BORTON'S insightful account of new directions in affective education deserves the plaudits of every thinking American. We have too long ignored the person in favor of the less ego-threatening process of assimilating "important" objective data. If a child is to communicate as an individual, if he is to learn effectively, then a methodology for promoting his ability to recognize implicit attitudes and how he adjusts to a dynamically changing environment must be first on any administrator's "How to improve what we're doing in my district" hand list. The fact-oriented educational experiences of most students has led to disinterest in the total process and, I venture to say, contributed largely to social unrest.

Borton has implicated the adult society, and we stand accused. Now, let's face our feelings as well as those of our students. Guiding education in the directions suggested in Borton's article is a matter of direct concern for those of us who still claim the importance of unhesitating self-knowledge.

ANDREW K. YODER, JR.,
Drexel Institute of Technology,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Not A Dictatorship

AS A PROFESSOR well over thirty in a college of business administration, I share Paul Woodring's view in "The Struggle for Black Identity"[A VIEW FROM THE CAMPUS, *SR*, Jan. 18] that no special-interest group should dictate curricula, faculty, or admissions standards.

It seems to me, however, that student participation—not student dictation, which Mr. Woodring seems to suggest is the only alternative to the present inadequate methods—would tend to correct the present imbalance.

Decisions in all these areas are now made in our universities through political processes; students have a right to participate in these processes; and all of us will be the better for their participation.

EDGAR CRANE,
University of Houston,
Houston, Tex.

IN ALL THE FUROR of demands, demonstrations, sit-ins, and similar manifestations by black students on college campuses, one vital question has yet to be asked: What will be the content of the "black studies" programs that are a central part of the students' demands?

Are black studies to be just another academic dead end, a substitute, pseudo-education for the educationally disadvantaged? Will Swahili really prove a viable alternative for the ghetto-raised student who can't pass English 1A? Will such departments provide a haven for Negro educators who cannot compete in regular academic disciplines and, if they do, what will be the intellectual level of such departments? If both faculty and students are to be exempt from academic qualification, what will be the function of such a department, aside from the metaphysical propagation of "soul"?

If black studies intends the serious academic study of the culture, arts, society of black people, that is one thing; if not, the most promising generation of Negroes since Reconstruction will have been defrauded of an education. It seems the advocates of black separatism are leading their flocks to the sheep pen with the gleeful connivance of the white racists, who could never have enforced segregation half so easily otherwise.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS,
Blythe, Calif.

Self-Serving Mouthings

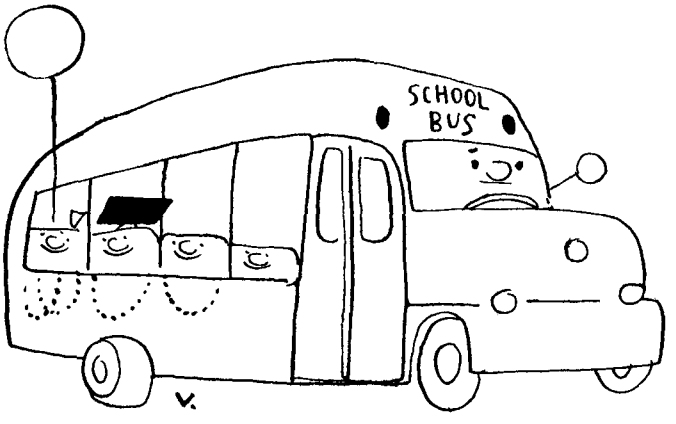
WEEK AFTER WEEK, directly and indirectly through your selected contributors, you castigate the educational systems of the United States, especially the public schools, and most especially those of New York City. As one who happens to know the schools of New York City very well, I frequently burn with indignation at the distortions and untruths that you purvey, and at the half-truths that insinuate larger falsehoods.

Recently, the whole world has seen an unequaled demonstration of character, courage, intelligence, know-how, and gallantry as personified in our three astronauts who circled the moon. These men were products of this country's educational system.

Why don't you try to examine the education, as well as home backgrounds, that produced such men? You might also examine the education that produced the army of technicians and scientists that were required to back up our astronauts.

A bit of objective investigation on the part of *SR*'s writers would be a wholesome antidote for the doctrinaire and self-serving mouthings of your Rogers, Goodmans, Friedenbergs, Kozols, et al.

MRS. MILLICENT SCHUKER,
Forest Hills, N.Y.



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—David Fenton

The young man above is trying to explain to police officers at a student demonstration why he should not be arrested—"The revolt itself testifies that students have been learning more than the schools have taught."

REVOLT IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE

By DIANE DIVOKY

THE words of the school board were unimpeachable: "It is the aim of our high school to encourage students to freely express themselves, in writing or otherwise, as part of their educational program."

What they meant, in fact, was that the school board in suburban Long Beach, New York, would not allow students to distribute on school premises their fledgling independent newspaper, *Frox*. The thirteen staff members, supported by their parents, had made a formal written request to the school's principal. Their concessions were clear: "no obscenity," a promise "to publish views in opposition to our own," and a willingness "to accept a faculty adviser who is not a censor."

Backed by a new school board resolution that managed to come out squarely for both freedom of expression and full school control, the principal responded rapidly: "I feel compelled to refuse you the right to distribute *Frox* as you request and must advise you that any violation will lead to disciplinary procedures."

Bewildered by their inability to help the teen-agers come to a "reasonable, democratic compromise" with the traditionally liberal school administration, the parents have turned to lawyers. At the same time, the students find themselves in a drastically changed role. Youngsters who get good grades and lead school activities, they are suddenly rebels confronting the adults who control their education. They have become members of a growing minority of high school students who are coming into focus as "the new problem" in the nation's schoolhouse.

YET the mood that is nurturing a network of nearly 500 "underground" high school papers, a national student-run press service to feed them, and the proliferation of independent high school unions and chapters of Students for a Democratic Society is being set by a kind of student the school finds difficult to label. This "new problem student" is most often not a classroom failure; frequently, he is black and from a poor family but not "disadvantaged." Sometimes, when his behavior approaches its most disruptive, he resembles a juvenile delinquent, and sometimes, too, he is

Diane Divoky is a free-lance writer who reports frequently on education.

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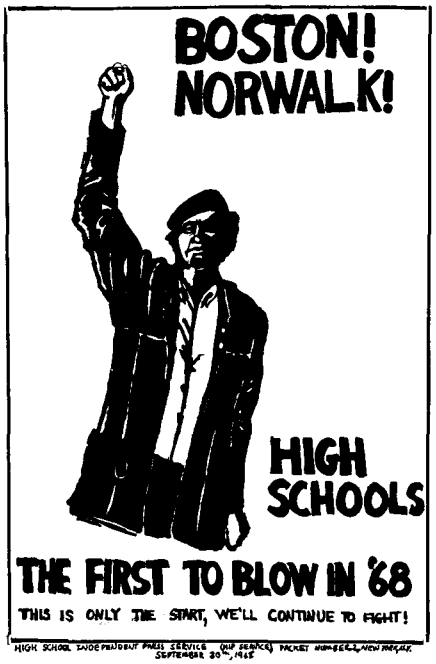
simply a follower, pressured by the values and styles of the dominant peer group into acting without thinking.

These students, six-year-olds when John F. Kennedy became President, were the youngest witnesses to the high hopes for a more open society that came in the early Sixties—with its battles for civil rights and against poverty. In their short span of history, they have seen on television the assassinations and funerals of three national leaders who embodied these hopes. The war in Vietnam, beginning for them as nothing much more than another TV shoot-'em-up, has become a frightening reality as they approach draft age. Still vitally young themselves, they have watched the nation's shift from a youthful sense of unlimited expectations to the middle-aged habit of assessing and conserving old strengths and former gains.

FED by the mass media, urged by parents and teachers to inquire, the students are sensitive to the larger world—and their limited role in it—as no generation before. For them, the student council that fulfills itself by planning dances, academic work that leads only to high College Board scores, and school newspapers that highlight class elections and football games are not only artificial, but inappropriate.

The underground press is, at first, an escape from the carefully delineated boundaries of school activity and opinion. Not surprisingly, therefore, the newest papers tend to be the most ambitious in scope, boldly taking on the great issues in the national arena. The first mimeographed issue of *Alternative* in Eugene, Oregon, was almost completely devoted to opposition to the Vietnam war. The *Strobe*, an amateurish sheet published in "Baltimore's liberated zone," attacks war, poverty, George Wallace, and the "pigs of Chicago." The Appleton (Wisconsin) *Post-Mortem*, edited by Fox Valley High School students "to challenge the myths and realities of their town and society," gets a bit closer to home by focusing on local police tactics.



Cover for an issue of HIP Service—"The underground press is, at first, an escape from the carefully delineated boundaries of school activity and opinion."

In their open horror and bewilderment over the happenings in the society, the articles in these papers tend to emotional or moralistic generalizations, very serious but simple truths. They convey the teenagers' sense of the outrages happening out there in the world, but also their inability—and lack of equipment—to come to grips with problems that are so vast, so complex, so distant from their own lives.

Society seems unable to let the young stay naïve. The underground newspaper, dismissed as a potential educational tool by school administrators in spite of the student initiative and social concern it displays, teaches in another way. As they seek to express their opinions, the students discover that unlike their parents, their college counterparts, the man on the radio or the street corner, they have no right to express an opinion at all.

Last year, John Freeburg, a senior at rural South Kitsap High School outside of Seattle, Washington, began to edit and publish a mimeographed newspaper for students that reflected his own opposition to the Vietnam war, as well as to the adult Establishment's reaction to long hair. John himself was clean-cut in every sense of the word. The son of a commercial airlines pilot, a boy who spent summers working with diabetic children, he was a principal's dream: a consistent high honor student, one of three chosen by the faculty as "outstanding students," a student council representative, and ironically, regional winner of the Veterans' of Foreign Wars "What Democracy Means to Me" contest. Even in getting out his paper, he operated true to form, submitting articles to the school administration for approval before each issue.

In spite of this, three months before graduation John was suspended, and his parents' efforts to have him reinstated by the school board proved fruitless. The state Civil Liberties Union stepped in and obtained a court order for his reinstatement. An ACLU suit on his behalf for damages brought against the school district is still pending in the U. S. District Court. It claims that John's civil rights were violated; the district's counterclaim uses the traditionally unassailable argument that his activities were disruptive to school operation.

But even if his case should succeed—

(*Continued on page* 89)

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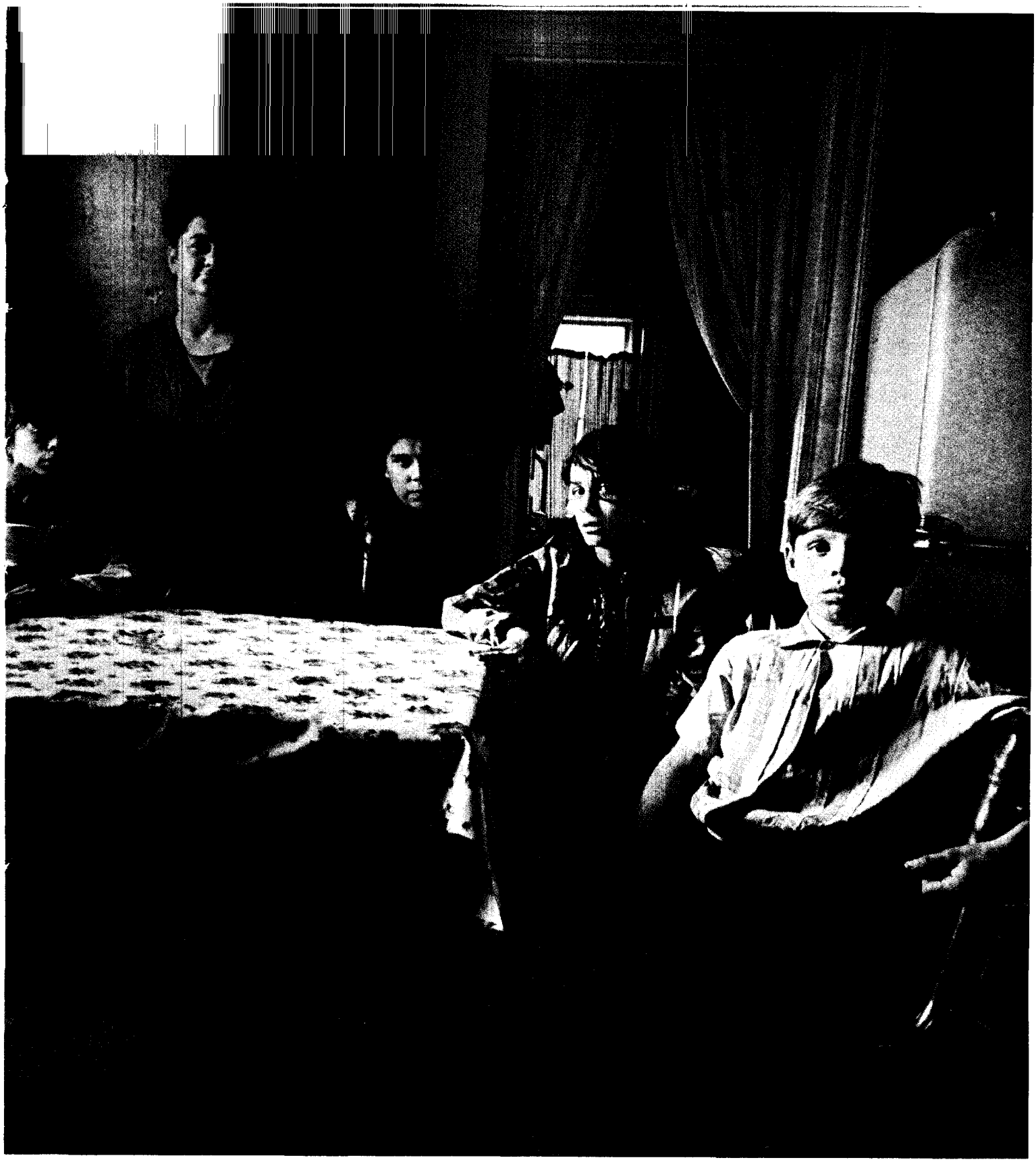

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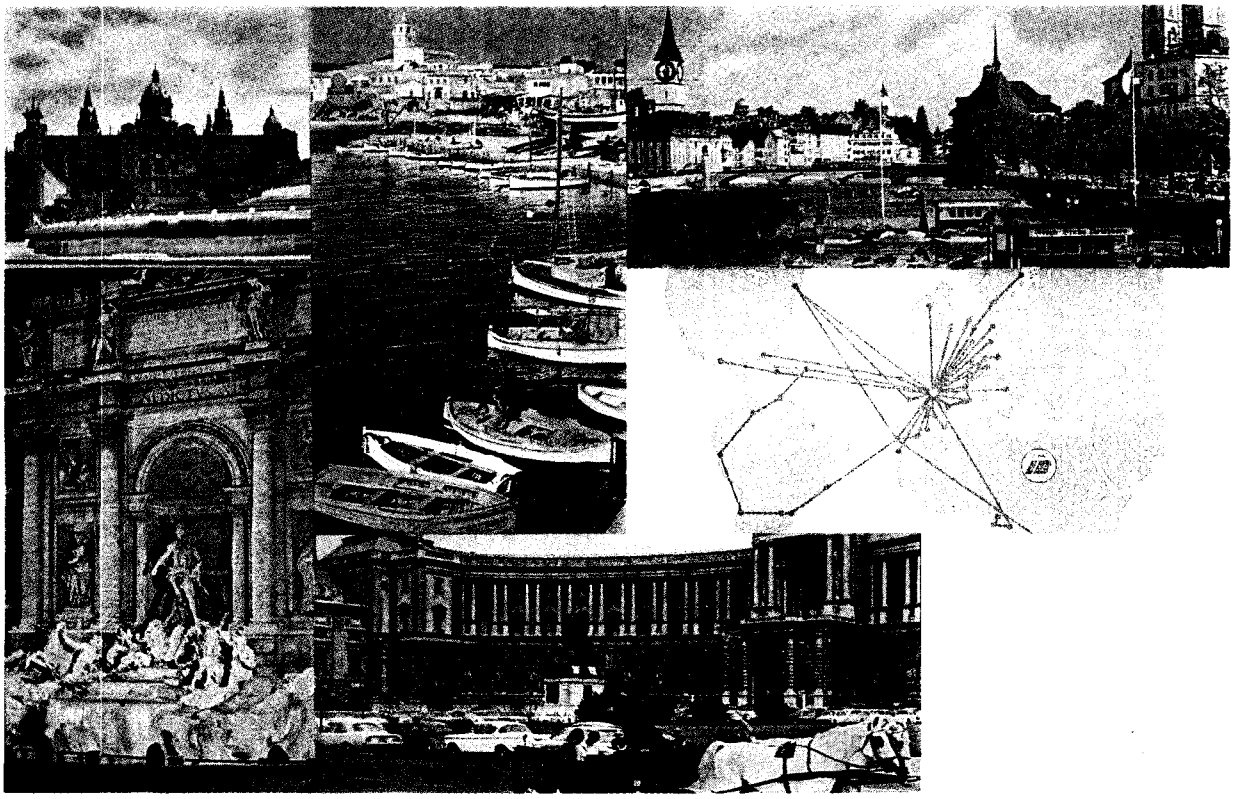

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setting a precedent for the rights of high school students—John Freeburg has gone from idealism to skepticism about the "system" that found his exercise of freedom of the press an embarrassment to be eliminated in the face of pressures from right wing groups in the small community. His school said he was old enough to praise democracy publicly, but not to speak about its seamier aspects. Rather than practicing the ideals of freedom and tolerance it preached, the school used its power to suppress ideas. Something was terribly wrong, John decided, not just across the world in Vietnam, but in the institution that was supposed to educate him.

The staff of *Frox* is undergoing the same experience. Their crudely printed paper has worked almost painfully to link the relevant national issues to their own suburban community, to bring the big labels—"racism, imperialism, poverty"—home to Long Beach. Then they found their careful arrangements for distribution were canceled out by the refusal of the principal and the ambiguous educational rhetoric of the school board. Their own school has shown that, as Ira Glasser, associate director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, has stated: "In the classroom we teach freedom, but the organization is totalitarian. The kids learn that when the values of freedom and order conflict, freedom recedes." With what they're learning, the Long Beach students won't have to rely on clichés about freedom and repression. They now have their own gut-level issue, with all its complexities and subtleties. Unwittingly, the school system has given injustice the relevance the students themselves could not.

Once students begin to see the school as a bankrupt, manipulative bureaucracy —and themselves as its most vulnerable victims—the stage is set for the real student movement. The underground paper takes on a double role: to contradict the system that says students have no uncensored voice, and to talk with the authority of the insider about the follies of the institution and the ways it might be undermined or openly confronted. In the second issue of Ann Arbor (Michigan) High School's *Us,* the students explained what they learned from the furor produced by their first issue:

> The suppression we encountered was frightening. The savage in Huxley's *Brave New World* comments on our situation, saying to the Controller, "You got rid of them. Yes, that's just like you. Getting rid of everything unpleasant instead of learning to put up with it. Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them. . . . But you don't do either. Neither suffer nor oppose. You just abolish the slings and arrows. It's too easy." We fear the brave new world, we fear . . . "lobotomized" education, especially in this tremendous school. The issue which was created with this publication was not one of censorship of the *Optimist.* The school paper is possibly the best in the nation. Outside of administrative demands on space and content, we do not question its excellence. The existence of anti-distribution laws for student literature is the major objection. This is a violation of our constitutional rights. If this journalistic endeavor is a failure, it can easily be forgotten. But, if you or they force us to stop, we are all failures. Then, this school, city, and country, and the principles they supposedly represent are lies.

The more seasoned underground papers operate confidently on the understanding that change in the schools is their first order of business, and that national issues—the cry for law and order, teacher militancy—do affect their lives as students. At first glance, these papers are fun. They call themselves *The Pearl before the swine, The Finger, Napalm, The Roach, The South Dakota Seditionist Monthly, Big Momma, The Philistine, The Bleeding Rose, Dormat Dwellers,* even *The New York Herald Tribune.* They are fresh, crazy, biased, irreverent in their view of the world, and often unexpectedly inventive in the way they present it. Albert Shanker, United Federation of Teachers president, becomes a great vulture, perched over the bodies of children. Samson Jones gets kicked out of Gaza Central High School for his long hair—and in a rage pulls the school down.

The more stylish ones are almost a

(*Continued on page* 101)

Black High School Militants

A SPECIAL dimension has been added to high school rebellion by the growing militancy of black students. Like their collegiate brothers, high school students increasingly are influenced by the national movement for racial equality. And far too often the familiar sequence of disruption, confrontation, and violence is played out with the inexorable quality of classical tragedy. But this is not always the case.

Early last spring some 200 black students boycotted the 2,200-student White Plains, New York, High School for a two-week period and forced the entire 8,800-pupil school system to suspend classes for one day. Major demands of the demonstrating students were for the incorporation of Negro history and literature in the curriculum and for all-student assemblies that would focus on Negro culture. But it seems clear that the demonstrations were really a plea for better understanding and greater acceptance by the entire high school community.

White Plains is an affluent community of 55,000, the seat of wealthy Westchester County, 23 miles north of Manhattan. Its school system spends approximately $1,500 per pupil and has long made extraordinary efforts to individualize instruction and provide equal opportunity for all students—including the approximately 18 per cent who are Negro and predominantly poor. It is significant—though not surprising—that neither these factors nor White Plains's successful effort to make sure that its schools remain thoroughly integrated protected it from disruptive student action.

When the demonstrations came, however, many factors contributed to the avoidance of violence in an incipiently explosive situation. Some of the more important were the willingness of the administration, under the leadership of Superintendent Carroll F. Johnson, to keep open lines of communication with the black students; leaders in both the white and black communities were informed and consulted at every step, but the school administration was allowed full freedom in negotiating with the students; and, finally, the police were alerted in case violence broke out among students, but were kept out of sight so that they would not, themselves, increase tensions.

The boycott and demonstrations at White Plains High School have been the subject of an intensive sociological investigation by a joint commission under the direction of Professor Dan W. Dodson of New York University's Center for Human Relations and Community Studies. Funded by the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights and the Danforth Foundation, the study sought to determine cause and effect relationships and to examine administrative and community reactions to student unrest. The first of six such studies sponsored by the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights, the revealing report is available for $1 from the White Plains School System. —J. C.

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ST. LOUIS: CITY WITH THE BLUES

By PATRICIA JANSEN DOYLE

ST. LOUIS is preoccupied with building monuments: the stunning Saarinen arch, the Busch Memorial stadium, the restored Court House. Civic pride has soared with the silvery arch, but this "Gateway to the West" on the Mississippi River casts its shadow over a city that is gray, both in appearance and in quality of human life. The downtown is dying, industry is sagging, and the verve needed to tackle the real problems of American cities – education, housing, jobs, and race—is stifled by a half-century of complacency. The city of St. Louis, its 62 square miles unaltered since 1876, long rebuffed consolidation pleas from the once sparsely settled 497-square-mile St. Louis County. It now finds the tables turned. People, industry, and money have fled to the county.

Economically, St. Louis has been on a downward roller coaster since Chicago captured the railroads at the turn of the century. Since 1950, the city's population has shrunk from 850,000 to 700,000 as 250,000 persons fled while their 100,000 replacements were mostly blacks out of the rural South and some anti-Negro hillbillies out of the Ozarks.

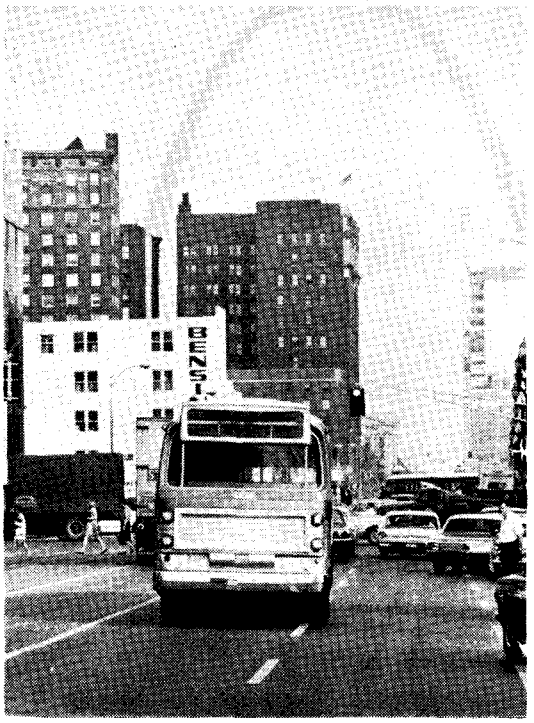
Today St. Louis has two Negroes for every five Caucasians. But the blacks are younger and their children go to public school, while the whites are often aged or German-Irish Catholics whose children enter parochial school. The implications for the public schools are tremendous. While the overall population dipped, school enrollments climbed. In the last twenty-five years, the public school enrollments have flipped from 78 per cent white to 63 per cent black. Last year, public schools enrolled 117,000 children, 62 per cent of them living in slum areas and 33,000 on Aid to Dependent Children.

The problems of the St. Louis schools are typical of the problems of big-city school systems everywhere—underfinancing, de facto segregation, mounting enrollments of the black and the poor, rising teacher militancy. These are reflected in the large class size, the high dropout rate, the lag in reading achievement, and the growing blackboard jungle ranging from resistance to learning in the classroom to vandalism, drinking, and knife-wielding in the school corridors. Two-thirds of the poverty area children are retarded a half-year or more in reading, language, and arithmetic, and there are more high school dropouts and suspendees every year than graduates.

BUT what distinguishes St. Louis from other cities is the response—or, more accurately, the sluggishness of response—that mirrors the community itself. Only in recent years have the city fathers tried to halt the economic and social decline. About fifty of the top financial and business leaders joined in an organization called Civic Progress, Inc., which thus far has been successful primarily in image-making. Dominated by the downtown interests, especially the bankers, it has leaned heavily on the federal dollar rather than risk capital. Uncle Sam provided three-fourths of the $43,000,000 spent beautifying the riverfront.

But Civic Progress has created more problems than it has solved. Urban renewal and highways have removed large amounts of property from the tax rolls, bulldozing away slum neighborhoods at the same time immigrants were arriving from the South. Construction of low-rent housing and schools lagged years behind. The homeless literally pushed middle-class whites out of the large, aging brick homes in the West End and into the suburbs, transforming Skinker Boulevard into a "Berlin Wall" between the city and county, the poor and the affluent, the black and the white.

Just as St. Louisans claim civic progress by erecting monuments rather than investing risk capital for business expansion, school leaders seek pie-in-the-sky solutions for financing and integration while avoiding innovations in the here and now. "We sit here realizing our city is dying but we do nothing about it," according to Board of Education president, James E. Hurt, Jr., a voice crying in the wilderness. "The school board has not come out strongly enough for the money it needs. It is still dictated to by the city fathers and the real estate board."



—*Wide World.*

"The verve needed to tackle the real problems of American cities—education, housing, jobs, and race—is stifled by a half-century of complacency."

So today the St. Louis school system remains rigid and antiquated, the product of a complacent community whose German conservatism still lingers, and of a few men who guide its direction—from compulsive board leader Daniel L. Schlafly, regarded as Civic Progress's man on the board, to Superintendent William Kottmeyer, who admits he is "not a man for all seasons."

A GUM-CHEWER who peers down at people over dark-rimmed glasses, fifty-five-year-old Schlafly has made the school board his occupation for the last fifteen years. He has sparked critical decisions: the multitrack high school program, the Proficiency and Review (P&R) tests which all students will soon have to pass to obtain a high school diploma, stiff disciplinary measures, and the general go-slow attitude toward integration. Although Schlafly is proud that he ran in 1959 with the first Negro elected to the school board, or any city-wide office in St. Louis, blacks have become hostile toward him because they feel the programs of the "the white knight in shining armor" have hit their youth hardest.

Collectively, the school board members are honest and dedicated, yet they seem out of tune with the gut problems of big-city schools. The three Negro

Patricia Jansen Doyle is a fellow in journalism at Stanford University and education editor of the Kansas City (Missouri) *Star*.

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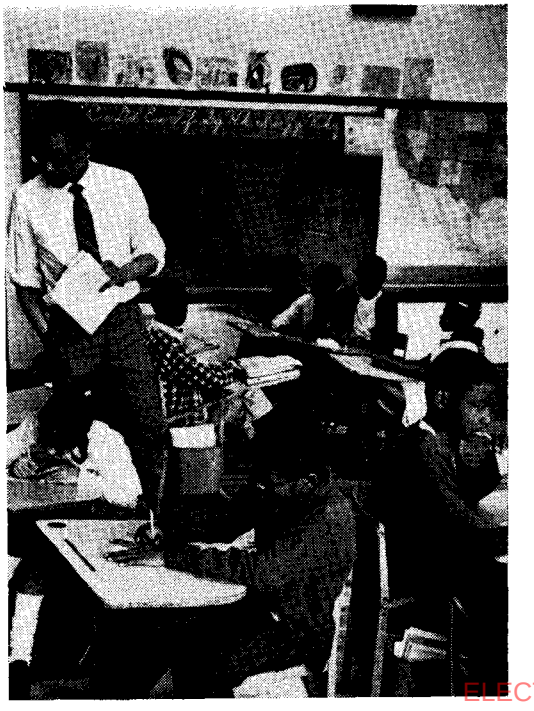
members—polished and middle-class—tend to vote the same way as white members. The occasional maverick is James Hurt, who works round the clock in the ghetto as head of a savings and loan company and is guiding the development of a black supermarket on urban renewal land. The son of a respected St. Louis physician, Hurt sees economic power as co-partner of black power. While not abandoning integration, he now soft-pedals the issue for, as one friend explained: "He found himself isolated from the (school board's) major decision-making conclaves."

The school board itself is highly touted as a blue-ribbon board in a community that tends to confuse absence of graft with quality of performance. A major clean-up campaign in the early Fifties ended the board's days of political patronage, and established Daniel Schlafly as chief reformer and board strong man. Today, board members are screened by a floating committee known as Citizens for Quality Schools. Schlafly dominates the choice of committee members, their choice of candidates, and substantially finances the election campaigns.

The St. Louis school system is a three-R system, rigid and test-happy, which clings to the neighborhood school principle. Until 1967, the system's six district superintendents administered only the kindergarten through eighth grade; now they have responsibility for the high schools as well. The district superintendents, however, must still look to the central administration for key decisions affecting curriculum, textbook selections, and the hiring of teachers.

School in the Banneker district—"Classes are noisy and casual, and the teachers appear dedicated to their work."

—George Harris



When freshmen enter one of the ten four-year high schools, they are sorted into above average, average, and below average ability tracks. Bright pupils scoring above 125 on the Stanford-Binet are siphoned into a gifted track at about age ten. Telescoping grades five through eight into three years, they move into ninth-grade classes in the eighth grade and into college-level work in their senior year. The school district "discourages" entries after the seventh grade, thus slamming the door to the late bloomer, the one-subject genius, and the talented newcomer from another city.

SLOW learners also go into their own track and typically leave high school after two years—until recently without any job training. By 1970, every high school student will have to pass the Proficiency and Review tests in reading, language, spelling, and arithmetic to obtain a high school diploma. The tests reflect a Chamber of Commerce survey that found industrial employers up in arms over job applications filled out by high school graduates. "It was a cruel hoax to hand a high school diploma to boys and girls and turn them loose on the job market when they are spelling at the fifth-grade level," explained Boardman Schlafly, who converted the board to the P&R approach.

Changes not pushed by the business community have come less rapidly. Sex education worked its way into the curriculum just two years ago, in ninth-grade general science and tenth-grade biology. The system is just beginning to buy reference works and study materials on Negroes. It was slow to convert to modern biology and is just beginning to shift to modern physics. "We have not yielded to pressure groups that want us to institute a crash program . . . ," explained Curriculum Director Dr. Earl Herminghaus. "Change is extremely expensive."

In an earlier generation, St. Louis pioneered kindergartens, ungraded primaries, and departmentalized instruction, but today principals and teachers look incredulous when a visitor inquires if they are considering team teaching, differentiated duties and salaries for faculty, independent study, flexible scheduling, and computer-assisted instruction for pupils (all found in various pilot stages no farther away than Kansas City). "We don't go in for fads" is the stock answer.

The board's overall sluggishness is illustrated in its approach to two major issues of the day—integration and inner-city education. St. Louis swiftly desegregated its schools after the 1954 Supreme Court decision. But it also began busing children in self-contained units from the overcrowded, resegregating West End. At the receiving schools, the transported children arrived late, left early, and were kept segregated not only in the classrooms, but on the playgrounds and in the cafeterias.

Not until 1963, however, when civil rights militancy swept the country, did the school board come under fire. The West End Community Conference of middle-class whites and blacks, wanting to stabilize the community, not only questioned the segregated busing, but also charged that the school board was permitting white students to transfer out of schools while refusing Negroes the same privilege.

After a public hearing, then-Deputy Superintendent Kottmeyer, acting for ailing Superintendent Philip Hickey, drew up the administration's response to 136 charges, tending to belittle the central issues by surrounding them with trivial charges. The school board said "no" to everything except the NAACP's request for a citizens' commission. In a strong report in late June 1963, the commission called upon the administration to make every effort to integrate faculty and classes "in every public school" in the city. "Unrealistic," muttered some key administrators, while open opposition sprang from Patrons Alliance, a conservative rival of the PTA.

Ultimately, the school board approved the commission's open enrollment plan but rejected forced transfer of any faculty or the redrawing of any elementary school boundary lines. It announced it would end self-contained classes for the transported children, but delayed action more than a year to allow time to rent twenty-six classrooms in Protestant churches, throw up thirty-four portable classrooms, and construct other rooms. It rejected the idea for "multi-school complexes," which would have clustered overcrowded Negro schools with adjacent underutilized white schools in enlarged attendance areas. Proponents of the plan claimed 1,800 seats could be salvaged with no additional construction.

Lawsuits and counter-lawsuits filed by the NAACP and the school board were dropped when bused pupils were integrated into receiving schools in the fall of 1964. But the number transported had dropped to 700 from a peak of 4,600 just a year earlier. It climbed again to about 2,600, but the district has been building ghetto schools ever since so that today most St. Louis children attend classes in predominantly one-race schools.

But one must recognize that militancy has never been strong in St. Louis. The St. Louis Negro is Southern in style—polite, acquiescent, and, until recently, knew his place. Furthermore, the city has a second-generation Negro elite which exercises its own control over less-advantaged blacks while enjoying a comfortable niche with both the white elite and the politicians. The Negro elite—as

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—Photos by St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Superintendent William Kottmeyer —"not a man for all seasons."

well as the white community—has demonstrated that militancy doesn't pay.

One can only conclude that in the thirteen and a half years since the monumental Supreme Court decision, the St. Louis School Board has never accepted integration. While its basic policy is that it will set no barriers "that will prevent the achievement of maximum integration consistent with sound educational principles," it has been single-minded in building schools where children live.

In a recent study for the U. S. Office of Education, Marilyn Gittell and T. Edward Hollander found the St. Louis school system—like the city itself—extremely resistant to change. "The board's integration policy is limited by its commitment to the neighborhood school concept," they reported. Furthermore, "the board also has attempted to treat all schools within the system equally in the allocation of tax funds, thereby limiting the possibility for special programs in the ghetto schools beyond those financed with outside [largely federal] funds."

In the vast poverty area where 70 per cent of the public school enrollees live, anti-poverty funds from Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA) have been spent in traditional ways. One-third of the $9,500,000 that poured in during the first two years of ESEA went to construct classrooms. Most went for the "Rooms of Twenty" program where, in a special class limited to twenty pupils, a single teacher works all day with ten- and eleven-year-olds who haven't mastered third-grade reading. The youngsters are put through an intensified three-R curriculum stripped of frills. Music, art, physical education, even remedial reading teachers do not darken the door. They are reserved for youngsters left in the regular classrooms where enrollments sometimes soar above forty in the ghetto.

Federal poverty funds also have hired 200 teacher aides, twenty-nine remedial reading teachers (augmenting seventy-four financed by local and state funds), and provided ten mini-grants up to $1,000 each to schools wanting to buy programed math texts and other special items. They also are underwriting free and reduced-cost sack lunches in a city that provided meals for the first time last year in all 158 elementary schools.

Federal funds have encouraged a few experimental programs. The Ford school, in a largely black neighborhood, is pioneering in after-school and night community service. Several hundred children are tutored after school, while both children and adults can take everything from typing to "slimnastics." Two more schools launched similar programs last

Sam Shepard—Banneker district superintendent.

fall, but a prominent citizens committee has been unsuccessful in its more than six-month effort to tap private gifts for further expansion of community service schools.

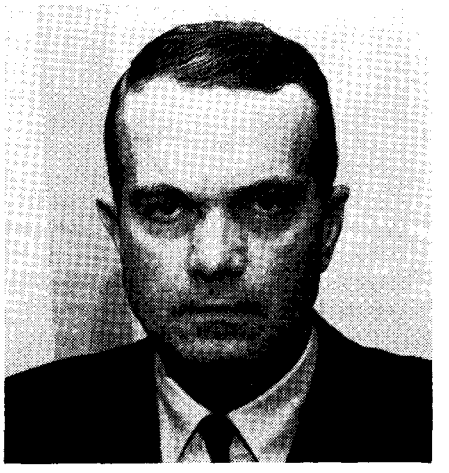
Other innovations include the Lincoln Opportunity High School—where 300 of the toughest students are given small-group instruction, counseling, and on-the-job experience – and a foundation-financed school and clinic for pregnant girls. Vocational training centers for the mentally retarded opened this fall.

In examining the effectiveness of programs, however, Dr. Gerald Moeller, director of federal programs, found that the school system is getting more mileage out if its remedial reading clinics than its costly Rooms of Twenty. Tests showed that poverty-area youngsters were gaining only eight months in reading achievement each year. During 1966-67, children helped by remedial reading teachers advanced more than nine months at a cost of $9 per child, while those in Rooms of Twenty advanced ten months at a cost of $702 per child compared with $482 per child spent for all other pupils in grades one through eight.

For a while, it seemed that better results were coming from a lively program in the Banneker district in the heart of the ghetto. Concerned that the tracking system, adopted just two years after desegregation, was shunting Negro youth into the lower—and largely segregated—tracks, District Superintendent Sam Shepard launched a "motivational" program that sparked the students and teachers and elicited widespread parent participation.

THE typical Banneker motivation pitch radiates from classroom bulletin boards —"Don't Sleep"; "Your Chance"; "Keep Up with Your Studies"; "Be Better than You Are." Classes are noisy and casual, and the teachers appear dedicated to their work. Shepard has pitted school against school and class against class, using competition to drive pupils and teachers to achieve. Parents flock to mass meetings and sign the Parent's Pledge listing ten ways they would support their children in school.

Such community involvement is unique in St. Louis. Nonetheless, the program is limited by central board restriction on curriculum and school organization. The schools are overcrowded and understaffed. And, although in the first years the motivational approach raised achievement by two years at the eighth-grade level, Banneker youth again slipped below the national average once the newness wore off, according to findings reported by the U. S. Commission on



Daniel L. Schlafly—"chief reformer and board strong man."

Civil Rights. There is no doubt, however, that parents, teachers, and students like the Banneker district. "Banneker runs the best program in the city," said Helen Floyd, Carr Lane PTA president. "We won't let Banneker kids be bused away."

The main problem with Banneker is that Sam Shepard's program has been built on the quicksand of a school system whose citywide curriculum and approach to teaching is out of date. The St. Louis schools exude a mentality rooted partly in tradition, partly in fear. Curriculum Director Herminghaus asserts that there is no alternative to using the same texts and the same program throughout the

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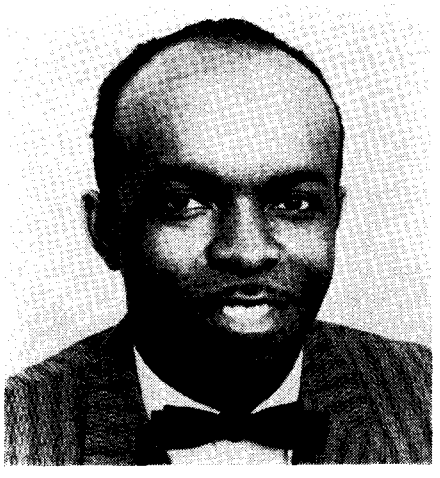
city when 40 per cent of the poverty area pupils move every year and blacks keep an eye on whether they are getting the same advantages.

Rigidity is carried to further extremes. Teachers in many elementary schools are required to organize their week according to a printed form. A fourth-grade teacher, for example, is called upon to teach seventy-five minutes of spelling, 250 of reading, 135 of science, etc., each week. The high schools with few exceptions — such as Southside's Cleveland, which offers German—duplicate one another in courses. "There aren't enough options to meet the variety of preparations of youngsters," according to Marie Hudson, one of the district's thirty-eight social workers. "There's too much stress on the P&R tests. What gets lost is: what is a complete education?"

While some contend that principals are pushed "to make their schools look good on paper," Principal Rebecca Hays at the Waring school explained: "The individual principal is responsible for the school. If the eighth grade is behind, they'll call me in and ask, 'What's wrong?' If a child breaks a leg, I'm responsible."

Finances often dictate choices. "When you don't have much money, you have to stay with the tried and true," remarked one administrator. Last spring, in a board-approved document, *A Tale of Two Cities,* Superintendent Kottmeyer underscored the need for more money. He estimated that a "model" school system would have spent $93,000,000 instead of $63,000,000 for operations the previous year.

YET, the school system has difficulty getting voters to approve its biennial operating levies, which require a simple majority vote, and bonds for construction, which require a two-thirds vote, seem completely beyond the reach of the city which saw a $31,800,000 proposal go down the drain last spring and again in August with 54 and 55 per cent majorities.



Board President James E. Hurt, Jr.—"the occasional maverick."

Now St. Louis, which has long antagonized state legislators by cutting itself off from the goals of "outstate" Missouri, including Kansas City, is courting state-wide support. Leaders contend that the city schools receive only 27 per cent of their operating funds from the states compared with a 34 per cent average state-wide. Legislators and county neighbors counter that the local tax in the city is low, half that of most of its suburban neighbors. The city system retaliates that city residents earn less and pay more.

YET St. Louis has never mounted a major educational campaign for the kind of school bond and levy money it needs, nor has it cultivated community support by sharing any significant role in planning with the public. Some believe that the power structure embodied in Civic Progress has maintained a veto over any all-out effort to raise school taxes to an adequate level, although the power structure's role is played out behind closed doors. "The leadership of this community is spongy," observed a St. Louis foundation executive. "It is difficult for the public to lodge clear-cut grievances because it is hard to find a target."

The school board takes a businessman's view of its operation. "We are not in trouble," explained Frederick E. Busse, board finance chairman. "We practice fiscal responsibility. If we don't have money, we don't spend it." But balancing a budget, with most funds tied to salaries and fringe benefits, will get tougher in the face of rising teacher militancy. The school system went to the brink of a strike in September when the union called it off on the eve of school reopening amid threats that strikers might lose their jobs, go to jail, or both. The immediate issue was not salaries but a push for an election to select a bargaining agent.

The union, probably not strong enough to sustain a strike, is regrouping. Meanwhile, the St. Louis Teachers Association, an NEA affiliate, has been working with the Missouri State Teachers Association to draft a state law that would mandate bargaining rights to the organization with the largest paid membership. It claims about 1,900 teachers to the union's estimated 1,200 among some 4,000 city teachers.

The union membership, however, has risen fast, drawing its strength from the toughest ghetto schools, and especially from the young, black, militant teachers. The union now is about 50 per cent black, mirroring the racial composition of the teaching force itself, while the NEA group is about 70 per cent white.

While both organizations talk of higher salaries and smaller class size, they differ primarily in their attitudes toward Superintendent Kottmeyer. Union President Demosthenes DuBose sees him as the authoritarian head of a white-managed bureaucracy. "If you work hard, keep your nose clean, don't rock the boat, you might get to the top," he said. The NEA leaders, on the other hand, stress the Superintendent's open-door attitude (he has chided them for not coming in as often as the union), his popularity because he came up through the ranks, and a general recognition that in St. Louis "it's a long hard route from paternalism to individual freedom."

In the midst of the teachers' drive for a piece of the action, Kottmeyer is sensitive to his dilemma as head of one of the nation's largest school systems. Jesuit educated, Aristotelian in logic, Kottmeyer revels in the days when the St. Louis Philosophic Society debated Hegelian ideas and aspired to make that city the cultural center of the world. His heroes are early St. Louis Superintendent William T. Harris, who believed that schools were charged to follow, not redirect, the practices of man; and Susan Blow, that cultivated gentlewoman, who, after studying under a disciple of Froebel, founded the first public school kindergarten in America in St. Louis ninety-five years ago.

Instead, Kottmeyer is buffeted by the AFT-NEA competition. "A struggle for power is going on—perhaps we should make the best bargain we can before they clobber us," he says. Yet he longs for the days when the "females" of German and Irish burghers "went into a crummy school, made a poor kid into a doctor, into a Horatio Alger—and did not care what was in their paycheck. . . . Parents and schools were teaching the same doctrines then, twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year," Kottmeyer says. "Today, Negroes are trying to make it on six hours a day, 180 days a year. . . .

"Inevitably, the black power people will take control of the big-city school systems. Maybe we are creating islands in the cities, islands of hate, malevolence, and malice, that white people and black people might not be able to live together on this continent. . . . The big-city school system is the most important problem on the American horizon."

As his blueprint for action now, Dr. Kottmeyer listed: reducing pupil-teacher ratio; searching for new sources of teacher supply; improving physical facilities; adding band-aid services, such as more psychiatric care, health education, social workers, counselors, special education teachers.

"Integration per se won't solve the problem," he says. "Unless you establish oneness of purpose with school and home, you won't solve the problem."

(*Continued on page* 105)

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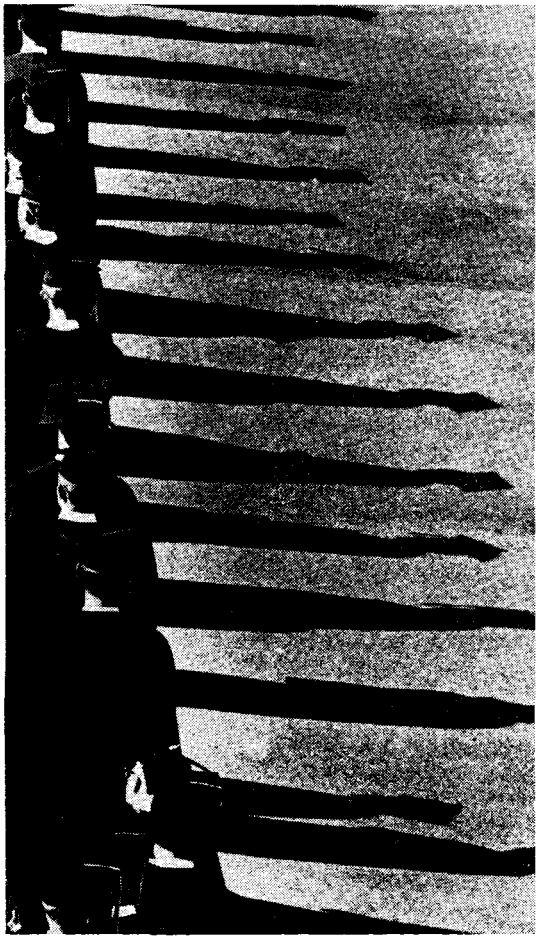
THE END OF THE GREAT TRADITION



—Edwin Stein.

"When the university and its scholars lost their monopoly as disseminators of news and ideas . . . the halo began to tarnish."

By PETER SCHRAG

HIGHER education has gone mainstream; the old distinctions have vanished; one can no longer determine where "higher education" ends and the rest of the world begins: peripatetic professors, government contracts, political students. The 1960s represented the last decade of the traditional rhetoric about the enterprise: Was the institution public or private? How many students were enrolled? What was the student-faculty ratio? How much student power should there be in university government? What was the proper "role" (God help us) of the university? We're going to look back a few years from now and think: "How quaint, how naïve." Many of us will hope that nobody remembers the vast amount of nonsense we published about what's bugging the students, or how we could be "relevant," or how we could combine "breadth with depth." What we are going to ask—if we still have a voice to do so—is whether it is possible to organize knowledge and understanding in such a way as to keep all of education—indeed all of society—from being divided between the emotional and the technical, between mystics and tinkerers.

The division is not between Snow's two cultures, or students vs. faculty (or administration) or even the generation gap. The point is whether the idea of discipline—the way we used to talk about literature or history or mathematics—still makes sense or whether all education will be devoted either to technical questions (the building of economic models, or conflict resolution, or molecular biology) or to questions such as "Who am I?" and "How can I touch you?" For the radicals, the rallying cries are relationship, and confrontation, and engagement, and doing your own thing. Computers do the reasoning, and human beings *feel*. Does the book enable you to control spirits, like Prospero? Hell, no. The book enslaves, entraps, deludes, equivocates. "I don't want to read Augustine," says the kid to the professor, "because I don't like Augustine." The kid is a feeler. He already *knows*—doesn't want to know anything more. History is not his bag; history is a cop-out. He knows what it's like. He has the true faith. He is not merely a romantic; he has flipped back to sixth-century mysticism.

Don't blame him, or consider him as an example of "students" or the "young." By now, the star professor is back on the plane, off to do a little consulting or to check with the Institute of Applied Linguistics. The other students are grinding out the papers, or maybe trying to figure out how to put experience into machines, or what conflict-resolution has to do with poverty in Harlem. And everybody feeling guilty about feeling, or else proud that they feel more than anybody else. It is not the young against the old, but deciding where the young *and* the old are to go—how to keep abstraction from running away with passion, and vice versa.

A few years ago, Jacques Barzun declared that the liberal arts college is dead or dying because the high school had co-opted the first two years (general education) and the graduate school the last two (specialization). What he should have said is that the liberal arts are dead or dying, not because literature and history aren't being taught, but because the common cultural assumptions in which they were rooted have been shattered. We have talked for years about the fact that the ideal of the Renaissance man was unattainable. Leibnitz, it has been said, was probably the last man to know everything: We know about the explosion of knowledge and all that. The point, however, is more significant. We have begun to lose faith in rational possibilities. Knowing we can't know, we have given up trying. The questions, therefore, are technical and the culture existential. The way to the frontier is a narrow path through the jungle. The way to establish one's sense of himself is by way of emotional sensibilities. "I feel, therefore I am." The dilemma is real. The problem is not merely that a few professors have sold out to the Defense Department, the CIA, or the corporations, or that students are obstreperous or slovenly or weak from pot. The problem is that lacking common cultural assumptions—about freedom or religion or the good life—there is no common ground for discourse.

LET'S be absolutely clear about this. The university was founded on Renaissance assumptions even if—as in America—it often became a vocational institution. The Renaissance assumptions were fairly simple, even after we had discovered (surely also a Renaissance kind of word) that nobody could know all about everything: belief in reason, a sense that the world—the world of God and man—was knowable, that the *terra incognita* of whatever sort would be explored eventually, that there were certain universal principles, and that "culture" was a unitary concept, not something that changed as one hopped from place to place or continent to continent. Yes, there were "higher" and "lower" cultures, but always on a linear scale with ourselves somewhere near the top. The Chinese were highly civilized while the West was still in the Dark Ages (catch them loaded words) because the Chinese had invented gunpowder. Wasn't that an achievement? And among the highest of the cultures was—naturally—the German, with Beethoven and Goethe and Schiller. But all of that evaporated at Auschwitz

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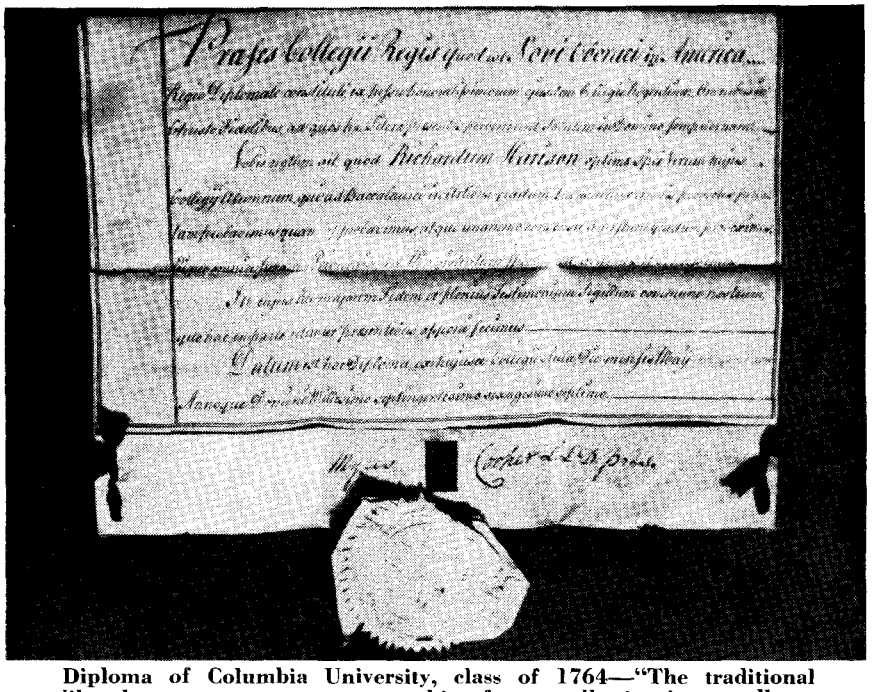
and Dachau, along with some of our self-assurance, when we had finally absorbed the impact of Hiroshima. Slaveholders, imperialists, repressors, the white devil, that's us. Who's to know what's good and for whom? Do your own thing, because only you know. We used to call it anti-intellectualism.

Surely there are extremes, minorities, and all that. But just as surely, the problem is to tame and reform the disciplines, to keep every field in some realm between applied mathematics or symbolic logic and some form of narcissistic breast-beating. Here are all these sophisticated people who have analyzed the world to death, whose whole sense of themselves as intellectuals is a critical sense, arriving at a point where the wisest men are tinkerers, and where the tinkerers earn all the rewards. The student radicals aren't revolting merely against the institution or even against the faculty, but against a system in which all of society, including the majority of students, are involved. The universities, let's face it, haven't been standing in the way of the educational demands of most undergraduates; they've been delivering. The majority—the business students, the ed students, the engineers and agronomists and dental technicians—have been *using* the system to get the emoluments. The disaffected, most of them humanists and social scientists, have been engaging in a kind of status revolt (like the Progressives once did against the industrial robber barons) to keep the university from being used that way. Give the students—*all* the students—full power to determine the curriculum, and it won't take long before they establish something remarkably similar to what they already have.

It is probably for this reason that debates about "relevance" are confusing. There's plenty of relevance in balancing books, learning to run computers, and nuclear physics. What's irrelevant is the liberal arts. (By this time, of course, many of the traditional liberal arts subjects—mathematics, political science, economics, psychology, the foreign languages—have become vocational; many of those who study them are, in some sense, already on the job.) The subjects appear under the old names in the catalogue, but they involve—or, rather, should involve—new questions, new sorts of activities, and bear a different relationship to the rest of the world. It is not simply that the professor is interested in his research, or not interested in anything but apprentices and disciples for his own field (although that is a common source of student complaint); it is also that learning has lost its mystery. The traditional liberal arts program (indeed, the traditional university) was something for a small minority, usually an elite, that was being "educated"—and hence initiated—into the temple. Rank and position were not derived from learning, but learning justified them. The doctor from the university was no more able to command spirits than the cobbler, but he thought he could. The common culture was therefore not only small, but its Latin hocus-pocus provided the happy illusion that it was learning, rather than the shared attitudes of a class, which made discourse possible and allowed the world to revolve in its orderly circuit.



Diploma of Columbia University, class of 1764—"The traditional liberal arts program . . . was something for a small minority, usually an elite, that was being 'educated'—and hence initiated into the temple."

The illusion of magic evaporated when the club became too big. Teach an ordinary seaman to use a sextant, and he begins to lose respect for the officers; now he, too, can determine where the hell he is. At the same time, either the status of officer starts to lose its glow or the search begins for a new way to pull rank. Hence,

(*Continued on page* 103)

The President, Professors, and Trustees of

New York University

To all persons to whom this writing may come, Greeting:

Be it known that we, in recognition of the successful completion of the requisite course of study in our

by virtue of authority granted us by charter of the State of New York do confer upon

the degree of

with all the rights, privileges, and immunities thereunto appertaining.

In witness whereof, we have caused this Diploma to be signed by the duly authorized officers of the University and sealed with our corporate seal, in the City of New York.

Secretary *President*

Diploma issued today by New York University—"The illusion of magic evaporated when the club became too big. . . . The old distinctions have vanished; one can no longer determine where 'higher education' ends and the rest of the world begins."

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THE PRICE OF DIVERSITY

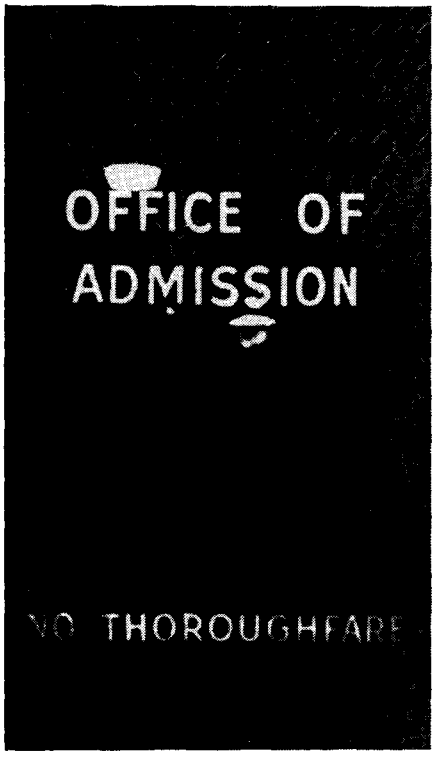
By JOHN C. HOY

THE American Dream has, from the early days of the Republic, placed great faith in education as the open door to individual opportunity. Free access, first to the common school, later to the high school, and most recently to higher education, has symbolized the reality of the democratic ideal. But today, equal access to the college or university does not mean merely the relaxation of racial or religious barriers to highly talented students of every economic or social class. Rather, if higher education is to continue to contribute to social mobility rather than social stratification, a revolution in policies governing college admissions and the distribution of financial aid to students is required. The reluctance of colleges and universities to undertake that task is laid in Humphrey Doermann's *Crosscurrents in College Admission* (Teachers College Press, 180 pp., $5.75). Clearly, the necessary revolution in patterns of access to higher education, despite appearances to the contrary, is still in a precarious and incipient stage.

Admissions and financial aid to students in the United States traditionally have centered on the able and affluent with a whisper of concern—and a lot of noise—for the highly motivated sons and daughters of the poor. Financial aid practices in higher education were, until the passage of the National Defense Education Act in 1958, an extension of philanthropic beneficence and institutional self-interest. In a period of harried concern with American scientific superiority, the passage of NDEA asserted the nation's right to self-interest in who would be educated and in what fields.

Colleges and universities on the whole responded to federal concern with a guarded willingness to share in the distribution of federal funds. Although the National Science Foundation had been established in 1950, 90 per cent of the funds it dispensed went to fewer than 100 of the 2,000 four-year colleges and universities in the United States. With the passage of the NDEA, virtually all colleges began the annual trek to the federal trough.

Between 1958 and the passage of the Higher Education Act in 1965, national concern for civil rights and poverty in America focused increasingly on attempts to have a broad-based student aid program written into law. With each failure, time added desperation to the pleas for including in the law a vigorous program for the disenfranchised students among the poor. During this period of waiting, cost of higher education to the student had doubled and the trend showed no sign of abatement. The poor were worse off than they had been in 1958; the amount of direct aid available had not kept pace with the increase in enrollments.



THE rhetoric of the Johnson Administration brought a new level of expectation to all American families: universal higher education was no longer a utopian pipe dream but an expectation shared by a majority of Americans, including the poor. The aspiration level of both white and black American students, of modest to low academic achievement and economic background, is extremely high as revealed in the Coleman study, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*. That marginal students in the most marginal schools have such high hopes for continuing education is a clear reflection that the debate is no longer a matter of ends but of means.

In reviewing the enrollment patttern of Negroes in New England in 1965-66, S. A. Kendrick of the College Entrance Examination Board staff reported in the *College Board Review* that of all students enrolled in New England, only 2,216 or sixty-nine one hundredths of 1 per cent (.69 per cent) were Negro. In his report he commented: "If we consider that some substantial number of these students undoubtedly were from the professional and managerial classes, it is rather clear that as far as the main body of American Negroes is concerned, it would not matter at all if New England colleges and universities closed their doors tomorrow." A modest clue to the extension of federal programs is provided by Title IV of the Higher Education Act of 1965. As essential as the Title IV provisions (Guaranteed Loan Program, Economic Opportunity Grants, Work-Study Program) are, their impact has been minute.

AS administrators began to assess the level of de facto segregation in the nation's so-called integrated colleges, special recruitment efforts were mounted against the appalling statistics. Admissions officers across the nation focused attention on their "talent search" operations, and the question, "How many blacks will you have in September?" replaced earlier queries concerning athletes, National Merit Scholars, and Scholastic Aptitude Test medians. The search was broadened to include students of Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, American Indian, and poor white background. Hundreds of undergraduate and alumni committees now compete in the ghetto schools that were neglected for so many years. Since 1968 the fiercest competition for any group of students in the history of American higher education has been waged in these schools.

Yet the simple fact is that students who even come close to former levels of academic expectation are few. In referring to the Coleman data, Kendrick has pointed out that colleges that expect minimum scores of 500 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test compete for the top 1 per cent of the Negro youth. By dropping their minimum to a 400 SAT score, they will barely reach the top 10 per cent. Assuming white colleges are able to raise the percentage of Negro and other minority group students in their entering classes to 10 per

John C. Hoy is dean for special academic affairs at Wesleyan University.

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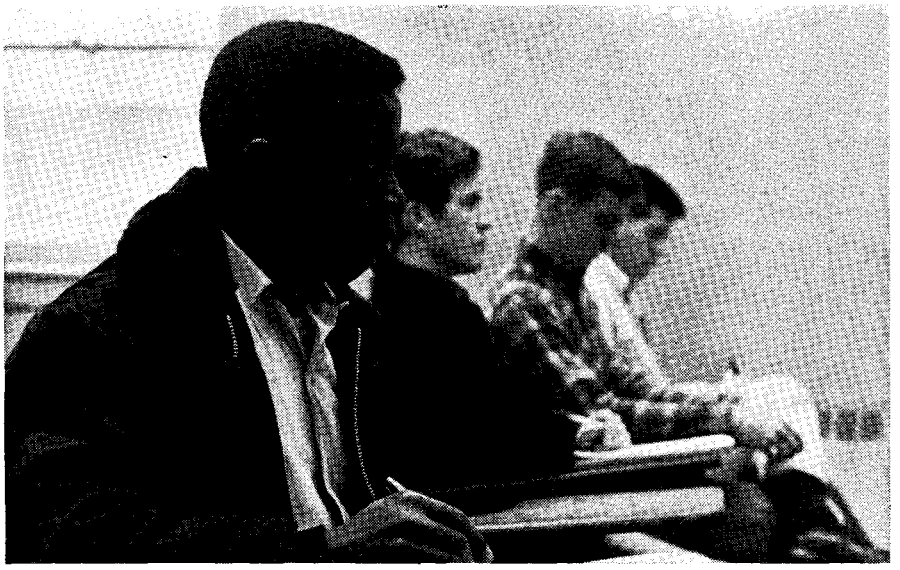
cent, it is logical to ask how they are going to finance such programs when 90 per cent of these students will need financial aid and the majority must have full financial assistance.

At Wesleyan, a modest effort at such recruitment is in its fifth year. The chart below indicates the adjustments necessary to provide the extension of financial aid to a poverty population.

It is essential that colleges maintain financial aid programs for their traditional collegiate population as well. In an era of rising college costs, the financial aid program must keep pace or even the previous "social balance" may give way to a pattern of substantially increasing the number of students from both poverty families and families in the upper middle class and upper class who can afford to pay the entire college bill as it continues to rise. Students from middle-class families ($8,000 to $16,000 family income) who cannot afford to pay the full tuition yet cannot qualify for financial aid will be squeezed out.

Humphrey Doermann's new book, *Crosscurrents in College Admission*, makes clear the significance of Kendrick's ominous reference to "the coming segregation of the selective college." The traditional role of the private institution seems perilous as Doermann points out when he writes, "As recently as 1950, half of the nation's college students were enrolled in private or church-related colleges. By 1965 the ratio of enrollment in private colleges [as compared to] public institutions was only one-third to two-thirds. Projections made by the Fund for the Advancement of Education in 1963 estimate that by 1985 the ratio may be something like one-fifth private to four-fifths public." The question does not focus on the declining dominance of private higher education, but it does center on the nature of the institutions American society will have at the end of the next decade. The pattern of social class stratification now developing considerable momentum is of the utmost significance; and the blurred recommendations for future aid to higher education have not yet taken into account the dangers that some forms of assistance are destined to create, given the nature of existing institutions.

Doermann is very convincing when he points out that we may be drifting into a pattern where students who are rich attend only one kind of college, and those who are poor attend another. His plea, based on a cogent and well presented set of data, is for "new policies in admission, tuition, and financial aid which promote flexibility, not rigid stratification in the way students may distribute themselves throughout our system of colleges and universities." By using actual institutional examples (Harvard, University of Puget Sound, Knox College, Fisk University), Doermann has estimated the "pool" of students available to colleges based on two limiting factors: SAT verbal score expectation and the cost of attending the college. By relating academic ability and ability to pay for an education, Doermann makes clear that the market of able and affluent students available is far smaller than the policies pursued by even moderately selective colleges would indicate.



—*De Wys.*

"If higher education is to continue to contribute to social mobility rather than social stratification, a revolution in policies governing college admissions and the distribution of financial aid to students is required."

IN the case of Harvard College, Doermann points out: "Between 1954 and 1966, more than $17,000,000 was added to scholarship endowment funds, a larger amount for this purpose than had been received in the college's prior history. Alumni current gifts almost doubled. Yet these massive transfusions alone fell significantly short of the expanding needs." In showing that Harvard could easily select its entering freshman class from among those candidates who could afford to pay the total bill in Cambridge and score above 650 on the SAT, Doermann adds that such a group represents *a full one-fifth of all such candidates in the entire nation.* Yet, candidates, parents, and secondary school counselors are acutely aware that hundreds of admissions officers from the nation's colleges seem to describe their ideal candidate in just such terms of affluence and ability through obscure statements about their respective admission policies. Indeed, *Crosscurrents in College Admission* is important because it points up the fact that most colleges do not know what they are talking about when they establish long-range plans for

(*Continued on page* 104)

Minority Group Financial Aid

	1964–65	1965–66	1966–67	1967–68	1968–69
Tuition	1500	1700	1800	2000	2000
Total Budget	2950	3250	3475	3750	3750
Total Scholarship Budget (Including Economic Opportunity grants*)	385,000	490,000	525,000	540,000*	624,000*
Number Minority Group Students	8	16	49	80	117
Scholarship Aid Required (not including loans)	10,000	26,400	95,550	162,000	257,000
Per cent of Student Body	.79	1.3	3.7	5.7	8.4
Per cent of Scholarship Budget	2.6	5.3	18.0	30.0	41.0

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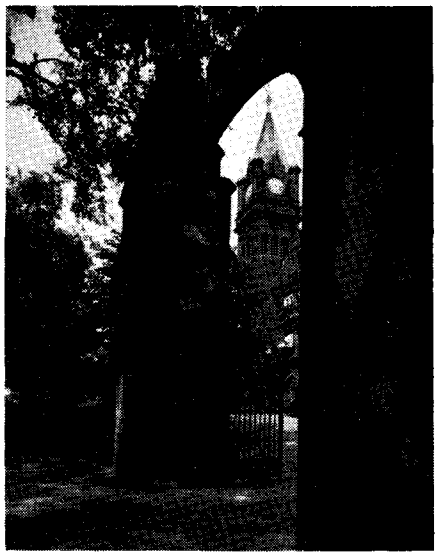
Schools Make News



David B. Truman—Mt. Holyoke's man for the future.

Eldest Sister Starts to Swing

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE, eldest, and perhaps most conservative, of the Seven Sister colleges (the women's Ivy League), announced last month a series of decisions designed to end the last vestiges of the Victorian ethos and bring the college in line with the social demands of the last third of the twentieth century.

In a single letter to alumnae, acting president Meribeth Cameron proclaimed a sweeping revision of parietal rules, allowing students to have men guests in their rooms whenever the dormitories are open (7 a.m. to midnight); plans for liberalizing the no-liquor-on-campus rule; establishment of a black culture center for the Afro-American society; and experiments with coeducation—including a ten-college exchange program that would take some Mt. Holyoke girls to men's campuses and bring men to Mt. Holyoke as early as next fall.

"Conditions on college campuses today being what they are, any college which is not changing lays itself open to the question of whether it is to be reckoned among the quick or the dead," wrote Miss Cameron. The changes, she said, "demonstrate that Mount Holyoke belongs in the former category."

Within two weeks following the letter, Mt. Holyoke found the man to lead her into the new era—David B. Truman, vice president and provost of Columbia University, who will take over as the college's new president on July 1. A first-rate administrator popular with students and faculty, Dr. Truman was considered next in line for the Columbia presidency until last spring's crisis, which drove President Grayson Kirk into early retirement and discredited positions of those close to him in the administration.

In his new post, Truman can be expected to apply his energies not only to Mt. Holyoke but also to the informal five-college consortium comprised of Amherst and Smith colleges, the University of Massachusetts, and Hampshire College (opening in 1970), all clustered near Mt. Holyoke in the same New England valley.

Wilkins Challenges Black Centers

WHILE COLLEGES and universities across the country are gradually acceding to black students' demands for black curricula, black studies centers, and occasionally black living quarters and social clubs, Roy Wilkins, president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, announced his strong opposition to a separate status for black studies and declared the NAACP may test their legality in the courts.

Speaking at the annual corporate meeting of the NAACP, Mr. Wilkins said he favored courses in black history as part of the general curriculum, but deplored separate departments as "another version of segregation and Jim Crow."

The demand for a separate black studies department has been a central issue in disputes at Brandeis University in Massachusetts, Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, and San Francisco State College, and many others throughout the past year. Yale University has just created a new Afro-American curriculum, allowing a student to major in black culture. Northwestern University allows black students to live together as a group if they wish, and to maintain an exclusive black organization. Moreover, most white campuses with a substantial number of black students have some form of Afro-American society.

Mr. Wilkins's opposition to any form of separatism thus puts him at odds with many black students throughout the nation. His position was denounced by Roy Innis, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, who declared, "We support the demands of the black students as legitimate demands because of their need at this stage for black identity, self-awareness, and togetherness. . . . If Wilkins can use funds supposedly earmarked for black people to fight against those same people, then CORE will commit its resources to defend and safeguard the students in their demands."

Desegregation at a Standstill

ALL SOUTHERN public schools enrolling only Negro students "must be integrated or abandoned by the commencement of the next school year," according to a little-noticed clause in a decision by the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. The Fifth Circuit includes Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas.

Southern educators are only now becoming aware of the statement made in a decision last September that upheld a suit against a Georgia county for maintaining segregated schools. John W. Letson, superintendent of schools in Atlanta, remarked that the ruling "could not apply to a city that is 62 per cent Negro. We don't have enough white people to go around." If enforced, it could make a difference in rural areas, however, where there often remain two school systems—one "white," one "Negro." The decision could also end patterns of token integration, where a few Negroes are allowed to attend a formerly all-white school while the majority of pupils remain in all-Negro or all-white schools.

But enforcement of all civil rights laws—usually dependent on local officials—has been gravely lax throughout the South, especially in Alabama and Mississippi. A recent report by the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights bleakly concurred with an earlier report by the independent Southern Regional Council that there has been "very little meaningful change."

State Takes Initiative

THE CONNECTICUT Board of Education has launched a special effort to end de facto segregation in the public schools. It drafted a bill that would grant it the power to withhold all state aid from any town with de facto segregated schools. The state would also reward school

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districts that sought racial balance by paying most of the construction bills incurred in desegregation plans. For example, it would cover any extra cost necessary to build a school in a location that would help improve racial balance.

The proposed legislation goes beyond what is now law in most states. Federal law takes no stand on de facto segregation, and only a few states, such as New York and Massachusetts, have taken the initiative in banning it.

The Students' Choice

"STUDENTS do have adequate claim to the need for more freedom within the restrictive society in which we live today," concluded the citizens and educators of Tallmadge, Ohio, after re-examining their concepts of high school education. In an age of change and increased leisure time, young people need to learn to make choices and experience the consequences of their decisions, Tallmadge decided, and revised the high school program accordingly.

The school day was extended and schedules staggered over a period from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Juniors and seniors now decide for themselves what time to start school—at 7, 8, 9, or 10 a.m. Those who start early finish early, in time to hold down an afternoon job. Study halls that fall on the first and last periods may or may not be attended, and students are allowed to study or go home during lunch period.

This freedom for students also frees their teachers from a number of custodial duties, which, together with the flexible scheduling, permits them more time to work individually with their students. A revised curriculum calls for more independent study.

"We are making less demands upon the students outside the instructional time and making more demands upon them inside the instructional time," explains a Tallmadge brochure.

The new system, in operation since September, has so far been deemed successful, although student choices are not always for the best. "If one believes in freedom to choose," says Principal Ivan B. Linnaberry, "then one must surely believe in the right to succeed and also the right to fail."

Boys and Girls Together

PRINCETON TRUSTEES approved the proposal to make the university fully coeducational. Connecticut College for women plans to enroll its first men students in September. A task force at Franklin and Marshall has recommended the college go coed, and Lehigh University is studying the possibility.

—B. B. S.

Private Model for Public Schools

THIS FALL, a group of parents on New York's Upper West Side broke with the city school system to form the experimental Children's Community Workshop. The Workshop was designed last spring as an alternative to the neighborhood public schools which, the parents felt, failed to integrate effectively the district that encompasses the poverty of Harlem and the affluence of Central Park West. Public education seemed neither realistic nor relevant to everyday experience because the city's tracking system artificially fostered segregated classes even in a heterogeneous community. In the new school, both the enrollment and the locally elected governing board reflect the racial and economic mix of the neighborhood—one-third black, one-third white, and one-third Puerto Rican.

The teaching method is modeled on the British Infant School theory that children learn best through concrete experience and at their own pace. For example, there are no math workbooks; instead, children learn mathematical relationships by working with measuring tools and everyday objects, rulers, cogwheels, even beans and egg cartons, that, along with many other "tools," are distributed freely in the small classrooms.

The Workshop tries to make the curriculum relate to the child's own experience. A boy at the science table plays with the gerbils and eyes the bowl of fish. Several girls stand behind the curtain in the makeshift theater alcove ready to perform their play about witches. Another group crowds around the teacher who is making pumpkin pie. Children are allowed to move from one exercise to another at will, even from one classroom to another.

The seventy-five students, ranging in age from five to eleven years, are divided into three groups—kindergarten and first grade, second and third grade, and fourth and fifth grade. There are two teachers for every twenty-five students. Apart from outings, little organized activity involves the class as a unit. A teacher begins the day by listing the kinds of projects available—reading, writing, cooking, woodworking—and the children choose what they want to do and talk freely among themselves while the teacher moves among them offering suggestions. There are no grades; teachers evaluate the progress of an individual's ability.

Sometimes students worry about their new freedom. Teachers report that some students still ask for a set of multiplication tables, for which colored Cuisinaire rods of various lengths act as substitutes. Older students occasionally question whether they are learning enough to rejoin the public school system.

Obviously, it is too soon to get concise evaluative data, but the teachers feel that they are making progress in encouraging independent learning and that the children are increasingly capable of taking the initiative in determining what they want to do. With careful guidance, the child's inherent interest in a project can sustain his work to completion.

The forty-five families who enrolled children in the school spent their summer weekends painting and furnishing the school that is located in three store fronts on Columbus Avenue. They meet monthly to vote on such issues as curriculum development and fund-raising projects. At least 25 per cent of the families receive welfare. Yet the school is accessible because there is no tuition. It is funded by foundation grants and parent projects such as a raffle and a bazaar which to date have netted $1,400. The thirteen-member parent governing board currently meets weekly to formulate detailed policy. It has applied to the New York State Regents for accreditation and hopes to win state funds.

The parents find that their children's learning is not defined by the school day. Often the children bring home projects and questions. Often, too, they bring home friends of other races. The teachers and parents are convinced that workable integration has been achieved and that the Infant School theory can be put into practice successfully. As administrator Anita Moses says: "We are the school of the community. We regard this not as an experiment but as a model of what public education could be." How do the children feel? When asked to compare this setup with her previous experience in a public school first grade, one little girl answered, "That school was just too big and too hard to move. You couldn't move the desks, and you couldn't move the blackboard, and the teacher—you couldn't move her either."

—SUSAN BOYER.

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New Books

The Training of Good Physicians: Critical Factors in Career Choices, *by Fremont J. Lyden, H. Jack Geiger, and Osler L. Peterson (Harvard University Press, 245 pp., $6.95),* analyzes present circumstances of medical practice, choice of field, hospital training decisions, and graduates' views of their medical education. Central to the book is the re-examination of a traditional assumption that longer training and ultimate clinical competence go together. The authors conclude that length of studies is but one index of later performance and that such factors as type of internship residency, family background, academic record, and age also influence medical career patterns. This meticulous study raises important questions at a time when educational "relevance" has become a major concern of student and teacher alike in the universities of the world. A significant contribution in its own right, it also invites replication in other professional disciplines.

Higher Education in Tomorrow's World, *edited by Algo D. Henderson (University of Michigan, 189 pp., $3.50),* brings the varying experience and styles of internationally known scholars to bear upon problems of university orientation and leadership in a changing world society. Sir Eric Ashby's "The Case for Ivory Towers" posits an "inner logic" or hereditary force that will guide universities into presently unpredictable intellectual and social environments. Less aloof, H. Rocke Robertson's paper on university responsibilities in solving world health problems warns of developing university programs lacking sufficiently high training goals. Other provocative contributions include Kenneth E. Boulding on the university and world community and Jacques Courvoisier on the quest for values. Strikingly devoid of concern about sit-ins and big busts, the work as a whole should nonetheless serve to stimulate careful thinking about the meaning of universities.

The New University, *edited by John Lawlor (Columbia University Press, 200 pp., $4.50),* focuses on United Kingdom institutions but constantly throws them into contrast with corresponding new schools in other countries. Excellent chapters by Adam Curle, W. Boyd Alexander, Wilfrid Harrison, W. H. G. Armytage, James Dundonald, Peter Karmel, and W. H. Oliver tackle problems ranging from technological challenge and international assistance to finance, quality, student contract, and social relevance. Comparative educators will find in these serious and considered statements valuable counterpoises to much off-the-cuff writing currently available regarding the responsibilities of universities, old or new.

The Schoolhouse in the City, *edited by Alvin Toffler (Praeger, 255 pp., $5.95),* gathers papers delivered at the 1967 Stanford conference on the problems of urban decay. Contributors include professional educators, architects, community planners, and government administrators. Papers include "The City as Teacher" by Harold Howe 2nd, "Decentralizing Urban School Systems" by Mario D. Fantini and Richard Magat, and Samuel Shepard, Jr.'s "The Disadvantaged Child." Especially arresting are Bayard Rustin's "The Mind of the Black Militant" and "Alternatives to Urban Public Schools" by Kenneth B. Clark. So is John H. Fischer's proposal of unequal education to promote equal opportunity. In a market deluged with conference proceedings, here is a collection that stands out a mile.

Big City Dropouts and Illiterates, *by Robert A. Dentler and Mary Ellen Warshauer (Praeger for the Center for Urban Education, 140 pp., $10),* bursts with data supporting the major hypothesis that withdrawal from city high schools depends on a "determinative context of life prospects." This sobering view of educational progress as something less than the solution to crushing social problems of race, poverty, and human dignity should provoke men of goodwill to re-examine some of their more comfortable assumptions about the democratizing capabilities of schools. The book is certainly no primer. Readers must bring to it at least a modicum of statistical knowledge. Just the same, any serious student of education should give it his closest possible attention.

The Development of Political Attitudes in Children, *by Robert D. Hess and Judith V. Torney (Doubleday, 331 pp., $1.95),* is a useful paperback edition of a 1967 Aldine original. Drawing on information about attitudes of more than 17,000 elementary school children, the authors offer a wealth of graphs and tables illustrating the many variables connected with developing concepts of government. Civics teachers or patriotic parents confident of what it is they are teaching their younger charges will be interested to discover what it is children are actually learning. Generous interview transcripts are indeed revealing.

Guiding Your Child Toward College, *by Charles A. Bucher, Helmuth W. Joel, and Gertrude A. Joel (Barnes and Noble, 190 pp., $1.50),* makes a splendid addition to the B&N "Everyday Handbook" series. Written by trained educators, this inexpensive reprint of a 1967 Abingdon edition will prove extremely helpful to parents of preschoolers, of elementary or high schoolers, or even of young undergraduates. No slick beat-the-system pamphlet likely to raise false hopes, it proffers sound information on testing, home and school rapport, college selection, and budgets. A helpful bibliography lists titles on exceptional children, colleges and universities, finance, military training, fellowships, and monetary aid. Students twelve and over should also have the work readily available.

Up Against the Ivy Wall: A History of the Columbia Crisis, *by Jerry L. Avorn, edited by Robert Friedman (Atheneum, 307 pp., $6.50),* and ***Education and the Barricades,*** *by Charles Frankel (Norton, 90 pp., $3.90),* constitute the long and the short of the matter. The Friedman edition provides lusty, blow-by-blow descriptions (previously published in the *Columbia Daily Spectator*) of the Columbia upheaval. Additional essays by Columbia's SDS Chairman Mark Rudd and Columbia's Vice Provost Herbert A. Deane lend stirring, if antithetical, summaries to a book concerned with the issues and passions of the moment. By contrast, Frankel's slim volume, cool and detached, examines such abstracts as student power, freedom, and the right to impose on others. Together, these works

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furnish complementary reading basic to a topic few can afford to ignore.

Religion and Education, *edited by Theodore R. Sizer (Houghton Mifflin, 361 pp., $6.95),* appears in its second printing. The reason is clear. Many of the nation's foremost interpreters of religion and education express their findings on teaching religion, challenges to educational systems, religion and society, theological perspectives, and the notion of the religiously neutral school. Essays range from George R. LaNoue's rejection of the claim that schools cannot be legally neutral, to Father Neil G. McCluskey's contention that since every value system has its roots in religion and the school cannot avoid teaching values, the concept of school neutrality in religious affairs is meaningless. This is one of the best collective airings of the topic; the publishers have done well to keep it available.

The Sane Positivist: A Biography of Edward L. Thorndike, *by Geraldine Jonçich (Wesleyan University Press, 634 pp., $12.50),* comes as a generously documented, present-tense treatment of a Teachers College giant. Comprehensive in range and detail, Professor Jonçich's book reveals Thorndike's ancestry, education, rise to eminence, and active retirement. Particularly clear and thorough are accounts of Thorndike's principal writing leading up to the three-volume *Educational Psychology* that, according to the biographer, typified a growing alliance between academic and college press. Domestic vignettes and a convincing incidental history of TC in its developing years add dimensions often lacking in works of this kind. To be sure, here is a lengthy treatment. For all its bulk, however, *The Sane Positivist* admirably sustains its theme of a great mind at the cutting edge of American educational thought.

The Effects of Sociodramatic Play on Disadvantaged Pre-School Children, *by Sara Smilansky (John Wiley and Sons, 164 pp., $7.50),* argues that dramatic play which includes personal interaction and verbal communication holds high promise as a means of aiding less-fortunate children to integrate otherwise dissociated experience. The work of a distinguished Israeli psychologist, the book reports on experiments conducted at the H. Szold National Institute for Research in the Behavioural Sciences and supported by the U.S. Office of Education. Mrs. R. Kreisler's lucid translation enhances a book enormously suggestive of logical points of entry into discussion of a vital topic.

—JOHN CALAM.

Mr. Calam is director of Teachers College Press at Columbia University.

High School Revolt

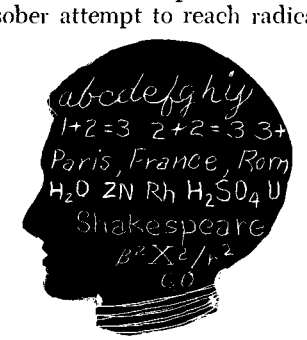
Continued from page 89

new pop art form. Print runs around, over, and under stark drawings, viciously pointed cartoons, poignant photographs. Sometimes the word itself becomes the design. Dreamy poems are transposed on psychedelic drawings. Surrealistic obscene headlines fly out from the page. And often a picture stands by itself, telling the story rather than illustrating it. This is the work of McLuhan's generation.

THE national focus for the underground is HIPS, the High School Independent Press Service (160 Claremont Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10027), which offers a weekly packet of news and illustrations of high school uprisings, busts, dress codes, discipline, and politics. Some sixty papers and 400 fans subscribe, at an often uncollected fee of $4 a month. "HIPS is very much in the revolutionary bag," a staffer admits. "I suppose we're just as bad as the *Times* in being biased. But underground papers are more interesting to read than the *Times*. They don't start with the usual 'who, where, when, what, why.' HIPS gets people to think. Gets them radicalized before they get into college. If that happens, chances are a fourth of them will never get to college."

One of the slickest papers HIPS services is the *New York High School Free Press,* which publishes 10,000 copies every three weeks (5 cents for students, 15 cents for teachers). It introduced itself last fall with a full-cover photo of a naked Negro baby girl holding the black flag of anarchy: "Ursula, seven months and already foxy as hell," the editors explained. A coupon form invites the reader to subscribe or, if he prefers, to curse and threaten the "hippie-commie-yippie-queer-pinkos" who print it. Another reader service is a directory of pertinent phone numbers: for prayers, demonstrations, birth control and abortion information, draft counseling, the FBI, and "nighttime companions"—the Girl Scouts.

Yet silliness serves more serious purposes. The *Free Press,* with first-hand reports on national and school crises and interviews with prominent figures, is a sober attempt to reach radical and



politically oriented students throughout the city. Its mix of serious radicalism and youthful gags reflects its staff, a closely knit group of intense, quick-witted students, most of whom attend New York's highly selective Bronx High School of Science. In the living room of one of their homes, the students—a balance of whites and blacks—can go with breathtaking speed from typical teen-age roughhousing to political debate.

Reggie Lucas, the paper's fifteen-year-old music critic, talks about "breaking down the traditional teacher-student relationship" in the schools, so that by "interchanging roles, the teacher, as well as the student, could learn." Everything the adult Establishment does, he explains politely, "is not just undesirable, but repugnant to us. The real hero today is the person who can mess up the society and pervert the youth."

Leader of the group is Howie Swerdloff, at seventeen a good-natured veteran of the underground press and radical student movement, who wrote last fall:

> The main thing that's taught us in school is how to be good niggers, obey the rules, dress in our uniforms, play the game, and NO DON'T BE UPPITY! Oh, we're trained for participating in the "democratic process"—we have our student governments—they can legislate about basketball games and other such meaningful topics. Don't mention the curriculum—THEY'LL tell us what to learn. Oh, we can express our complaints in the school newspaper—but the principal says what gets printed and don't embarrass the school's reputation.

Howie's immediate fight is with the school establishment; his long-range goal is to destroy the government he finds hopelessly oppressive through a worldwide people's revolution. His mother views his position with pride tempered by concern. When he was only fifteen, she recalls, she was first called into school about his activities. Finding Howie distributing antiwar leaflets across the street from the school, she began to apologize to the irate principal. Howie stopped her: "My lawyer said it's OK, Mother."

The Swerdloffs, liberals of another generation, are hopeful about the contributions their son and his friends will make to change the society, yet are appalled by the often violent reaction of the society to the youthful protests. "You wonder," Mrs. Swerdloff said, recalling the violence in Chicago during the Democratic convention. "You teach them such good values, and then when they go ahead and act on them, all this happens."

The underground high school press represents attitudes that have generated a variety of organizations bent on changing the school and the society. Their tactics range from polite dialogue to picketing to direct confrontation with

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the authorities. It is, nonetheless, difficult to categorize these groups, since their degree of militancy and their deviance from accepted student behavior depend a great deal on the response of school and community officials, the particular issues involved, and on the students themselves.

There is no one approach among the black separatist groups. New York City's High School Coalition, affiliated with the Black Panther party, spews vitriolic rhetoric in its newsletter and operates on a single dogma: the necessity of black liberation by any means possible. In contrast, the Modern Strivers, a group of young Negroes at Eastern High School in Washington, D.C., talks black power, but in the traditional American terms of self-help, hard work, and foundation funding.

THE degree of flexibility within a community helps to determine the degree to which a group is regarded as a problem. In Berkeley, California, the liberal, interracial Youth Council, which has a poster of Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver in its office in city hall, received the support of city fathers even after its president was arrested for selling drugs. In Milwaukee, however, the beginnings of a student alliance, a rather apolitical group hoping for school reform, brought shocked cries from administrators, city officials, and the state's principals' association, who were ready to accuse "subversive" outside influences of stirring up the unrest.

The students are conscious of the variety within their ranks. The New York High School Student Union, an integrated, citywide group with semi-autonomous locals in 108 public and private schools, operates so flexibly that members at one school can be requesting more school dances while those at another can be out protesting the war. Its leaders tend to be disdainful of the doctrinaire approach of Students for a Democratic Society, and prefer to let their members "do their own thing."

Many groups, however, influenced by nearby college activity, have become SDS affiliates. Last year, eleven high schools in Seattle formed SDS chapters. In St. Louis, the citywide SDS group became large enough to be broken up into individual high school chapters. The Akron-based Ohio Union of High School Students, though not affiliated with SDS, has an adviser from the organization. National SDS headquarters has been overwhelmed by the flood of requests for literature from high school groups, and estimates an increase of about 800 per cent over last year. To meet the demand, the SDS national council decided in October to hire a full-time secondary school coordinator.

THE schoolmen, caught offguard by the new attitude, are now rushing to diagnose the problem and find solutions. The National Association of Secondary School Principals reports the findings of a national survey of student unrest in large and small school systems at its annual convention this month. A new NASSP handbook suggests ways to make the student council more meaningful. The organization's September 1968 bulletin was devoted to student unrest and included articles about its link with college militancy, possible reasons and solutions for the "coming revolt," and even one on what to do either before—or when—the legal showdown comes. ("The handwriting is on the wall; public school students will be protected in their constitutional rights," it said.)

Reaction to the new activitism by schoolmen has been as varied as the kinds of students involved, their forms of dissent, and the responses of communities. A few school administrators regard the militancy as a potentially beneficial force, an often responsible if sometimes shrill demand for a more active role in school affairs. Just as the mass media and current events have taught the students something, so too they may have learned, really learned, what the schools' rhetoric says they should—to inquire critically.

Dr. Eugene Smoley, a high school principal in Montgomery County, Maryland, puts it this way: "The activists represent a real challenge educationally by questioning the foundations of the society. They're looking for ways to be helpful, pushing for a way for their actions to have some influence, pressing for more meaningful lives. The movement is a very positive thing, because it can only be compared with the apathy of an earlier time."

Many other schoolmen, however, dismiss the activism as a fad, claim that the high school students are only imitating their older brothers and sisters in college, or maintain that because students have always complained, all grievances are on the order of gripes about the cafeteria food.

The school administrator is, indeed, the man in the middle, caught between the community he serves and a whole new set of realities. Traditionally, the community—and the society—expect him to run a well ordered, efficient institution founded on a number of assumptions: Students are children, in both the legal and educational sense. They are pretty much alike—naïve and awkward as they grow. When they learn, they learn in school. The principal is legally responsible for the well-being of school children, and educationally responsible for what goes into their heads.

Although the legal fiction that students are children to be protected remains, much else has changed. Norman Solomon, honors senior and reporter for the county newspaper, who addresses the Montgomery County school board on the system's inputs and outputs and the "serious gap that presently exists between rhetoric and reality," cannot be dismissed as a charming child. The two Berkeley high school seniors who sit as full voting members on city committees know more about the operation of bureaucracy than any textbook could teach them. After his week in Chicago during the 1968 Democratic National Convention, Howie Swerdloff can tell his teachers a good deal about violence and police brutality in this nation.

To what extent can sophisticated adolescents be considered adults when they are still legally children? If the school is to educate, can it afford not to capitalize on the increasing awareness and concern of the students? Can the school be a public forum while maintaining its tight authoritarian patterns? If the school grants more freedom to students, is it opening itself up to irresponsible—as well as responsible—adolescent judgments? Can it find a place for its dissatisfied minority without threatening its more accepting, complacent majority?

The revolt itself testifies that students have been learning more than the schools have taught: from parents who are as well or better educated than teachers; from the mass media with which the school finds itself in competition; from actual participation in the politics and culture of the society. To accept this knowledge and experience means facing up to a set of complicated problems. To deny it is to deny the students themselves.

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End of Great Tradition

Continued from page 95

the rush for new problems, new specialties, new techniques. The growth of knowledge may be a cultural imperative—and it may make life better for us in the long run—but the solution of problems, and the imagination to distinguish the significant from the trivial is still a matter of individual choice. The production of silly papers is no more defensible than the manufacture of useless gadgets—though it is often rationalized with the same sort of argument. The pressure to publish is illiberal, not only because it steals time from the students, but also because it forces the professors to become technicians. Hence the trip to the Institute of Applied Linguistics. In a system where there are only a handful of real doctors (of English, or history, or whatever), the holders of chairs can afford to be liberal, can take time to be introspective and humane. Where the pressure is intense (either for students or professors), everybody must run to keep his seat.

THE difficulty for the traditional disciplines in the humanities and social sciences (and here the natural scientists may be far ahead) is that they still behave, in large measure, as if there were nothing but Western culture—no television, no electronic circuits, no psychoanalysis, and no way of knowing about anything except through books. I'm not referring here to "teaching techniques"—which are obviously antediluvian—but to intellectual techniques, subject matter, and ways of organizing experience. What, for example, happens to our understanding of history when we can analyze not only what the man said, but the way he looked—his facial expressions, his laugh, his private off-the-cuff remarks? Will there be disciplinary techniques to handle such problems without making it necessary to become entangled in endless detail? Are there concepts to handle ambiguity or even what now seems absurd? If Hubert Humphrey is privately for a bombing halt but makes no public declarations, who is Hubert Humphrey? What is his *real* position? What is real? Do we have concepts for contradictions and ambivalence?

The mystery has suffered other blows. When the university and its scholars lost their monopoly as disseminators of news and ideas—as purveyors of information—the halo began to tarnish. What printing and the Bible did to the church, mass media are doing to the university. The Indies? The East? Outer space? See it on television; take a plane; someone's been there. The professor tells the kids about civil liberties, search and seizure, habeas corpus. Hell, that's not the way it was in Selma, at the Pentagon, in Chicago. The cops bust in; the sheriff is in with the KKK; the university has sold out to the Pentagon; the scholarly paper about rural development was financed by the CIA. Africa is going modern, sir. There are skyscrapers in Lagos. What do the professors know that isn't accessible to anyone who can travel, read, turn on the tube? Yes, they can deal endlessly with technical questions, or with remote matters of scholarship, but can they apply their disciplines to say something valid about the human condition? At the same time, are their ethics any higher, more noble than those of anyone else?

As the lines between the university and the rest of society became blurred, as the academy became more worldly, and as the world became more academic, the university necessarily came to be regarded as a center for technical training, social validation, and special services to government and industry. It is becoming less and less possible to distinguish professors from corporate technicians, government managers, and free-lance intellectuals. This isn't all bad, but it is new and different and confusing. Most of all, it justifies the students' demands for a voice in university government. The conservative charge—like Barzun's—that the students don't know enough to make proper judgments is misleading because it is now apparent most professors don't know anything either. Which is to say that they don't know very much about what people should learn, should be interested in, or should be in order to have some comfort in their lives. (And, needless to say, don't know anything about teaching.) Technical questions, yes, but a man who has established his mastery as a molecular biologist is no more qualified to establish a curriculum—that is, to tell a student what he should know—than the student himself (except, of course, in the field of molecular biology).

The point is simple, but the implications are substantial. The more specialized the disciplines become, the more its practitioners become journeymen rather than doctors of philosophy. And anyone who is going to enter an apprentice relationship with a journeyman should have absolute choice about the journeyman with whom he wishes to work. (The journeyman, if he has established his credentials in his craft, should, of course, have the full right to determine the course of study in his field. He offers the goods, the apprentice can accept or reject.) At the same time, a faculty of journeymen (specialists in disciplines)

does not possess any demonstrated collective wisdom of which the students are innocent. In a world of cultural relativism, the notion that a Ph.D. in linguistics is a higher claim to wisdom than four years with the Beatles is both atavistic and arrogant. The medieval structure remains (and it remains only in the university), but the Renaissance ideal that gave it justification in the academy has vanished. A university should be a community, but in establishing "rights," the problem of student power (or even the distinction of "student" as against "faculty") is clouded by the fact that in most things everybody on the campus is an amateur.

STILL, the central problem remains, and that is, establishing some ground for disciplined discourse. This may be a hopeless ideal, both for the university and for the world of which the university is increasingly becoming an indistinguishable part, but it is worth trying for. Part of the task is to stop denying the emotional, to recognize how much of "reason" covers feelings, sensibilities, and attitudes that are not now subject to the disciplinary arsenal. Everyone knows—as has sometimes been said—that even college professors put on their pants one leg at a time. Only the professors (and only some of them, at that) still pretend otherwise. This is not to suggest that the campus should become one huge T-group. Nonetheless, there is a major task in developing courses of inquiry, styles of discourse, methods of study and investigation that cut the jungle broadside, that begin with *this* world, and not in the undergrowth and safety of an established field. Where the disciplines have a contribution to make, let's invite them in, but don't let them monopolize the membership list.

Robert Hutchins and Jerome Wiesner have both used the phrase "the learning society," which one can take as a prediction about the future: The university, says the crystal ball, will be disestablished. It will lose not only its repute as the prime center of intellectual and social wisdom, it will also begin to lose its grip on the accrediting and certifying functions of the larger world. As we have already noted, the mass media, and a lot of other things, are making the news available to any interested citizen, and thus "higher education"—via special institutes, books, tapes, film, and travel—will not only be democratized, it will become, in a society that has solved its major production problems, a way of life. (If professors devoted less time to disseminating information, which can be disseminated a lot more efficiently in other ways, they might have more time and energy for discourse and for real questions and research. In many instances, the lecture is a sort of tribal

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ritual affirming the ancient, vestigial eminence of the doctor.)

Management in the more affluent and modern corporations is already a kind of institutional organism for the gathering and dissemination of information: new markets and products, yes, but surely also urban and race problems, pollution, politics, and even philosophy. Government and corporate managements are going to find their way of disciplining the world—of controlling spirits. But insofar as they don't represent the individual—the human being with his particular problems, desires, wishes, fears, and hopes—some other institution must. One of the major criticisms of the university during the past decade is that it has said yes too often—yes to government, to industry, to weapons research. What it will have to do now is to re-establish some autonomous identity, and some way, therefore, of knowing when to say no. But in the process of establishing that identity, it will also have to decide just what it, as a university, can do that someone else can't do just as well. Classical languages and medieval history by themselves aren't enough. Neither is physics. The matter is to invent new intellectual tools that can enable men to re-establish a sense of control over the universe, or at least a sense of themselves within it. Most of all, it must help to re-establish belief in that most utopian of ideals: that there are still things to learn which are really worth knowing.

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College Admissions

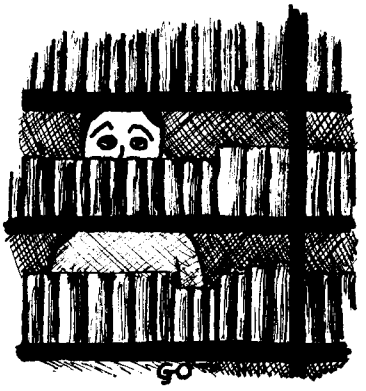
Continued from page 97

tuition projections and anticipated levels of student ability. Administrators across the nation are encountering disastrous results as the reality of the student market runs at dramatic variance with projections. Doermann's book provides a model for an institution to develop a realistic "market analysis."

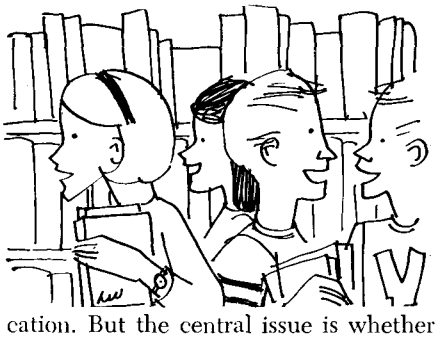
It is also abundantly clear from Doermann's analysis that an increasing number of American institutions are pursuing students at a limited number of the nation's more affluent suburban high schools. This pattern is in marked contrast to the special talent search operating simultaneously in the ghettos. And what, one may ask, is happening to the overwhelming majority of students located in the other two-thirds of America's high schools? It would seem that they are turning to the public universities in ever increasing numbers, and for good reason. The public assumes universal higher education is a national goal. But it is one thing to develop patterns of higher education that permit students to enter some form of a post-secondary program; it is quite another to assure a level of intra-institutional pluralism commensurate with the goals of a democratic society. The question, in short, is whether or not we are willing to develop a system of higher education that freely embraces the pattern of socioeconomic and cultural diversities represented in the larger society. Severe pressures to the contrary are mounting very rapidly.

Doermann is correctly cautious in his assessment of all the projections cited in his study aimed at describing the future of "universal opportunity." He states:

> Some of the new demand will be merely an extension of present demand, expanded as the college age population grows, and some may arise from the new demands of adults several years out of high school. With such a revolution taking place—which will occur, probably at the same time that the pace of technological change is accelerating—one could suggest that revolution has become a habit and that within the next ten years the structure of American higher education will be so altered as to make the concerns (expressed here) virtually obsolete.



Doermann concludes his provocative analysis with a plea for the extension of the flexibility too many take for granted in the American system of higher education. But the central issue is whether or not such flexibility exists in the dimensions necessary to meet the need for innovation in facing the pressure of the next decade. Such flexibility, though it may appear threatening to some, will ultimately provide the resiliency necessary if the American university is to finally become a democratic institution.



In spite of the revolutionary growth of the community college movement (1,500,000 students in 850 junior colleges), Christopher Jencks, writing in the Winter 1968 *Harvard Educational Review*, asserts: "The existence of these colleges has not improved the competitive position of the poor in any dramatic way." The community college has usually developed in the middle-class communities that have been squeezed by the increasing social stratification and cost of the private colleges and higher standards of public universities. Jencks sees the present pattern of the expansion of higher education as a means of one social class assuring that it will put a floor under the level of downward mobility its own young might encounter and not as the means of creating upward mobility for the young of a lower social class. The threat of human obsolescence has a great deal to do with the development of the community college; the issue is that of survival for one group of people and not a significant improvement in opportunity for another.

The expansion of higher education has been directed by a middle-class society attempting to protect, increase, and enhance the values and position it holds in the structure of American life. As Jencks points out: "The heart of the problem is not, however, in the educational system. So long as the distribution of power and privilege among adults remains radically unequal, so long as some children are raised by adults who have 'all the advantages' while others are raised by adults who have all the disad-

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vantages, children will inevitably turn out unequal."

As the pace of social change and social distance accelerates the necessity for colleges and universities to respond to the educational needs of all social classes will dramatically increase. More importantly, the university may, as has been so forcefully shown during the last year, become a vehicle for radical social change. As the place where students from every imaginable background (intellectual, political, racial, economic, social, and cultural) exchange views and press for solutions, the university is the primary place where the more privileged engage the less privileged on equal footing.

If through faulty planning the social and economic diversity on the individual college campus becomes increasingly class-oriented (as much data begins to show is a distinct possibility), the nation will be the poorer and, in particular, that upper segment of society from which leadership is typically tapped will be far with less able to lead. For the mixing to date (as limited as it has been) had added to, not detracted from, the ability of the privileged young to understand and to cope with the responsibilities of leadership in government, industry, and the professions.

To date, student radicals, who themselves are upper middle class, have not fully focused on the intricacies of admission and financial aid programs, but once the problem of "increasing the number of blacks" is seen in context, white students will undoubtedly turn full attention to the related and urgent policy questions that have not been squarely met anywhere in the nation. The beginning of this "movement" can be seen at San Francisco State, Brandeis, and Swarthmore; all, paradoxically, institutions committed to these goals. The students are asking the question. Perhaps now and only now that students have demanded will society answer the question as to what is meant by universal higher education. In many respects, the prospect of a student definition is far more relevant than that which is usually forthcoming from university faculties and administrations. Students have a nose for finding the weak spots in higher education, but have not on the whole been able to focus on the key issues that need drastic attention most, without concern for vested interests.

It may be that students will then also acknowledge the real steps taken toward formulating this possibility by the Johnson Administration. This legacy is one which the new President should not ignore. The coming months will reveal whether the party of privilege will commit itself to destroying the inertia that blocks the realization of universal higher education for all capable Americans.

St. Louis

Continued from page 93

Yet, when asked if he had given up on integration, he quickly responded: "Not at all. It makes sense ultimately."

While there is logic and an intellectual edge to his arguments, Kottmeyer, in typical German fashion, can prophesy for the future while remaining tradition-bound in the present. He is a native St. Louisan in a conservative city where the father figure rules the family, older dames still eat sweets in downtown tearooms, and few girls have gone very mini. He has a public reserve that breaks into piquant knowingness when sharing a confidence but, according to one critic, "will cut you to ribbons with sarcasm if he can't outsmart you."

One must confess, however, that malcontents are a minority in St. Louis. On the whole, the school system enjoys the confidence of the general public. The board, the administration, and the district's $1,000-a-month public relations consultant "help keep everybody happy."

The school district's response to the plight of disadvantaged urban youth is pleas for more money rather than fresh ideas. The leadership is predisposed to smaller class sizes as the remedy to failure. This means more buildings and more teachers, unquestionably the most costly ways to attack school problems, and, according to recent research, one of the most dubious for improving learning. Of course, more money is needed to catch up with the backlog of postponed construction and scrimped programs. Ironically, however, some radical changes being tried elsewhere cost little more than traditional operations.

But there is virtually no wind for change in St. Louis. Tiny gusts from teachers have currently died down. Even tinier gusts are just beginning to blow among black patrons who want more direct control over their children's schools —mini-boards, perhaps. But there is no indication that the blacks will be any more successful in getting a slice of the decision-making than the teachers.

Unfortunately, there is no one to push for change. Civil rights leaders are not militant; white liberals are silent; and the power structure content. The school board is unwilling to discuss controversial issues in the light of day. Any organization may seek a ten-minute public hearing before the board by requesting it in writing about a month in advance, but the group may be shunted instead behind closed doors to a board committee meeting. Even the city's major newspaper, esteemed nationally for its liberalism, gives only fragmentary coverage to the schools. In the nation's tenth largest city, there is no one to stir the dialogue for public education.

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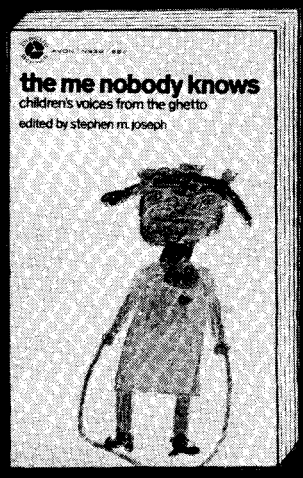

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Nonagenarian

Continued from page 49

to the people I don't know, but who nevertheless exist and have claims on me—to the government, to society as a whole, to humanity as a whole?" 3) "How shall I behave to the Unknowable? What shall my attitude be toward God, or Fate, or whatever you like to call the invisible power that lies behind the world?" *Aspects of E. M. Forster* is devoted, on the whole, to the first two. Most of the contributors seem to have made their own connections, and are well aware of Forster's axiom: "You cannot be both impressive and truthful." Ironically, it is only the editor's contribution, "Forster's 'Wobblings': The Manuscripts of *A Passage to India*," that misses his deceptively insouciant tone.

The third question posed brings us to Denis Godfrey's *E. M. Forster's Other Kingdom*. I approached it with uneasiness. The dozen or so full-scale studies on Forster written since 1960, particularly those by F. C. Crews and Wilfred Stone, seemed to have explored exhaustively the five novels and two volumes of short stories. The critiques are becoming labored. In recent years, for example, I have read scholarly articles that represented the wych-elm in *Howards End* as the Tree of Life, the Axis Mundi, Yggdrasill, and the cross. Godfrey's title suggests some such undisciplined interpretation, but he keeps at least one critical foot firmly on earth. His focus is upon those of Forster's characters who try to achieve contact with something that is called variously "the unseen," "the inner," "the atemporal," "the permanent"—in short, that Other World where the constricting and belittling facts of time, space and death are projected against a cosmic screen and seen in new proportions. Looking at life *sub specie aeternitatis* may lead to "muddle," but to achieve integrity, and perhaps atonement, Forster's central characters must experience such a view. Godfrey convincingly develops his thesis that this double vision "within Forster's creative work . . . is basic, [is] the determining factor in his interpretation of human character and of every aspect of human life. To ignore it, or to take it insufficiently into account is indeed to extract the Prince of Denmark from *Hamlet*."

Other critics have been aware of this essential "connection," but Godfrey, particularly in his treatment of *Howards End* and *A Passage to India*, shows how the double vision influences every aspect of Forster's work. At times Godfrey's approach is pedestrian, as when he recounts the plot line for each major character dealt with. Still, the insights are worth the forced march. A passage on Helen Schlegel of *Howards End* demonstrates his balance and clarity:

> But it is of the essence of Helen's character that she cannot . . . connect, cannot reconcile, and her obtuse insistence on exalting the unseen at the expense of the seen is no less potentially tragic than the reverse obtuseness we find in Henry Wilcox. . . . With the utmost sympathy, but with ruthless impartiality nevertheless, the author continues to insist with Helen also, that one-sidedness, whether spiritual or material, is fatal.

This awareness is displayed in Godfrey's analysis of the Indian Aziz in *A Passage to India*, producing one of the most satisfactory explanations of that novel's character relationships that I have read.

Both books succeed in proving that the ninety-year-old Forster is very much our contemporary. The themes of "connection," humanism, mysticism, the search for a viable myth are all issues that recur constantly in college classrooms and in literature.

Forster's inability to write fiction after his forty-fifth year brings to mind Coleridge's premature drying up and Matthew Arnold's failure to muster the energy necessary to continue writing poetry. All these artists finally moved into the arena of criticism, hoping to encourage others to do what they could do no longer. It is fruitful to search out the causes and characteristics of the spiritual uneasiness that ended their creative work.

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(Continued from page 107)

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(Continued from page 109)

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CAMPS

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(Continued from page 111)

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CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

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IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 700, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

TRAVEL

CASTLE-HOTELS, FLEA MARKETS, Delightful European guidebooks. New revised 1969 "Castle-Hotels of Europe"—450 castles-monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. $2.95 paperback, $4.50 hardbound. "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 markets, 10 countries, street maps. $2.95 paperback. Both paperbacks $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

HAUNTED TOUR will investigate haunted sites in Ireland, Scotland, England with famous parapsychologist HANS HOLZER. Small group departs July 10th. Complete price from New York $1,350.
GREAT WRITERS TOURS visit sites of literary interest in Ireland, Scotland, England. Tour advisor LOUIS UNTERMEYER. Escorted—prominent guest lecturers. Departures May 29th and July 29th. Complete price from New York $980.
MUSIC FESTIVALS OF EUROPE—departures June 1st and August 13th. Complete price from New York $1,095. Vision Travel, Inc., 29 East 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

AUTOS IN EUROPE—Buy or rent a new European car for your trip abroad. Complete information. Europe By Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020 or 9000 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.

AEGEAN: 7 and 14 day semiprivate cruises on 87' sailing yacht TOSCANA. George Mylonas, P.O. Box 75, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107.

EUROPA CAMPING TOURS, August, 1969: Munich, Salzburg, Venice, Florence, Rome. Bargain price. Vance Mizelle, 806 Sycamore Street, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801.

TURQUOISE TRAIL EXPEDITION for girls. Caravan camping at spectacular sites in New Mexico and Utah. Archeological digging, native crafts, and Indian ceremonials at base camp in Zuni Mountains. 18th year. Also groups for boys. Hillis L. Howie, P.O. Box 1336, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

FOURTH ANNUAL "BARGAIN" ORIENT TOUR leaves San Francisco July 19th, 30 days, $1,399. Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, Manila, Malaysia, Bangkok, Angkor, Hawaii. Airline Transportation Chairman, 209 Greeves, Kane, Pennsylvania 16735.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—SUMMER 1969. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube, Explore Europe or Roam the Orient. Exotic trips for sophisticated, curious and energetic young adults. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, 338 West 84th Street, NYC 10024.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$735. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

MEXICO—UNBELIEVABLE TRAVEL BARGAIN—Hacienda Spa Penafiel, *Tehuacan, Mexico. From $5.56 per* day per person—including delicious breakfast, dinner, attractive room with private bath and round-trip motor transportation from Mexico City. Facilities include: golf, swimming, mineral waters, Turkish baths, Swedish massage, gymnasium, horseback riding, ping pong, bowling. For full details, send for brochure. Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 30, Mexico City, Mexico.

THIS AD + $8.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatre and everything; 650 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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GREECE—Search for beauty and truth this summer. Travel, theatre, diggings, bathing. Art workshop. Young adults. Hellenic Humanities, 149 Rocksville Road, Holland, Pennsylvania 18966.

EUROPE BOUND? The German Student Travel Service—the largest nonprofit student travel office—offers most interesting discounts on transportation, tours and stays. 55 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone: 212-279-1840.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1819

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Duffer	39 50 194 53 72 76
B. A wrist watch for General Grant, for instance	62 68 75 56 124 154 166 182 185 200 24
C. Aloes, houseleeks, and yuccas, for instance	41 96 112 123 132 146 183 13 20 58
D. Lacking clearness or luster	144 11 36 101 110 118
E. De Valera, Costello, and Parnell, for instance	140 145 192 14 51 54 59 67 80 88
F. Funny	92 115 122 136 202 15 27
G. One of the Finger Lakes	47 66 79 98 169 191
H. Author of *The Ordeal of Change* (full name)	16 63 85 1 43 55 90 103 109 121
I. Anne Frank, for instance	28 35 86 102 128 131 139
J. Burbot	150 187 22 94 100 111 157
K. Eradicate, destroy (2 wds.)	168 173 198 205 5 31 38
L. Arthur Miller play (3 wds.)	107 142 176 29 64 70 181 137 152 156 46 127
M. Ill-humored	78 93 105 116 138 74
N. Stoutness, a growing problem	113 186 197 133 203 6 23 34 83
O. Name of a college of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Hartford, and Washington	97 171 179 37 147 8 161
P. Captivated by (2 wds.)	180 201 57 77 117 184 158 26 49
Q. Montaigne, for instance	40 19 155 10 99 4 174 190
R. With a glowing, lively hue	84 170 18 30 149 108 81
S. Fragrant	44 52 65 3 125 204 159
T. Area of channel provided to prevent inundation of land	48 135 12 119 69 178 33 177
U. Roomy	42 21 82 106 89 91 162 153 167 151
V. Mercenary soldier	71 141 60 189 7 17 129
W. Effusion	95 120 114 134 126 199 73 25 61 164
X. Make uniform (2 wds.)	172 196 45 163 104 2 148
Y. One of the Finger Lakes	32 188 165 195 130 143
Z. Uplift	193 87 175 160 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 H	2 X	3 S	4 Q	5 K	6 N	7 V	8 O	9 Z		10 Q	11 D	12 T	13 C					
14 E		15 F	16 H	17 V	18 R	19 Q		20 C	21 U		22 J	23 N	24 B	25 W	26 P	27 F	28 I					
	29 L	30 R	31 K	32 Y	33 T	34 N	35 I	36 D	37 O		38 K	39 A	40 Q		41 C	42 U	43 H					
44 S	45 X	46 L		47 G	48 T		49 P	50 A	51 E	52 S		53 A	54 E	55 H	56 B	57 P	58 C					
	59 E	60 V		61 W	62 B	63 H	64 L	65 S	66 G		67 E	68 B	69 T		70 L	71 V	72 A					
73 W	74 M		75 B	76 A	77 P		78 M	79 G	80 E	81 R		82 U	83 N	84 R	85 H	86 I	87 Z					
88 E		89 U	90 H		91 U	92 F	93 M	94 J	95 W	96 C	97 O	98 G		99 Q	100 J	101 D	102 I					
	103 H	104 X	105 M	106 U	107 L	108 R		109 H	110 D	111 J	112 C	113 N	114 W	115 F	116 M	117 P						
118 D	119 T	120 W	121 H		122 F	123 C	124 B	125 S	126 W	127 L	128 I	129 V	130 Y		131 I	132 C	133 N					
134 W	135 T	136 F	137 L	138 M		139 I	140 E	141 V		142 L	143 Y	144 D	145 E	146 C	147 O	148 X	149 R					
150 J	151 U		152 L	153 U	154 B		155 Q	156 L	157 J	158 P	159 S	160 Z	161 O	162 U	163 X	164 W						
165 Y	166 B	167 U	168 K		169 G	170 R	171 O	172 X	173 K	174 Q	175 Z	176 L	177 T		178 T	179 O	180 P					
181 L		182 B	183 C	184 P		185 B	186 N	187 J	188 Y	189 V		190 Q	191 G		192 E	193 Z						
194 A	195 Y	196 X	197 N	198 K	199 W	200 B		201 P	202 F	203 N	204 S	205 K										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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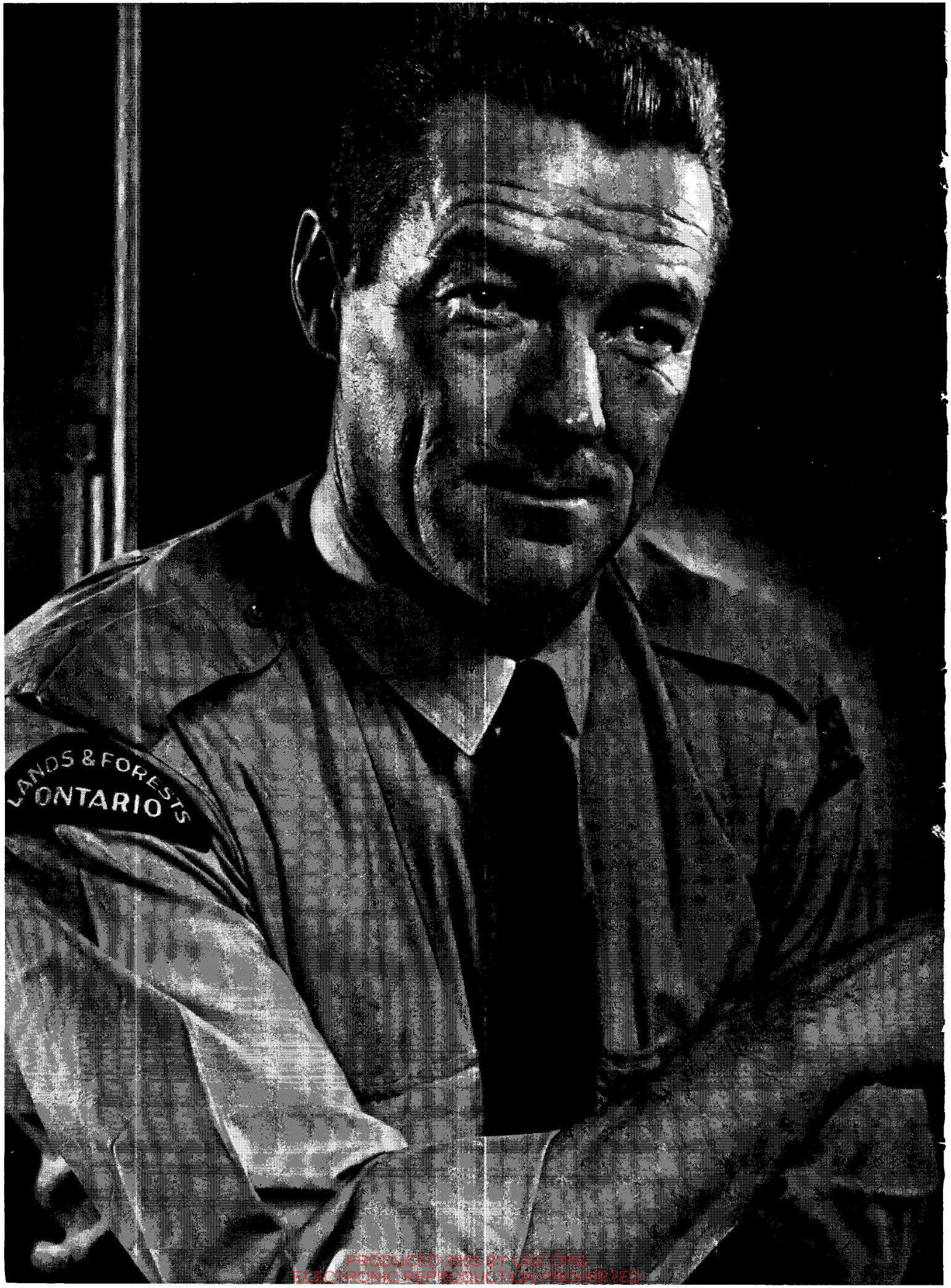

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We notice them.
That's *our* going concern.

Maybe that's why United flies more businessmen—and women—than any other airline.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"I'll have a man-size steak."

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